

BASE HOSPITAL
34
in the
WORLD WAR



UH 470 qA2B 34 1922

14230650R



NLM 05100547 3

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE
LIBRARY.

Section

No. 245088

No. 113,
W. D. S. G. O.

3-513



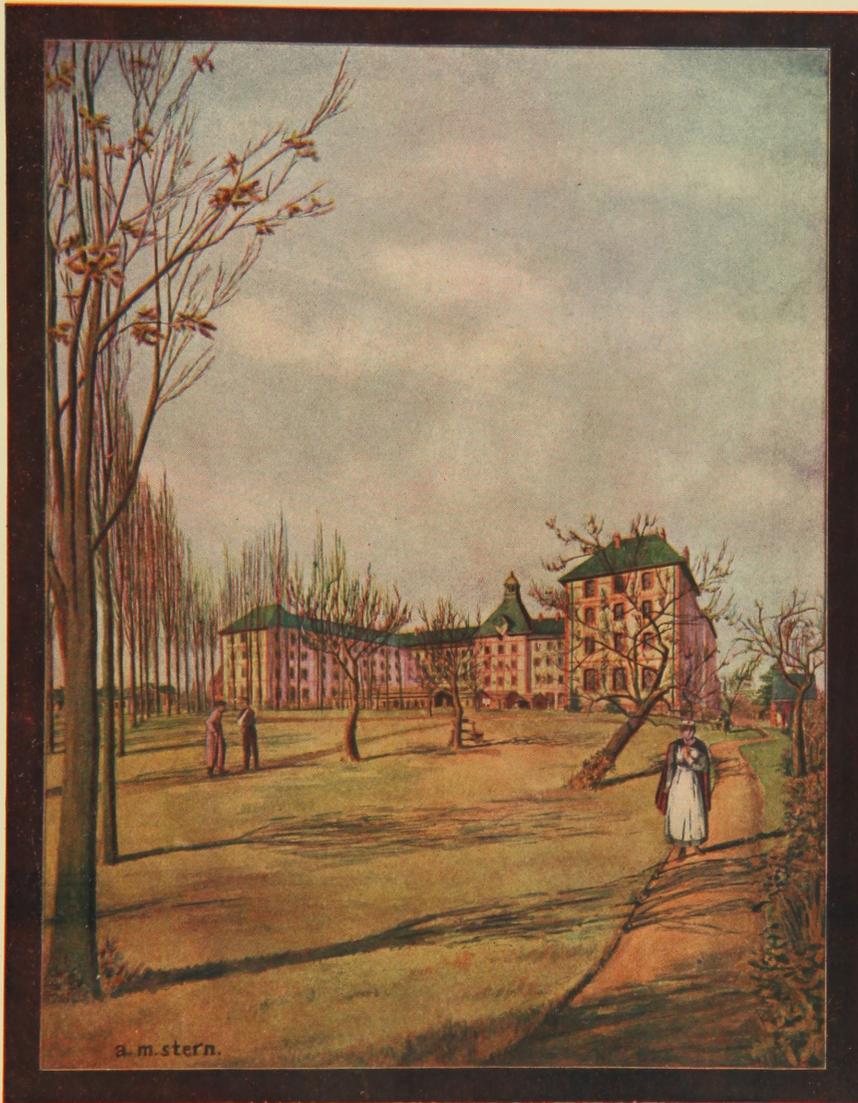
PROPERTY OF THE
NATIONAL
LIBRARY OF
MEDICINE

Acknowledged

MAY 13 1923
SURGEON GENERAL'S
OFFICE

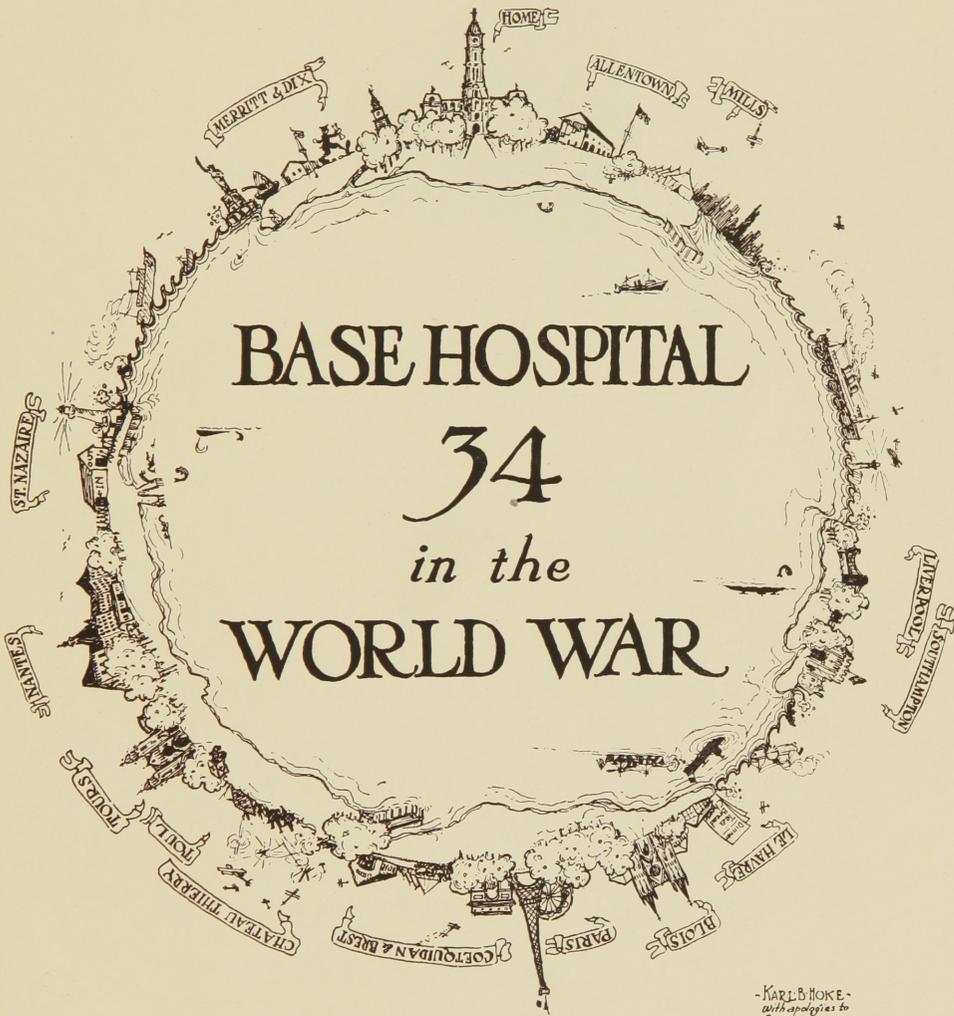
DUE ~~TWO WEEKS FROM~~ LAST DATE

FEB 3 1972



BASE HOSPITAL 34, U. S. A., NANTES, FRANCE
THE MAIN BUILDING FROM THE PATH THAT RAN
JUST INSIDE THE EAST WALL

FROM A WATER COLOR STUDY
PAINTED IN FRANCE BY STERN



-KARL B HOKE-
with apologies to
CHRIS' COLUMBUS
and
BILL CAMPBELL



THE THREE "DOC TAGS"

PUBLISHED AT PHILADELPHIA
J U L Y , 1 9 2 2

COPYRIGHT BY
THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF
"BASE HOSPITAL 34
IN THE WORLD WAR"

LYON & ARMOR
P R I N T E R S

LOTZ WILHELM COMPANY
E N G R A V E R S

BASE HOSPITAL 34
IN THE WORLD WAR

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDMUND M. PITTS
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WILLIAM T. BAUER
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

MALCOLM G. SAUSSER
LITERARY EDITOR

ADIEL MARTIN STERN
ART EDITOR

GEORGE A. COLEMAN, D.D.S.

C. KENNETH FUESSLE

LOUIS JOSSELYN

CHARLES LOOMIS

JAMES J. MACMILLAN, D.D.S.

RICHARD S. POMEROY, JR.★

EDWARD M. MANN
BUSINESS MANAGER

★THE STAR INDICATES THE DECEASE OF THE
ORIGINAL BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE STAFF

UH
470
8 A2B
34
1922

DEDICATED TO
THE AMERICANS WHO
DIED IN FRANCE
FOR THEIR COUNTRY



THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE;
BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE.
ECCLESIASTICUS XLIV. XIV

IN MEMORIAM

THE MEMBERS OF BASE HOSPITAL 34, U. S. A.
WHO DIED DURING THE WAR

ALICE IRELAND, A. N. C.
February 3, 1918
St. Nazaire

PVT. JOSEPH F. COVERT
March 22, 1918
Coetquidan

PVT. 1 CL JAMES L. MURRAY
October 20, 1918
Nantes

CAPT. HENRY C. WELKER, M. R. C.
May 1, 1918
Washington, D. C.

PVT. JAMES A. WALKER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“IT SHALL NOT BE IN VAIN”

Warren G. Harding
Arlington, Nov. 1921

COVER DESIGN AND LETTERING

BY

STERN AND HOKE

INTRODUCTION

AND now the curtain is about to rise on this History of martial deeds. A group of one hundred and eighty-three soldiers will enter, play their parts and leave, and the curtain will fall once more.

Unstinted credit and praise are due the men and women of the Allied Nations who devoted themselves whole-heartedly to the winning of the World War. Some, however, are deserving of more recognition than others. The nurses, officers and enlisted personnel of Base Hospital 34 deserve as much reward as any, and more than most.

Recruited before the days of the draft, the personnel of Base Hospital 34 came to France determined to do their bit towards helping the Allies down the Kaiser. Drawn from all stations in life, they worked as one, realizing the value of concentrated, unified effort.

They did not experience the hardships of the front line trenches, nor the enemy prison camps, but they had their share of troubles and bore them bravely. They left behind them the pleasures and distractions of civilian life, took the Army as they found it and upon demobilization had the satisfaction of knowing that they had been a part of one of the best Base Hospitals in the A. E. F.

The number of the original Unit recruited in May, 1917, was sometimes increased and then again lowered. Death removed five names from the roll-call of the living, names that will always be remembered. Some were lost to other organizations, where their services could be used to better advantage, while still others, fortunate indeed, received commissions and rose from the grade of enlisted man to that of officer. A group of good fellows joined the Base in France, nine months after its organization, welcomed at first because of the pressure of work and later considered as members of the family, because of their many good qualities.

Attention all! The curtain rises!

BASE HOSPITAL 34

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION JAMES J. MacMILLAN.....	9
PREFACE C. KENNETH FUESSLE.....	14
THE COMMANDING OFFICER..... RALPH S. BROMER.....	19
CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY..... RICHARD S. POMEROY, JR.....	20
THE UNIT AND ITS WORK (With Roster of Personnel)..... RALPH S. BROMER.....	26
ASTLEY P. C. ASHHURST..... RALPH S. BROMER.....	38
MOBILIZATION EDWARD M. MANN.....	40
ALLENTOWN WILLIAM C. KAUFFMAN.....	43
ALLENTOWN TO CAMP MILLS..... MANNIE E. LIPSKY.....	55
CAMP MILLS JOHN A. LITTLE.....	57
CAMP MILLS TO THE "LEVIATHAN".... WILLIAM T. BAUER.....	62
THE "LEVIATHAN"..... MATTHEW J. LUKENS.....	64
ACROSS ENGLAND MALCOLM G. SAUSSER.....	73
SOUTHAMPTON ROWLAND GUILDFORD.....	74
CROSSING THE CHANNEL..... JAMES J. LANGTON.....	78
LE HAVRE..... NELSON S. ROUNSLEY.....	81
BLOIS JOHN W. SOMERS.....	84
LA VILLE DE NANTES..... ADIEL MARTIN STERN.....	89
THE ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT... ADIEL MARTIN STERN.....	96
CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOSPITAL... RICHARD M. SANDS.....	100
THE HOSPITAL BARRACKS..... ADIEL MARTIN STERN.....	105
DETACHED SERVICE: BREST WINSOR JOSSELYN.....	106

IN THE WORLD WAR

Table of Contents—Continued

	PAGE
DETACHED SERVICE: COETQUIDAN ... JOHN W. SOMERS.....	114
A REUNITED PERSONNEL..... JOHN M. BELL.....	116
THE FORTY CASUALS ALBERT T. MASLOFF.....	120
THE ADJUTANT'S OFFICE FRED E. SMITH.....	122
THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE MALCOLM G. SAUSSER.....	127
SURGICAL SERVICE: INTRODUCTION .. EMORY G. ALEXANDER.....	131
SURGICAL SERVICE: HISTORY LEX W. KLUTTZ.....	131
OPERATING ROOM..... EDWARD P. McLAUGHLIN.....	134
SURGICAL WARDS ALBERT W. BROMER.....	138
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT DEPARTMENT JOHN M. BELL.....	145
X-RAY DEPARTMENT JOSEPH J. SLEPICKA.....	147
LABORATORY JOSEPH P. MOORE.....	150
MEDICAL SERVICE RALPH S. BROMER.....	154
DENTAL DEPARTMENT JAMES J. MacMILLAN.....	157
PHARMACY THOMAS P. CAMPBELL.....	161
MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT..... JESSE S. LEVY.....	163
RECEIVING WARD RALPH ALKER.....	168
MESS DEPARTMENT WILLIAM T. BAUER.....	174
COMMISSARY CARL GATES.....	178
BUTCHER SHOP..... JAMES S. HALKETT.....	179
PERSONNEL MESS JAMES J. LANGTON.....	180
LAUNDRY ALLAN C. FETTEROLF.....	182
TRANSPORTATION MALCOLM G. DOUGLAS.....	185

BASE HOSPITAL 34

Table of Contents—Continued

	PAGE
MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENTFRED W. SPELLISSY.....	191
SANITATIONWILLIAM C. ELLIS.....	194
QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENTEDMUND M. PITTS.....	196
CEMETERYALBERT P. GATES.....	202
POST OFFICEHARRY G. BOSTICK.....	205
OFFICERS' ANNEXARTHUR O. WEINERT.....	207
THE CHIEF NURSERALPH S. BROMER.....	211
THE CHIEF NURSE'S OFFICEKATHARINE BROWN	214
NURSES' MESS HALL AND BARRACKS..HENRIETTA GRIMKE	218
NURSES' CHATEAUMATILDA MacCRACKEN.....	220
NURSES' VILLAELSIE B. WISE.....	226
WARD NO. 130.....ELSIE B. WISE.....	228
ST. NAZAIREMARGUERITE A. HUMMEL.....	230
COETQUIDANKATHRYN LAVIN	232
PARISLILLIAN J. HAY.....	237
SURGICAL TEAM NO. 23.....MARION V. COOK.....	241
SURGICAL TEAM NO. 24.....KATHERINE BEHMAN.....	242
GAS AND SHOCK TEAM NO. 130.....JANE D. NICHOLSON	246
SURGICAL TEAM NO 23: INTRODUCTIONWINSOR JOSSELYN.....	248
SURGICAL TEAM NO. 23: HISTORYJOSEPH E. MILES.....	252
SURGICAL TEAM NO. 24HORACE B. AUSTIN.....	255
AN AMERICAN SURGEON WITH THE B. E. F.H. G. MARXMILLER.....	260

IN THE WORLD WAR

Table of Contents—Continued

	PAGE
THE CHAPLAINS JOHN M. GROTON.....	264
THE Y. M. C. A. CHARLES H. LOOMIS.....	267
THE Y. W. C. A. CORA ELM	270
RED CROSS LOUIS H. FEAD.....	272
CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES ANNA S. KENT.....	280
PHYSICAL THERAPY ALICE EVANS	284
OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY..... FANNY DUDLEY	287
ATHLETICS—	
BASEBALL JAMES O. MOORE.....	289
TRACK EDWARD F. LUKENS.....	293
FOOTBALL EDWARD F. LUKENS.....	294
THOSE WHO WERE LUCKY—	
WILLIAM THIELENS LAWRENCE H. STARR.....	297
WILLIAM R. CLOTHIER..... “ “ “	297
C. KENNETH FUESSLE..... “ “ “	298
WILLIAM V. GAMBER..... “ “ “	299
SAMUEL H. KELLER..... “ “ “	299
ALMON N. KIDDER..... “ “ “	300
EDWIN H. WHITE..... “ “ “	301
NANTES TO ST. NAZAIRE..... MALCOLM G. SAUSSER.....	303
ST. NAZAIRE TO NEW YORK..... WINSOR JOSSELYN.....	305
CAMP MERRITT AND CAMP DIX..... WINSOR JOSSELYN.....	312
SINCE DEMOBILIZATION..... EDMUND M. PITTS.....	317
HOSPITAL STATISTICS SIDNEY R. BERSTLER.....	323

PREFACE

IT was on the sixteenth day of January, 1919, at twelve o'clock midnight, that Base Hospital Number Thirty-four, after thirteen months of service, ceased to form part of the A. E. F.

With the closing of Thirty-four's records on the night of January 16th, there passed into history one of the foremost hospitals of America's Armies. It was a military hospital originally organized by the Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia—and was one of the first twenty Medical Formations of the A. E. F. in the early months of 1918.

Fully equipped, the hospital left Philadelphia on the 7th of September, 1917, for Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa. Its training was completed during the Fall and Winter of 1917, and on the 14th of December, in that year, began the voyage overseas. Its first glimpse of France came some eighteen days later upon disembarkation at Le Havre.

For but a brief moment, it seemed, the organization assembled at Blois—that historic old city of the Loire that was later to become one of the great concentration points of the A. E. F. Within another four days, the first detachments to leave had started for their different stations. This breaking up of the Unit seemed the greatest of disappointments. Its cohesion seemed gone. There was but a chance that the organization would regain its former balance and completeness.

There followed months of diversified activities. There came word of a detached group organizing a Camp Hospital. Another detachment was reported as having been absorbed by a larger Medical Unit. However small these groups were, reports always spoke of accomplishments. Divided, the Hospital won compliments for itself, but its future as a unified body seemed dark indeed.

Meanwhile, to the few officers and men remaining came orders to proceed to Nantes—another Loire Valley city—the point that had been decided upon as the final home of Base Hospital Thirty-four. Ahead of them lay the problem of preparing what buildings had been chosen for the hospital itself. A French Seminary was to be used as the central hospital. Before supplies could be utilized, it was necessary to remodel the Seminary itself. There were bar-

IN THE WORLD WAR

racks to be built, roads to be resurfaced, warehouses to be cleared—all to be finished before actual hospitalization of wounded could be realized.

With the completion of such preparations came word that the Unit was again to be reunited. Detachments that had been absent for months began to return. On April 1st the hospital was ready—word was sent to Headquarters—and in the following months its actual work of caring for thousands of wounded soldiers was being accomplished daily.

During the nine months that followed, ninety-one hundred patients were admitted. It had made a record for itself in countless ways. Statistics show successful operations by the hundred—and a death rate of one and three-tenths per cent. Wounded and sick alike were cared for. At one time during the heaviest fighting on the American section of the West Front, of the hundreds of patients admitted but thirteen medical cases were recorded. Later, as the number of wounded decreased, the medical cases became more numerous. These facts are repeated in an attempt to show that during its active existence, Thirty-four was an exceptionally well-balanced general hospital.

Other hospitals have records as deserving, but let it be realized that Thirty-four's accomplishments were of the highest order; and they were based throughout upon the fact that individual effort to a common end was the ideal.

To all ranks composing the personnel 34's passing was regarded with deep regret. True, the buildings remained, the work was continued with new workers; but Base Hospital Thirty-four itself was but a thing of memory.

There have been countless friendships formed. There have been internal disagreements and some disappointments. In another ten years, except in the minds of those few who lived as a part of the institution, even the name will have been forgotten. There will be dusty records in the Surgeon General's office, yet these records will bring to the minds of those who compiled them many a pleasant recollection of other days.

One who has lived as a part of the hospital can never forget those dreary days of training in Allentown and the subsequent bitter weeks at Camp Mills. That historic first trip of the "Leviathan" can be but an incident in the life of Thirty-four. To one group will come memories of rain and mud at Brest; another will recall days spent at Camp Coetquidan; those who prepared the hospital at Nantes will dream of the first days among new-found pals during the early months of 1918; some few will remember the

air-raid sirens in Paris; and others will tell of the work of surgical teams in line hospitals.

After all, the living memories will be those that are solely human. The day's happenings, the evening's pleasures, the friendships made; these shall remain as a lasting monument.

With the end of B. H. 34 came an inevitable feeling of sadness. It is the feeling that comes to one at the end of school life. Old friendships will soon be ended. Old enmities will be forgotten, and familiar surroundings will fade from memory.

A longing to return home is but natural after such a long separation. Yet with the end actually at hand, everything assumes a different character. Looking forward to a hoped-for future is pleasing—but leaving the past is difficult.



R. S. Seitz

THE COMMANDING OFFICER

COLONEL RALPH G. DE VOE came to Base Hospital 34 in early September, 1917, as its Commanding Officer with the rank of Major. Hailing originally from Seattle, Washington, he had prepared for Medical School at the Virginia Military Institute. He graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1908. After entering the army and graduating from the Army Medical School he served numerous assignments, being chiefly detailed to hospital duties, among which was a tour of duty in the Philippine Islands. Under his able guidance the hospital went through the preliminary training at Allentown, its weather-beaten career at Camp Mills, its ocean voyage and its final settlement and work at Nantes. There not only did he direct the work of the hospital but he carried on the duties of Medical Liaison Officer to the Headquarters of the French 11th Army Corps Region, a position in which he did much to accentuate the cordial relations between the French and American Medical Departments in this region. He was promoted Lieutenant Colonel in the Spring of 1918 and Colonel in the Spring of 1919. Soon after Base Hospital 34 was ordered home he was appointed Commanding Officer of the Hospital Center of Nantes.



SKETCH BY DORIOT

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY

PRELUDE

THERE were rumblings of great things to come in the Summer of 1916, when the Mexican trouble was becoming serious, and Base Hospital 34 was first suggested. The plans were temporarily tabled, but in January, 1917, the question was brought up again, and the suggestion made that the unit be organized as a naval base. The outbreak of war with Germany on the 6th of April, however, determined those interested, principally Drs. Frazier and Ashhurst, to stick to their original idea and to organize an army hospital. Dr. Frazier quickly had sufficient funds collected, Dr. Ashhurst was appointed Director, and the work of gathering together the personnel began at once.

May 28, 29, 30—Enlistment of men by M. G. Douglas, Registrar.

June to September—Suspense.

ACT I.

- Sept. 1. S. O. 27, Hq. Eastern Dept., Governor's Island, N. Y., orders Mobilization of Unit.
- Sept. 8. Enlisted men leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, at 12.30 for Allentown.
Camp Crane reached late in afternoon.
"Where are you from" and "When do you expect to leave?"
A frigid night under "Trooper" Simpson, late from the Border.
- Sept. 10. 5.30—First call; 5.40—Reveille; 5.45—Assembly; 5.50—Exercises; 9.30 P. M.—Tattoo.
First drill in morning.
Section B separated from the rabble.
- Sept. 15. Week-ends begin.
The 2.40 A. M. from Reading Terminal.
- Sept. 19. "I want to be a sergeant" competitive drill.
- Sept. 25. Bayonet attack by Drs. John and Wolf; inoculations according to the manual.

IN THE WORLD WAR

- Sept. 30. First pay-roll John-Henry, with the hard cash one week later.
- Oct. 3. Get-together meeting, with Major DeVoe, Captain Hurd, and refreshments.
Rumor 9,574,321—"To Philly for the winter."
Rumor 9,574,322—"To Florida for the winter."
- Oct. 15. Liberty Loan parade, with Lt. Winter drum major for 34.
- Oct. 24. First Alarm. Men summoned by courier from Mealeys and other historic points at 9 P. M.,—to be issued equipment for inspection the next day.
- Oct. 27. Marines walloped by Usaacs at football, 27-0, Matt Lukens representing 34 on the field.
- Nov. 2. Dog tags issued. From personalities to numbers.
- Nov. 10. A general week-end leave for fond farewells, in anticipation of an early departure.
- Nov. 17. More opportunity for farewells.

ASIDE NO. 1.

Can those long and trying days in camp at Allentown ever be forgotten? Even though comforted by eggs and chicken (of equal age) on Sunday, that "week of training" had grown into months, and it looked like a winter. Top Sgt. Harry Wilkinson arrived, and with him martial law. The sky was black indeed; but suddenly one cold morning the new camp heating system went into action, and that afternoon, as the Unit joyously thawed out by the radiators, the long delayed orders came.

- Nov. 21. Following S. O. 65, Hq. Eastern Dept., Base 34, augmented by Major Lockwood and the California boys,—but minus King, Riggins, Walker, Elliot, and MacDowell,—left Allentown at 12 M. for Camp Mills, Long Island.
- Nov. 24. Nurses left Philadelphia for Ellis Island.

ACT II.

- Nov. 22. Unit reached Camp Mills at 1 P. M.
Tentless, messless, dryless.
Pack-slinging drill during remainder of afternoon.
Mud.
Guard shifts inaugurated.
- Nov. 29. Thanksgiving and the black bean drawing contest.
Great reception given in New York City to all in the service.
- Dec. 4. Last pay in U. S. currency.
- Dec. 8. Terrific storm untented almost half of unit.

ASIDE No. 2.

For eccentric weather Camp Mills won all prizes. Storms were the rule, not the exception, and the rain, snow, sleet, and wind,—particularly the wind,—played havoc. Tent ropes and poles snapped like ribbons, and the inhabitants of the unfortunate canvas would seek shelter with a neighbor, where a joint prayer meeting would be held, with the preservation of the tent the subject. But of all the storms, Base 34 picked the worst for its departure. Dark as pitch, with the sleet cutting like steel and the wind traveling across the flats at a terrific clip, the outfit, the last to leave Camp Mills, struggled nearly two miles to the waiting train. In the morning Base 31 showed up.

- Dec. 12. Major DeVoe received orders instructing his Unit to report to the Embarkation Officer at Hoboken.
- Dec. 14. 3 A. M.—Base 34 left Camp Mills.
7.30 A. M.—Train left for Long Island City.
2 P. M.—Unit boarded the “Leviathan,” formerly the “Vaterland.”
- Dec. 15. “Leviathan” sailed about 6.30 in the morning.
- Dec. 19. First “Abandon Ship” drill.
- Dec. 22. Destroyers appeared and surrounded the “Leviathan.”
- Dec. 23. Land in sight. (11.15 A. M.)
The “Leviathan” anchored inside the submarine nets off Liverpool at 8 P. M.
- Dec. 24. After a short trip up the Mersey River, the “Leviathan” docked at Liverpool, and at 10 A. M. Base 34 disembarked on English soil.
Across England by train via Crewe, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Oxford, and Basingstoke, to Southampton.
11.45 P. M.—Rest Camp No. 1.
- Dec. 25. An English Christmas at Southampton.
The holly trees. The Y. M. C. A. The Tommies.
English rations and the first horrors of war.
- Dec. 26. The officers and men left Southampton at 4.30 P. M. on a little, aged channel steamer, the “Mona’s Queen,” with the nurses preceding them on a safer boat.
11.30 P. M.—Le Havre. France at last!
- Dec. 27. Disembarkation at Le Havre—we are “over there”—and a hasty march to Rest Camp No. 2.
More British rations and chicken-wire billets.
- Dec. 28. Off again, with Blois our destination.
Some trainride.

IN THE WORLD WAR

- Dec. 29. Reached Versailles in the early morning, and Juivisy at 12 noon. Short stay in the town.
French coffee, war bread and horsemeat.
4 P. M.—Left Juivisy.
11 P. M.—Reached Blois,—march in snow,—The Chateau.
- Dec. 30. 2 A. M.—Quartered in old French barracks.

ACT III.

THE PARTITION, COALITION, AND OPENING OF BASE 34.

- Jan. 2, 1918. Major DeVoe, Major Ashhurst, and Lt. Douglas leave for Nantes to take possession of the Grande Seminaire in the name of 34.
- Jan. 5. Six nurses and five men leave for American Red Cross Military Hospital, No. 2, Paris.
Thirty-two nurses and thirty men leave for Camp Hospital, No. 15, at Camp Coetquidan (Rennes).
- Jan. 6. Chaplain Groton holds Thanksgiving services in the French Reformed Church at Blois.
- Jan. 8. Twenty men leave for Nantes to assist with the engineering work on the future hospital building—builders, engineers, constructors, laborers.
- Jan. 9. Remainder of nurses leave for Base Hospital 101, St. Nazaire.
- Jan. 13. 20 more men picked to go to Nantes.
Forty men and five officers in charge of Major Lockwood, sent to Brest to put in operation Camp Hospital 33 at the Pontanezen Barracks.
- Jan. 17. Remaining men ordered to Nantes.
- Feb. 3. Miss Alice Ireland died of pneumonia at Base Hospital 101.
- Feb. 5. Captain Welker ordered to Nantes.
- Feb. 8. Major Carson, Capt. Moore, Lt. Sprowl, and Lt. Coleman report for duty.
- Feb. 14. Lt. Buzby made his appearance.
- March 16. Fifteen men from Coetquidan return to the fold.
- March 17. The Brest crowd shows up.
- March 22. Joseph F. Covert died of pneumonia at Camp Hospital 15.
Chaplain Groton returns from Base Hospital 101.
Capt. Welker ordered home on sick leave.
- March 26. Ten nurses and six civilian employees return from Base Hospital 101.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

- March 27. Capt. Boykin, Lt. Wolfe, Lt. Kerchner, and Lt. Winter report for duty.
Six nurses and thirteen men return from Coetquidan.
- April 2. First patients arrive from A. R. C. M. H. No. 1, Paris.
- April 10. First surgical team in charge of Major Ashhurst leaves for front. Lt. Kerchner, Miss Andrews, Miss Kandle, Miss Stephens, Privates Miles and Winsor Josselyn.
- April 16. Three hundred and twenty-one patients arrive on U. S. Army Hospital Train No. 54.
- April 24. Captain John, Lt. Carpenter, and Lt. Paul return from Camp Hospital 25.
Lt. Propst, Lt. Eynon, and Lt. Paul return from Brest.
- April 27. Twelve more nurses report from Coetquidan.
- May 9. Lt. Croll arrives.
- May 15. Reward for sixty-four "bucks," through promotion to Pvt., 1st class.
- May 17. Paris nurses return.
- May 25. Nine nurses report from Coetquidan.
- May 27. Lt. Wilson returns from Camp Hospital 25.
- June 2. Opening of the 3-day plague.
Fourteen nurses return and complete the St. Nazaire detail.
- June 3. Lt. Durham reports from Brest.
- June 7. Second surgical team departs for the front.
Major Lockwood, Capt. Boykin, Miss Behman, Miss Holler, Privates Austin and Bostick.
- June 10. Four men return from Paris.
- June 14. Last four nurses from Coetquidan return.
- June 16. Lt. Frank returns.
- June 25. Forty men added to personnel of hospital.
Four hundred and sixty-nine patients, the largest convoy ever received, arrive.
- July 13. Major DeVoe and Major Ashhurst appointed Lieutenant Colonels.

ASIDE NO. 3.

This was a busy time. Germany was staking all on one supreme effort; the Americans had been thrown into the struggle to help stem the tide; and the capacities of the A. E. F. Hospitals were strained to the limit. 34 was humming, with patients coming straight from the field by the trainload. The men were swinging into their stride. Some even won sergeantcies, but everyone was on the job. And though hampered by a severe epidemic which put half the unit in the hospital, the work never slackened and 34 played an enviable part during those strenuous days.

IN THE WORLD WAR

ACT IV.

ON THE HOME STRETCH.

- Aug. 1. General Pershing visits the hospital.
Aug. 29. Gas and Shock Team No. 130 leaves for the front.
Lt. Durham, Miss Nicholson, and Vogel.
Sept. 9. Jules Doriot joins the "Sherlock Holmes" department.
Sept. 29. Thielens appointed a 1st Lieutenant.
Oct. 2. Chaplain Groton leaves the Unit for the front.
Oct. 19. Ecole Normale, hospital for officers opened. Presented
by the city.
Oct. 20. James Murray dies from pneumonia.
Oct. 21. Marceaux follows Doriot.
Oct. 25. Forty-six more casuals are added to the bull-gang.
Nov. 2. Sgt. White appointed a 2nd Lt. in the Sanitary Corps.
Nov. 5. Fuessle and Gamber ditto.
Nov. 11. Armistice signed. Great celebrations.
And a train in.
Nov. 20. Keller also joins the select class of 2nd Loots.
Nov. 21. Lt.-Col. Ashhurst returns and is made a full Colonel.
Dec. 24. News that B. H. 34 is to be relieved.
Dec. 25. Christmas Dinner.
Dec. 26-Jan. 15. Marking time.
Jan. 16. B. H. 34 relieved by E. H. 36.
Jan. 17-April 5. Waiting for sailing orders.
April 6. Orders at last.
April 9. St. Nazaire.
April 9-19. Homeward Bound.
April 19. Brooklyn.
Camp Merritt.
April 26. Camp Dix.
April 29. Civilians again after 19 months.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, for that fact anyway.

THE UNIT AND ITS WORK

THIS RESUME' ALSO APPEARED IN THE PUBLICATION "PHILADELPHIA IN THE WORLD WAR."

DURING the early months of 1917, the Medical Department of the Army and the Red Cross, Col. Jefferson R. Kean, M. C., in charge, organized fifty Base Hospitals for service with the American Army. The idea was early conceived of forming one at the Hospital of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Dr. Charles H. Frazier was first appointed Director, with Dr. Astley P. C. Ashhurst the Chief of the Surgical Service. Funds were raised and friends of the Hospital gave liberally in contributions to the Red Cross until a sum of \$65,000 was obtained for the equipment of the Hospital, Mr. George H. Frazier serving as Treasurer and Disbursing Officer.

The months of March and early April, 1917, were occupied with these preliminaries. Dr. Frazier held frequent meetings at his office and the different heads of services reported progress in the purchase of the equipment. Late in April, Dr. Frazier, owing to inability to leave his University duties, very reluctantly relinquished his charge of the Hospital and Dr. Ashhurst was appointed Director. Progress in the procurement of equipment was rapid.

In late May Mr. Malcolm Douglas became affiliated with the Hospital as Registrar. Under his charge the work of enlistment of the enlisted personnel progressed most speedily. Applicants were many, and men were secured of excellent calibre and of varied vocations, foreshadowing success in the eventual operation of the Hospital's varied departments. By June 30th, the entire quota of 152 men were sworn in and enlisted in the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps.

In the meantime, the Hospital was formally accepted by the U. S. Army Medical Department and was given the number "34." In July Captain Raphael I. Levin, Quartermaster Reserve Corps, was assigned and reported for duty as Quartermaster. As fast as equipment was bought it was assembled and stored in the Larkin Building, Twentieth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

The organization of the Nurse Corps personnel was entrusted to Miss Katharine Brown, Superintendent of Nurses, Episcopal Hospital. During these same months she was busily engaged in recruiting and enlisting sixty-five nurses. By August she reported a full quota.

Mention should be made of the physicians who attended the early meetings at Dr. Frazier's office and who devoted much time

IN THE WORLD WAR

to the purchase of supplies for their respective departments. Besides Doctors Frazier and Ashhurst, there were Doctors Emory G. Alexander, George P. Muller, Joseph MacFarland, John B. Carson, Ralph S. Bromer and Mr. Malcolm Douglas. Of this number Doctors Muller and MacFarland, unfortunately, could not serve with the Unit. The assistance and advice of Dr. Richard H. Harte, of the Board of Managers of the Hospital, and Capt. E. R. Leiper, the Superintendent, were also greatly appreciated. After the retirement of Dr. Frazier, Dr. Ashhurst strenuously pushed the preparation of the organization for active duty and by the time orders were received for its mobilization, it was in a state of excellent preparedness.

On September 7th, 1917, the organization was mobilized at the Episcopal Hospital and Major Ralph G. DeVoe, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, was detailed as Commanding Officer, having assumed command September 4th, 1917.

On September 8th, 1917, the organization moved to the Concentration Camp of the United States Army Ambulance Service at Allentown, Pa., later called Camp Crane. Here two months or more were spent in equipping and training the men. Instruction in First Aid, Medical Department Drill, Bandaging, etc., was routinely given. On November 21st the Command moved to Camp Mills, Long Island, and remained there until December 14th awaiting instructions for embarkation. These finally arrived, after three weeks of most severe weather spent in the tents of Camp Mills. On the 15th the organization embarked on the "Leviathan," the nurses included, they in the meantime having been mobilized and equipped at Ellis Island. The passage on the "Leviathan" was uneventful and on December 24th at 10 A. M. Liverpool was reached and debarkation immediately begun.

The nurses were sent to Southampton on a separate train from that of the officers and men. Southampton was reached midnight of December 24th; the nurses being quartered at hotels and the officers and men at a rest camp. On December 25th, the former were sent to Le Havre on one of the British Naval Ships, the "Warilda," and on December 26th the officers and men crossed on a British Channel Transport, the "Mona's Queen," debarking early on the morning of the 27th. The remainder of the Command stayed at Le Havre until December 29th, when the entire personnel was sent by train to Blois, where Medical Casual Camp No. 6, Intermediate Section L. O. C., was then located.

Here during January, 1918, the Unit was split up. The Commanding Officer, Major Ashhurst, the Adjutant, Quartermaster and Registrar and about sixty men were sent to Nantes, where the Hospital was to be located, for preliminary survey and for the pur-

pose of pushing the work of renovation of the Seminary building to be used as a Hospital. Five officers and thirty men were sent to Brest, where Camp Hospital 33 was started and organized by them in the Pontanezen Barracks. Five men were sent to American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 3, in Paris, and thirty-five men were ordered to Camp Hospital 15, at Coetquidan, an artillery training center. The nurses were distributed to Base Hospital 101 at St. Nazaire, Camp Hospital 15 at Coetquidan, and American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 2, in Paris.

January, February and March, 1918, were spent in renovating the building, constructing new barracks, moving equipment from freight stations and docks, and in securing additional equipment for a 1700 bed hospital.

The main building, four stories high, was furnished with 1000 beds. This building had a usable attic, which was remodeled to house the Medical Supply Department and to provide space for storage of patient's clothing. The adaptation of this building required an enormous amount of labor by men of the Unit. They built seventeen barracks, which accommodated the operating rooms, the X-Ray Department, large bath houses, receiving ward, enlisted men's quarters and wards aggregating 700 additional beds. All this construction was accomplished with great dispatch, and by April, 1918, the entire Unit was reassembled and patients were admitted. The first train of patients received came from American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1, at Paris. After these arrivals the hospital was soon filled and it reached its full capacity during and immediately after the Chateau Thierry drive. The patients were almost entirely Americans, and the majority were wounded men from the fighting line.

The work was carried on actively throughout the remainder of the year. Peak capacity was again reached during the fighting in the Argonne. Mention also should be made of the care and assistance rendered to the personnel of the Army during the influenza epidemic, which reached its height during October, 1918. These cases were drawn largely from the garrison of Nantes, which at times numbered 11,000 or more men, also from the 38th Division, which had been sent immediately on debarkation to billets in the Nantes billeting area.

In July, 1918, the Hospital became a part of the Hospital Center of Nantes. The large hospital project known as the Grand Blottreau, located on the opposite side of the city, was occupied at this time by Base Hospitals 11, 38 and 216, and the whole centre was placed under command of Colonel Thomas J. Kirkpatrick, of the Regular Army Medical Corps.

In early October, 1918, the Hospital was further expanded by

IN THE WORLD WAR

the acquisition of the Ecole Normale, a Normal School building owned and turned over gratuitously by the Department of the Loire Inferieure to the Medical Department of the Army. It was equipped and furnished as a Hospital for Officers and designed for reception of medical cases and convalescent surgical patients. It was operated as an Annex to Base Hospital No. 34, and Major, later Colonel, A. J. Ostheimer was placed in immediate charge.

During the first half of the year, under careful guidance of Col. DeVoe, C. O., the organization of the various administrative departments of the Hospital was perfected and all showed themselves fully equal to the strain thrown upon them during the heavy work of the Argonne drive and the influenza epidemic. The Adjutant's office was organized and conducted by Capt. (later Lieut. Colonel) Ralph S. Bromer, M. C., the Registrar's office by Capt. John P. Jones; the Medical Supply Department by 1st Lt. (afterwards Captain) B. F. Buzby; the Mess Department by 1st Lt. (later Captain) Malcolm G. Douglas; Sanitary Corps and Quartermaster's Department by Capt. Raphael I. Levin, Q. M. C. Especial mention should be made of the supply service rendered by the latter department to the entire garrison of Nantes from the very beginning of the Hospital until the organization in June, 1918, of Quartermaster Depot No. 2, Base Section No. 1, on the Isle of St. Anne in Nantes. This threw extra strain and labor on the officer in charge and the men of this department.

The professional services were early organized by Col. Ashhurst in charge of the Surgical Service, Major Carson of the Medical Service, Capt. (later Major) Moore in the Clinical and Pathological Laboratory, and Captain Bromer in the X-Ray Laboratory. Changes in these Departments will be mentioned later.

The American Red Cross sent as its first representative Captain Charles G. Petrie, who began during April the organization of a service which later grew to large proportions. In July Capt. Louis H. Fead arrived to replace Capt. Petrie, who was transferred to the Grand Blottereau. Under their direction, a canteen was started; magazines, books, etc., were distributed to the patients; regular moving picture shows were held, a Home Communication Service was established, a large Recreation Hut was built, where different show troupes gave many and varied entertainments, dances for the enlisted men were held and numerous comforts supplied the nurses. A Y. W. C. A. representative was also continuously assigned to the Nurses' Quarters to provide all recreation and entertainment possible.

The Main Hospital Building and the ground occupied by the adjoining barracks was originally a seminary for priests. Additional space was soon required, and on the street immediately

opposite the east entrance, a large riding school was acquired as a Quartermaster Store and Warehouse. On this same street a house was obtained as quarters for the female civilian employees. Two large chateaux were rented to house the nursing personnel. The officer personnel was billeted in private homes in the immediate vicinity of the hospital.

With the signing of the Armistice the nature of the work of the hospital changed. Its situation in close proximity to the Base port of St. Nazaire and within easy rail connection with Brest, put it in direct line for the evacuation of the sick and wounded to the United States. The work of evacuation was early started and convoys were received and forwarded as rapidly as patients could be prepared and re-equipped for the trip home. The organization was not destined, however, to long remain in this work. In pursuance of the policy of the Chief Surgeon's office for the early return of the hospitals first sent over, word was unofficially received Christmas Eve, 1918, of the hospital's return as soon as its relief arrived. On January 2nd, Evacuation Hospital No. 36 reached Nantes from Rennes and preparations were rushed for the transfer of the hospital to that organization. This was accomplished January 16, 1919, and the command was prepared for embarkation. After final inspections were made and the Unit officially reported ready, it yet had several weeks to wait until orders to move arrived. The officers finally left Nantes March 23rd, the nurses soon after, and the enlisted men with three officers April 9th. They all ultimately reached the United States and the organization was finally demobilized April 29, at Camp Dix, N. J. The transport bringing the officers home was the "Patricia," one of the ships turned over by the Germans after the armistice. The nurses crossed on the "George Washington," and the enlisted men on the "Walter A. Luckenbach."

Major A. P. C. Ashhurst, the Director of the Unit, was promoted Colonel and was assigned as Surgical Consultant of the important Hospital Centers of Nantes, Savenay and St. Nazaire. During the course of the organization's existence in the A. E. F., Major R. G. DeVoe, the Commanding Officer, was promoted Colonel, and was placed in command of the Nantes Hospital Center; Major Emory G. Alexander became Surgical Director of the Unit, Capt. Ralph S. Bromer was promoted Lieut. Colonel and assumed command of Evacuation Hospital No. 36—the organization sent to replace Base Hospital 34. Major Rutherford L. John was made Chief Orthopaedic Surgeon of the Nantes Centre and Major John P. Jones became Chief of Surgical Service of Evacuation Hospital No. 36. Capt. John W. Moore was promoted Major and placed in charge of the laboratories of the Nantes Centre and Miss Katharine Brown, Chief Nurse, was made supervisor of nursing for the same centre.

IN THE WORLD WAR

While in service in the A. E. F. Reserve Nurse Alice Ireland died at St. Nazaire, Base Hospital 101, of pneumonia. Private Joseph F. Covert died of septicemia at Camp Hospital 15, and Private James L. Murray of influenza at Base Hospital 34, A. E. F.

The Hospital furnished its quota of "Teams" for front line work, as the organizations of Surgeons, Nurses and orderlies sent from Base Hospitals in the rear to front line hospitals were called. The first of these sent out was Surgical Team No. 23, headed by Colonel Astley P. C. Ashhurst, M. C. He had with him as his assistants Captain Henry S. Kerchner and Nurses Marguerita Andrews, Ethel P. Kandle and Grace E. Stephens, and Privates Winsor Josselyn and Joseph E. Miles. They left Nantes early in April, 1918, going to Crevecoeur Le Grand, where they served with Automobile Chirurgical Hospital No. 6, of the French Army, until July. On July 18th they arrived at the American Red Cross Hospital No. 1, Neuilly sur Seine, Paris, and remained there until August 14th. They were then transferred to Evacuation Hospital No. 6, American Army, serving with it during the Argonne campaign. On November 18th Col. Ashhurst was transferred to Savenay as Consultant in Surgery and Major Emory G. Alexander, M. C., was sent to relieve him.

Surgical Team 24 was composed of Major Charles D. Lockwood, M. C., Capt. Irvine M. Boykin, M. C., and Capt. Louis W. Frank, M. C. The nurses and enlisted men composing it were Nurses Anna Behman and Katherine Holler, Privates Horace B. Austin and Harry G. Bostick. This team served with the American Army in the Champagne and the Argonne sector, being stationed with several American Evacuation Hospitals.

During the course of the Summer a Gas and Shock Team in charge of 1st Lt. (later Captain) Royal E. Durham, M. C., was despatched to the front. The nursing and enlisted personnel of the first team consisted of Nurse Jane D. Nicholson and Pvt. William Vogel. It was first sent to the Central Laboratory at Dijon for instruction purposes and from there was sent to the front, serving with one of the American Evacuation Hospitals (No. 8) during the Argonne drive.

During the course of the latter drive, the second team that had been formed was broken up, Major Lockwood, Capt. Frank and Miss Holler formed the nucleus of one and Capt. Boykin was placed in charge of the other, with Lt. Simon and Miss Behman.

Immediately after the termination of hostilities, the various surgical teams of the A. E. F. were returned to their respective organizations. During late November and early December all the personnel returned to Nantes and were attached to the Hospital, for return to the United States.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

ROSTER AND PROMOTIONS OF ORIGINAL PERSONNEL, TRANSFERS OF OFFICERS FOR DUTY WITH BASE HOSPITAL No. 34; TRANSFER OF ENLISTED MEN FOR DUTY WITH BASE HOSPITAL No. 34; TRANSFER OF ENLISTED PERSONNEL OF BASE HOSPITAL No. 34 TO OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

ROSTER OF ORIGINAL PERSONNEL
(As of September 8th, 1917.)

MAJORS.

Promotions.

DeVOE, R. G.	M. C. —1st Lt. Col. 2nd Col.
ASHHURST, ASTLEY P. C.	M. R. C.—1st Lt. Col. 2nd Col.
ALEXANDER, EMORY G.	M. R. C.
CARSON, JOHN B.	M. R. C.

CAPTAINS.

BROMER, RALPH S.	M. R. C.—1st Major. 2nd Lt. Col.
JOHN, L. RUTHERFORD.....	M. R. C.—1st Major
MOORE, JOHN W.	M. R. C.—1st Major
WELKER, HENRY C.	M. R. C.
LEVIN, RAPHAEL I.	Q. M. C.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

BOYKIN, IRVINE M.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
BUZBY, BENJAMIN F.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
CARPENTER, CHAPIN	M. R. C.—1st Captain
DURHAM, ROYAL E.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
EYNON, JOHN F.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
FRANK, LOUIS W.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
JONES, JOHN P.	M. R. C.—1st Captain. 2nd Major
KERCHNER, HENRY S.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
PAUL, JOHN D.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
SPROWL, RAYMOND J.	M. R. C.—1st Captain. 2nd Major
WOLFE, JOHN B.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
WILSON, GEORGE	M. R. C.—1st Captain
WINTER, KARL D.	M. R. C.—1st Captain
COLEMAN, GEORGE A.	D. R. C.—1st Captain
CROLL, FABER W.	D. R. C.—1st Captain
DOUGLAS, MALCOLM G.	San. Cps.—1st Captain

CHAPLAIN.

GROTON, JOHN M.	A. R. C. —1st Lt.
----------------------	-------------------

IN THE WORLD WAR

CHIEF NURSE.

BROWN, MISS KATHARINE

NURSES.

Andrews, Margarita
Anthony, Vivien H.

Bahn, Jeannette
Bahner, Merdi D.
Behman, Anna
Bonawitz, Mary
Brooke, Meta C.
Brown, Olive
Buchanan, Sarah F.

Comly, Jane
Cook, Marion V.
Calvert, Grace T.
Clark, Florence E.

Dow, Alice

Echternach, Marion H.
Elm, Cora

Feagley, Marybelle O.
Fellows, Anna N.

Geisinger, Estelle M.
Gemberling, Laura
Grabill, Edna S.

Graybill, Elda
Griffen, Lucy E.
Grimke, Henrietta

Haney, Elizabeth
Hassler, Sophie R.
Hay, Lillian J.
Heistand, Amanda J.
Henneberger, Ruth
Hess, Etta
Holler, Katherine
Horton, Ann
Hummel, Margaret A.

★Ireland, Alice

Kandle, Ethel P.
Kauffman, Lena M.
Kee, Isabelle
Kelsey, Elizabeth

Lavin, Kathryn
Leader, Helen J.
Lehman, Margaret
Lewis, Diana
London, Abbie

MacCracken, Matilda
McCoy, Anna L.

Mills, Pattie J.
Mowery, Estelle

Nicholson, Jane D.

Owens, Nell

Rabaugh, Florence M.
Robinson, Ella
Ralph, Margarita

Shun, Dorothy
Sickles, Edith M.
Sprague, Wahnetta
Stevens, Grace E.

Tatterschall, Bessie
Turner, Cecilia S.

Wentzell, Leslie
Whiteman, Margaret
Winslow, Anelka B.
Wise, Elsie B.

CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES.

Byrne, Frances E.
Franks, Gertrude

★Deceased.

Kent, Anna S.
Krips, Mildred H.

Osgood, Millie E.
Sutherland, Edith

PROMOTIONS OF ENLISTED PERSONNEL.

To Second Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers.

Pvt. 1/Cl. Clothier, William R.

To Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery.

Pvt. 1/Cl. Kidder, Almon N.

To First Lieutenant, Sanitary Corps.

Sgt. 1/Cl. Thielens, William R.

To Second Lieutenant, Sanitary Corps.

Sgt. 1/Cl. Fuessle, Charles K.
Sgt. 1/Cl. Gamber, William V.

Sgt. 1/Cl. Keller, Samuel H.
Sgt. 1/Cl. White, Edwin H.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

ENLISTED MEN AND THEIR FINAL RANK WITH B. H. 34.

<p>Adams, Durward C., Pvt. 1/Cl. Adams, Palmer L., Sgt. Adler, Samuel H., Cook Alker, Ralph, Sgt. Arnold, George L., Cook Austin, Horace B., Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>	<p>Fetterolf, Allan C., Sgt. Fleming, Edwin H., Pvt. 1/Cl. Furbush, Carleton, Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>
<p>Bacon, William H., Sgt. Bond, Francis E., Pvt. Bonno, Harold F., Pvt. 1/Cl. Bromer, Albert W., Sgt. Burrows, Thos. A., Jr., Sgt. Byrom, Lewis F., Pvt. 1/Cl. Baldwin, James A., Pvt. 1/Cl. Bannon, Thos. J., Pvt. 1/Cl. Bauer, William T., Sgt. 1/Cl. Bell, John M., Cpl. Berstler, Sidney R., Pvt. 1/Cl. Biggs, Lewis V., Jr., Pvt. 1/Cl. Bodine, Joseph H., Sgt.</p>	<p>Gamber, William, 2nd Lt. San. Cps. Goddard, George O., Cook Guildford, Rowland, Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>
<p>Campbell, Donald M., Pvt. 1/Cl. Campbell, Thos. P., Sgt. 1/Cl. Canerdy, Herbert P., Sgt. Chandler, Donald, Pvt. 1/Cl. Charlton, Chas. P., Pvt. 1/Cl. Cline, Leslie M., Pvt. 1/Cl. Clothier, Wm. R., Pvt. 1/Cl. Corts, Ernest, Pvt. ★Covert, Joseph F., Pvt. 1/Cl. Croll, Leon E., Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>	<p>Halkett, James S., Pvt. 1/Cl. Hammond, Earl C., Pvt. 1/Cl. Hannum, Wm. T., Pvt. 1/Cl. Hartwell, Ralf L., Pvt. 1/Cl. Hayes, Ralph B., Pvt. 1/Cl. Hedges, Thos., Jr., Pvt. 1/Cl. Heimach, Geo. S., Pvt. 1/Cl. Hoke, Karl B., Sgt.</p>
<p>Day, Alfred D., Pvt. 1/Cl. Day, John F., Pvt. 1/Cl. DeCoursey, Earl, Pvt. 1/Cl. Delaney, Joseph J., Pvt. 1/Cl. Doriot, Jules F., Pvt. 1/Cl. Dubois, Earl, Sgt.</p>	<p>Jennings, Edward B., Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>
<p>Ellis, William C., Sgt. Espenshade, Saml. H., Cook Evans, Lawrence R., Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>	<p>Kames, Wm. S., Pvt. 1/Cl. Kauffman, Wm. C., Pvt. 1/Cl. Keller, Samuel H., 2nd Lt. Kelly, Robert P., Pvt. 1/Cl. Kidder, Almon N., Pvt. 1/Cl. King, Robert L., Pvt. Klutz, Lex W., Sgt. Kraft, Harold F., Cook</p>
<p>Fanning, James A., Pvt. 1/Cl. Felton, William H., Cpl.</p>	<p>Langton, James J., Pvt. 1/Cl. Levin, Nathan, Sgt. 1/Cl. Levy, Abram J., Pvt. 1/Cl. Levy, Jesse S., Pvt. 1/Cl. Lipsky, Mannie E., Pvt. 1/Cl. Little, Henry W., Pvt. 1/Cl. Little, John A., Pvt. 1/Cl. Livolsi, Luidi, Pvt. 1/Cl. Loomis, Chas. H., Pvt. 1/Cl. Lukens, Edward F., Jr., Pvt. 1/Cl. Lukens, Matthew G., Pvt. 1/Cl. Lutz, George R., Pvt. 1/Cl.</p>

IN THE WORLD WAR

MacClaskey, Austin G., Cook
 MacDowell, Thos. W., Pvt.
 MacMillan, Jas. J., Sgt. 1/Cl.
 McCormack, Joseph A.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.
 McElroy, Clayton, Jr., Sgt.
 McLaughlin, Charles C.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.
 McLaughlin, Edward P.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.

Maier, Edwin H., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Mann, Edward M., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Marceaux, Theodore,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Martin, Robt. B., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Merkel, John G., Sgt.
 Miles, Joseph E., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Moll, Raymond A., Sgt. 1/Cl.
 Moore, Carlisle C., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Moore, James O., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Moore, Joseph P., Sgt.
 Morris, Fred. H., Cook
 Morrison, John C., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 ★Murray, Jas. L., Pvt. 1/Cl.

Neiffer, Grover W., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Newell, Harry P., Cook

O'Donnell, John J., Pvt. 1/Cl.

Patchett, Henry P., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Patterson, Jos. S., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Pitts, Edmund M., Sgt. 1/Cl.
 ★Pomeroy, Richard S., Cpl.
 Porterfield, David H.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Prather, Perry F., Pvt. 1/Cl.

Raup, Harold H., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Rich, Harold L., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Riggins, Charles W., Pvt.
 Robinson, John G., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Rosser, Louis A., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Rounsley, Nelson S.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.

Sanderson, Sidney, Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Sands, Richard M., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Sausser, Malcolm G.,
 Sgt. 1/Cl.
 Shetter, Claire A., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Simpson, Harry S., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Slepicka, Joseph J., Sgt.
 Smith, Fred E., Sgt.
 Smith, Robert C., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Somers, John W., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Sparks, Thomas J., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Spellissy, Fred W., Sgt.
 Starr, Lawrence M., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Stern, Adiel M., Sgt. 1/Cl.
 Sterling, Elwood, Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Stoffel, Frank N., Cook
 Stout, Charles H., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Strauss, Irving B., Cpt.
 Sullivan, John A., Pvt. 1/Cl.

Tamoshatis, Peter, Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Tanner, John R., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Taylor, Arthur N., Jr.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Taylor, John C., Sgt. 1/Cl.
 Thielens, William, Sgt. 1/Cl.
 Tobin, Michael F., Sgt.
 Turner, John, Sgt. 1/Cl.

Vogel, William, Pvt. 1/Cl.

Wales, Percy A., Sgt.
 ★Walker, Jas. A., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Walker, Norbert J., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Weinert, Arthur O., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 White, Edwin H., 2nd Lt.
 Whitehead, Robert S.,
 Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Whiteley, Jas. H., Sgt. 1/Cl.
 Wiley, David C., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Williams, Henry A., Cpl.
 Williams, Henry D., Pvt. 1/Cl.

Yeager, Jesse M., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Young, Joseph J., Pvt. 1/Cl.
 Young, William J., Pvt. 1/Cl.

Zinni, Nicholas, Cook

★Deceased.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

TRANSFERS OF OFFICERS FOR DUTY WITH BASE HOSPITAL NO. 34.

<i>Majors.</i>	<i>First Lieutenants.</i>
Fairbairn, John F.M. C.	O'Brien, William H. J.M. C.
Fife, Charles F.M. C.	Oelschlegel, Herbert O.M. C.
Lockwood, Charles D.M. C.	Simon, CharlesM. C.
Long, William H.M. C.	Bone, Pinckney H.M. C.
Marxmiller, Harry G.M. C.	Tousey, Thomas G.M. C.
Ostheimer, A. J.M. C.	Rahn, Joseph L.D. C.
Pepper, O. H. P.M. C.	
Sharpe, John S.M. C.	<i>Second Lieutenants.</i>
Spalding, William C.M. C.	Moore, Joseph E.Q. M. C.
Wickert, Howard T.M. C.	Rooney, Hugh V.Q. M. C.
<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Chaplain.</i>
McCaskey, Francis H.M. C.	Clash, Charles W.
Moser, Reuben A.M. C.	
Swan, Guy H.M. C.	

TRANSFERS OF ENLISTED MEN FOR DUTY WITH BASE HOSPITAL NO. 34, AND FINAL RANK HELD WITH ORGANIZATION.

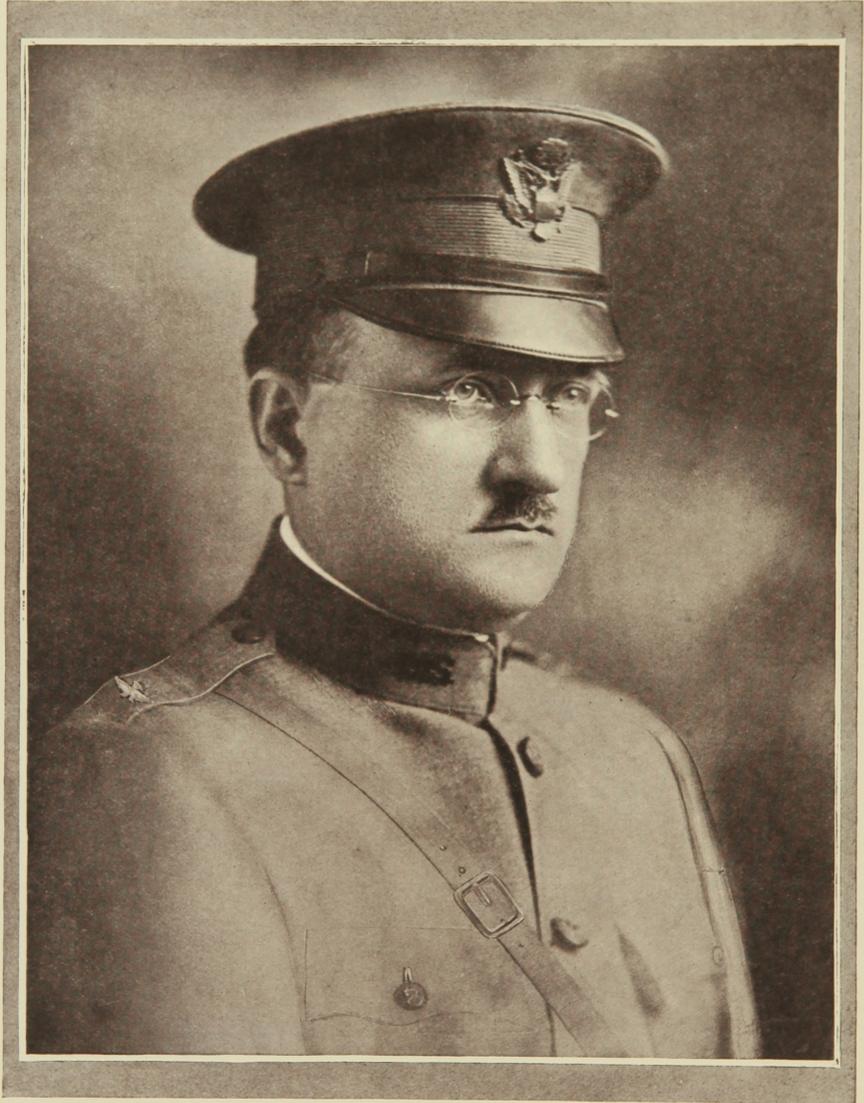
Bostick, Harry G., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Josselyn, Lewis, Pvt. 1/Cl.
Fuessle, Charles K., 2nd Lt. San. Cps.	Josselyn, Winsor, Pvt. 1/Cl.
Gates, Albert P., Cpl.	Wenzell, Amos, Cook
Gates, Carl, Pvt. 1/Cl.	Wilkinson, Harry, Sgt. 1/Cl.

REPLACEMENT DRAFT OF JUNE, 1918, FROM CAMP GREENLEAF, GEORGIA.

Crist, Irwin D., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Schultz, Richard R., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Hafeman, George A., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Seese, Foster M., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Haines, Francis D., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Sherwood, Roy L., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Hardin, M. Guy, Sgt.	Stauffer, Harry M., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Hirschfield, Leonard A., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Stoniulis, Peter, Cook
Howell, Joseph N., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Tell, Carl E., Sgt.
Kerlagon, Fred J., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Thompson, Hoyt A., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Lloyd, Ray L., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Toothman, George W., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Masloff, Albert T., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Tower, Kenneth A., Sgt.
Ogden, Herman, Pvt. 1/Cl.	Tucker, Cornelius, Pvt. 1/Cl.
Perry, Wannie L., Cpl.	Wadsworth, Daniel D., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Peterson, Walter A., Pvt. 1/Cl.	Weaver, Ronald W., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Richards, Dexter, Pvt. 1/Cl.	Wellenkamp, Carl K., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Riecke, Frederick H., Cpl.	Wheelock, Ralph L., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Robinson, Jr., James, Pvt. 1/Cl.	Whiteman, Jacob F., Pvt. 1/Cl.
Rockel, Curley, Pvt. 1/Cl.	Whitney, J. B., Pvt. 1/Cl.
	Wildfong, Frank C., Pvt. 1/Cl.
	Wing, Paul R., Pvt. 1/Cl.
	Wirt, Virgil O., Pvt. 1/Cl.
	Woodworth, Wilbur W., Sgt.
	Woods, Willard T., Pvt. 1/Cl.
	Wright, Wallace B., Pvt. 1/Cl.

TRANSFER OF ENLISTED PERSONNEL OF BASE HOSPITAL NO. 34 TO OTHER ORGANIZATIONS AT ALLENTOWN.

Corts, Ernest	Riggins, Charles W.
King, Robert L.	Walker, James A.
MacDowell, Thomas W.	



Atley P. Ashhurst

COLONEL ASTLEY P. C. ASHHURST

COLONEL ASTLEY P. C. ASHHURST assumed charge of the hospital in May, 1917, upon the retirement of Dr. Charles H. Frazier as Director. At the time he was in civilian life, Visiting Surgeon to the Episcopal Hospital and to the Orthopedic Hospital and Infirmary for Nervous Diseases, also Associate in Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. Under his direction, the equipment was purchased, officers, nurses and enlisted men enrolled, and all preparations made for the call to active service. Upon the hospital's arrival in France he was most active in aiding in the remodeling of the Seminary Building and the organization of the professional services and departments of the Hospital. In April, 1918, he was ordered to the Front in charge of a Surgical Team, and remained there until the end of November, 1918, serving at various stations. During the spring of 1918 he was promoted Lieutenant Colonel, and in the late fall of the same year Colonel. Before his return home he was made Surgical Consultant of the Savenay, Nantes and St. Nazaire Hospital Areas.

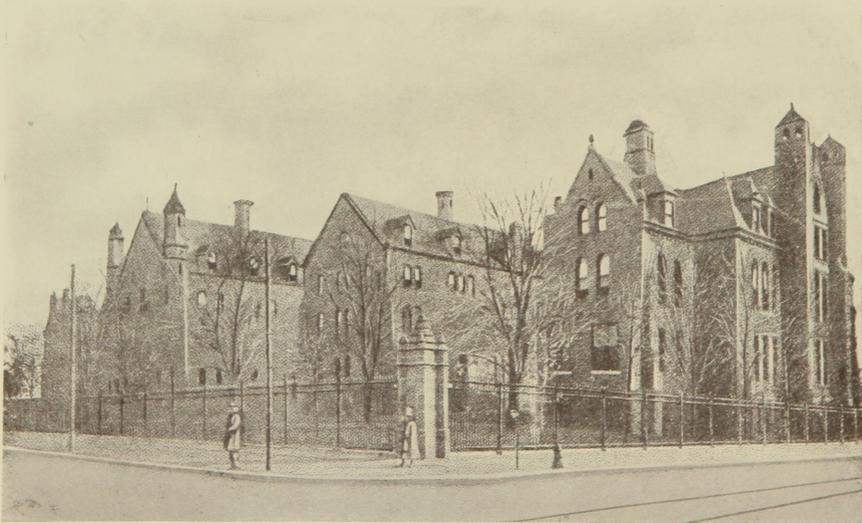


PEN AND INK BY DORIOT

MOBILIZATION

AFTER having waited expectantly and rather impatiently for over three months since enlistment, the members of Base Hospital No. 34 were finally called into active service. To the majority the news came in the form of a letter, dated September 6, 1917, ordering them to report the next day at the Episcopal Hospital. To the out-of-town members telegrams were despatched. By all, the news was received with great joy, for upon enlistment they had been promised a very early departure for France, and were at this time beginning to lose all hope of ever getting across. It must never be forgotten that one of the greatest factors in the rapid recruiting of Base Hospital 34 was the general idea given that the early days of May would find the unit on its way for France.

Friday morning, September 7, found an enthusiastic group of young men, slowly growing in numbers, assembled on the grounds of the Episcopal Hospital. Many times in the preceding months, small groups had gathered there to receive the dreaded inoculations for typhoid and paratyphoid. But this had none of the disinterested bearing of the former groups; this time all were keen for the work before them, and the prevailing spirit was full of promise for the future success of the unit.



The Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia

IN THE WORLD WAR

While waiting to receive orders from the Registrar, who had not yet arrived, the men looked over part of the equipment for Base 34, which was stored in the stable of the hospital. Everything was boxed, still some idea was given of the completeness of the outfit by the sizes and number of boxes. The time was passed, too, by listening very attentively to Henry Patchett's dissertation on the necessities for trench life. Sporting a brand new khaki uniform and speaking in a voice that brooked no contradiction, he held the novices spellbound. Many thought he was the commanding officer, and straightway resolved to purchase trunks to take the extra underwear, socks and fine tooth comb, etc., which he seriously advised would be indispensable. Henry's spell was only broken by the first appearance of the Danville Ford, driven into the grounds by no less a personage than D. C. Adams. Adams, too, was in uniform, and from his bearing it was quite easy to guess that he was the first in line for promotion. Ah, looking back, what amusing recollections arise! With what increasing appetites did the members look forward to the delicious cooking "Teddy" Marceaux promised them, and how they marveled at his fluent interpretation of the French "wig-wag" language. How enviously did they gaze upon "Eddie" Maier's gun, and wonder if some day they, too, might wear one. What wisdom Horace Austin imparted, and what an inexhaustible fountain he was. These and many other first impressions will never be forgotten.

At last Lieutenant Douglas arrived, clinking spurs and all. The men were treated to their first look at a really handsome soldier. He soon got down to work and picked some of the men to finish packing and shipping the remaining equipment. The rest were told to report the next morning in old clothes, prepared to leave for Allentown, Pa. After that the men hastened home to wind up such matters as required their attention, and to say good-bye to everyone. All believed the stay at Allentown would be for but a few days, and that this would be their last opportunity to see their friends and families before sailing.

The next morning found the same men on the same grounds, but far differently attired. The appearance the day before might have suggested business and college men, but now they looked more like the laborers of a contracting firm. Going up into the hospital building, each one was given a Red Cross comfort kit, and then they were divided alphabetically into groups, and specially chosen leaders assigned to take charge of them. Great was the feeling of responsibility as these men took charge, and how obediently their subordinates responded! The train for Allentown did not leave until noon, so the scoutmasters were told to have their boys at the station a half hour before that time. Each was then free for the rest of the morning. Most of the boys spent the time in the movies

and then had lunch. "Sammy" Adler and "Jess" Levy tried to purchase the entire soap supply of a five-and-ten store, for they had heard soap was very scarce in France.

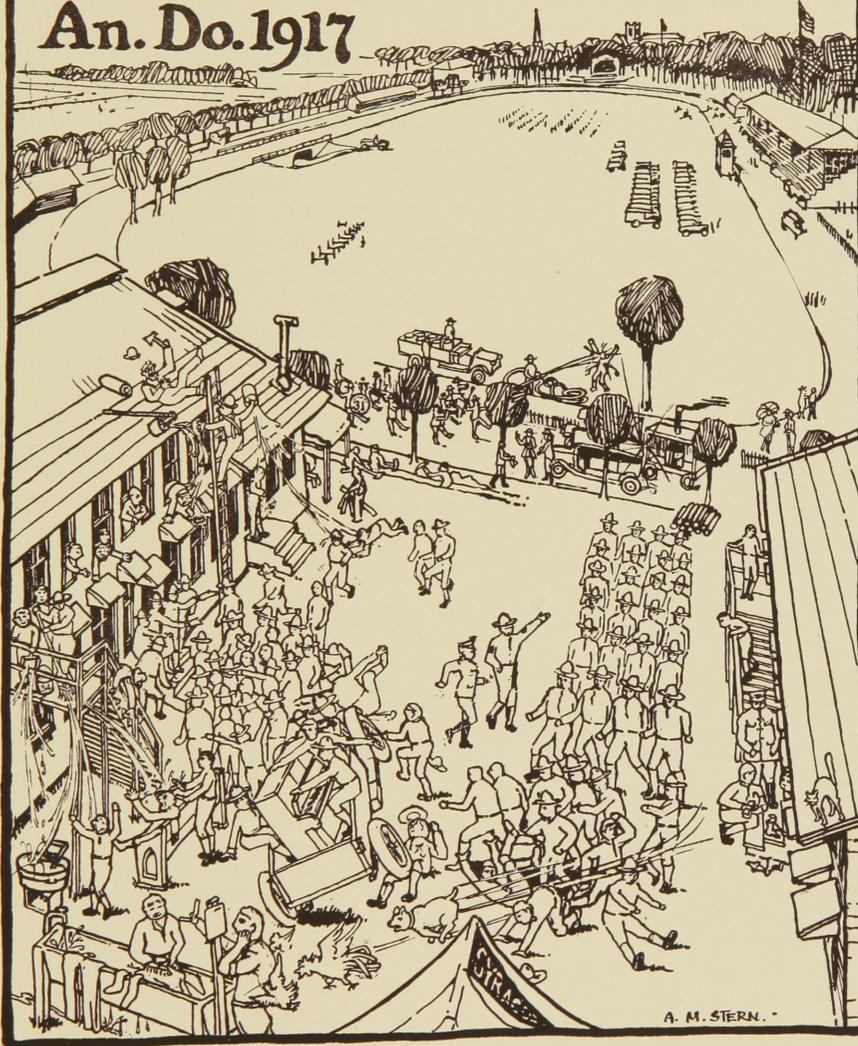
As the time approached for the train to leave, the men straggled slowly into the station, much to the discomfort of their acting sergeants, who seemed overwhelmed with the authority invested in them. Very soon the officers entered. It was their first appearance in a body and in uniform. The enlisted men stood looking at them in awe. However, Major Ashhurst dispelled this feeling by greeting the boys in his own refreshing military manner, and proved that there really was something human in uniform.

It was not long before the gate was opened and the men entrained. The first four coaches were assigned to Base Hospital 34, and as soon as the men took their respective places, guards were placed at both ends of the cars and no one was allowed to leave them. It was the first experience of military discipline, which all learned so to love later on. The sense of humility was so strong in Adiel Stern that he surprised "Pud" Simpson, the acting sergeant of the guard, by smartly saluting him when asking for permission to pass from one car to another. Give "Pud" his due. Despite many desperate attempts to escape, his "border" record was not marred by a single successful one.

When the train reached Ambler, a pleasant surprise was given by the Red Cross of that town, who had gathered to see Charlton, Kelly and Walker off. They passed through the train and gave the boys candy, cigarettes and ice cream. The rest of the journey was spent in playing cards and spinning yarns. Horace Austin was again in a receptive mood, and what he was not going to do in France was not worth doing. He had a drawing board and T-square with him, and he did not mind confiding that he hoped to do quite a little sketching in his spare moments. "Teddy" Marceaux had his own group to entertain. His instructions as to the politeness to be used in France were quite enlightening. He said that a Frenchman would take no offense if one told him to "Go to H——" and said "s'il vous plait" in conjunction with the invitation.

About 3.30 the train arrived at Allentown, and everyone was glad to get out and stretch. Very soon a baseball game was going on, with an umbrella for a bat and a crumpled newspaper for a ball. Over an hour was spent in standing around, before the men were lined up to march to camp. Everyone was given definite orders to step off with the left foot and keep their line straight, but it was not necessary, for trucks had arrived from the camp, and all rode up to the fair grounds, where the men got their first look at what was to be their home for the next two months—Camp Crane of fond memory.

'34' at ALLENTOWN An. Do. 1917



PEN AND INK BY STERN

ALLENTOWN

IN camp at last and with luck enough to be placed in one of the three new barracks that had been erected. As it was late in the day, the men were lined up for the first time for army mess. Naturally, civilian uniforms were not in accord with the army regulations, so the veterans directed their remarks at the crowd, "Where are you all from?" "How many of you?" "How long are you going to stay?" It did not take long to get accustomed to the army line up and the first meal was quite a novelty. The evening was spent in getting an issue of cots and blankets, which were arranged to suit the small groups of new-made friends.

The first night in camp will long be remembered, with "Trooper" Simpson in command for the first and only time. Ideas carried over from civilian life did not agree with the military rules, and "Trooper" made many threats as to the punishment that would be received if order was not maintained. Most of the men spent a cold night dressed in their pajamas, which soon became a thing of the past.

Promptly at 5.30 the next morning the men were greeted with the bugler's "FIRST CALL," and then the "Trooper's" "UP MEN"; and as most of them had spent an uncomfortable night, it did not take much urging to get them out.

The second day in camp was Sunday, with little activity except for the many visitors who were anxious to spend the day with their boys, among them being many of the mothers and fathers and friends of this unit. Part of the afternoon was spent in issuing to men portions of their uniforms, which was an interesting feature to them, as by this time civilian clothes had become very conspicuous and annoying.



"Morning!"

Most of the boys made themselves more comfortable the second night, as necessity demanded that they arrange their blankets in a practical way and not remove so much clothing; so, except for the hard cots, they were pretty well satisfied.

The third day several more of the

IN THE WORLD WAR

men arrived, and every day thereafter for about a week new men came in. They were gradually issued their uniforms, and on the fourth day we were visited by one of the camp non-coms with the imposing title of acting Sergeant-Major. He wanted to know why Base 34 was not working, so the unit was lined up

	<p>5.30 A. M. First call 5.40 Reveille 5.45 Assembly 5.50 Exercises 6.05 Recall 6.10 Fatigue 6.30 Sick call 7.15 Mess 8.00 Drill 9.30 Recall 9.45:10.45 School 12.20 P. M. Mess 1.30:3.00 Recreation 3.00 Drill 4.45 Recall 5.20 First call Retreat 5.30 Retreat 6.15 Mess 9.30 Tattoo 11.15 Taps</p>	
--	--	--

1. Section A at Pup Tent Drill being "inspected" by one of the "Pennsylvania Dutch." 2. Section B at Drill. 3. As we were with Pack Slung—"British" H. A. Williams. 4. Pack Inspection. 5. Constructing Furniture for the Office—Stern, Hoke, Tanner. 6. The Chef of the Bellevue—"Teddy." 7. The Pack Inspection Layout—as it never looked—and (center) The Order of the Day.

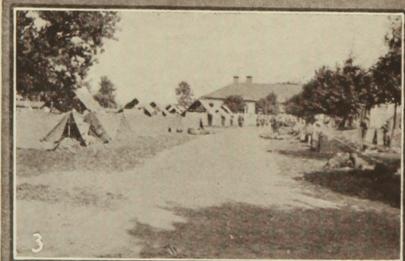
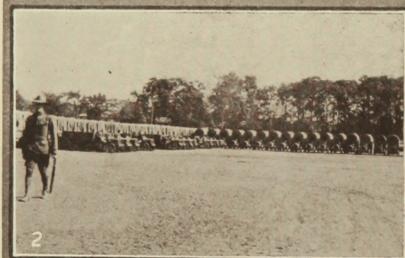
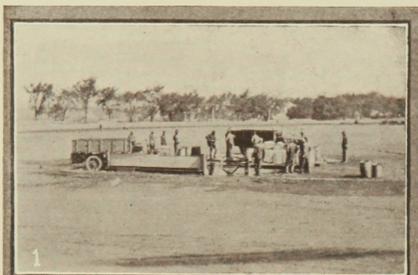
BASE HOSPITAL 34

according to height, and arranged in three sections; namely, A, B and C. They then started their army training, to the amusement of the old men in the camp. The Manual of the Sanitary Corps was used, and by the end of the first day the recruits were able to execute "squads east" and "squads west," and felt very much like soldiers. They attracted much attention while drilling. This may have been due either to their pep in the various movements, or perhaps, their civilian caps, and breeches with no leggins, and in many instances low shoes.

It is sufficient to know that they were not long in adjusting themselves to the situation. Base Hospital 31 soon arrived in camp, and 34 assigned itself to the task of showing the new unit the ins and outs of the place.

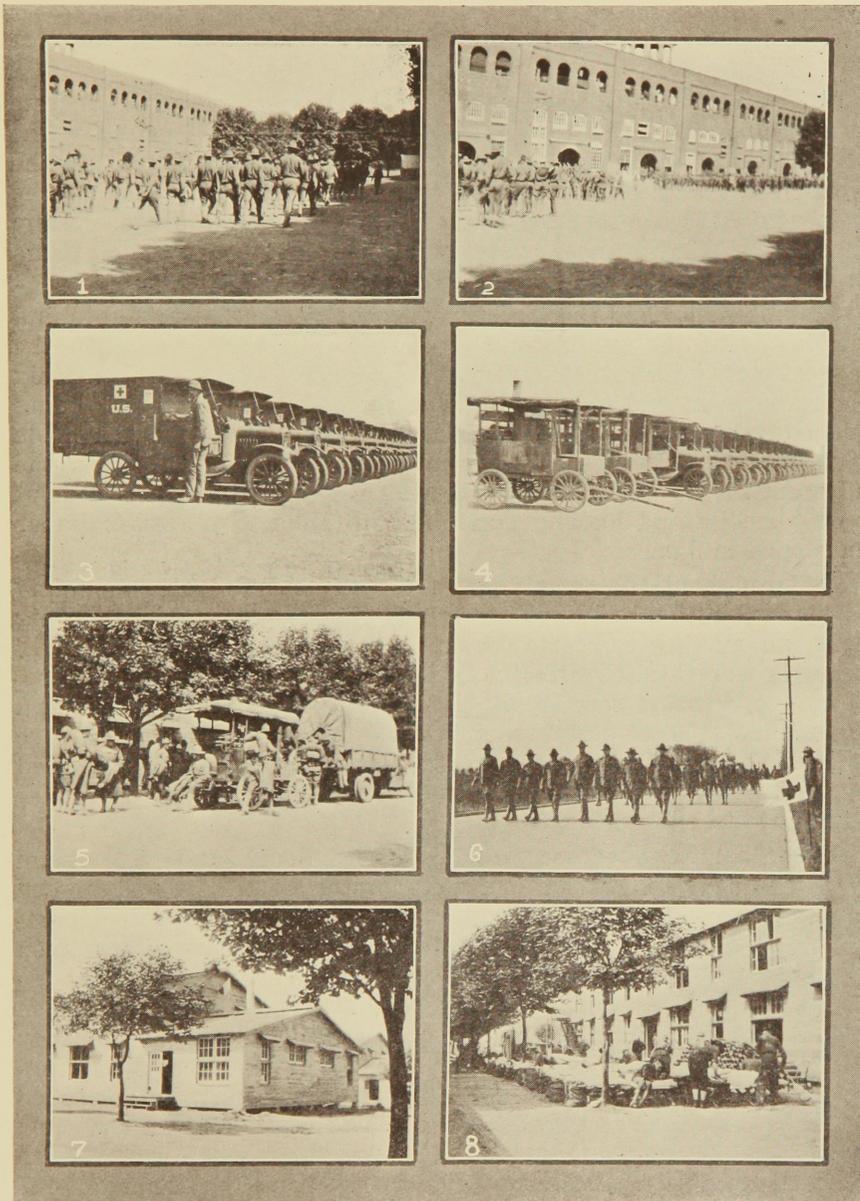
The location of Camp Crane was very favorable from many points of view. First of all, it was situated in Allentown, Pa., which was a railroad center, making it possible to ship and receive supplies and equipment to and from necessary points, such as Philadelphia and New York, the overseas shipping point.

The camp was built on the Fair Grounds, which was one of the best in the country. The area of the site was about five acres, with two main entrances, which were always a source of trouble at night for the soldier who *had* to get out but was



1. The Morning Washout. 2. Modern Prairie Schooners. 3. Leading a Dog's Life—Puptentville. 4. Without apologies to Sousa—31's Youngstown Band.

IN THE WORLD WAR



ALLENTOWN

1. On the way to Mess—the hungry mob. 2. The Mess Hall. 3. John and the Lizzies. 4. Slum Guns—the rolling kitchens. 5. Hitting the Roads. 6. Inspection by the French Military Attache from Washington. Left to right—Majs. Ashhurst, Alexander, and Carson; Cpts. Welker, Hurd, John, Levin, and Lt. Propst. 7. 34's Barracks. 8. Sunning the Beds.

minus a pass. It was originally opened as a training camp for the U. S. A. A. S.

The main building consisted of a new reinforced concrete grandstand, which had been erected a few years previous. The transformation for the emergency was easily completed, as the broad seats and steps made an ideal barracks, according to the men who were comfortably sheltered in suitable buildings. Many mechanical contrivances were erected to protect the occupants from the wind.

Walking around the structure, the visitor was surprised to find the inside of the grandstand converted into what was then the largest mess hall in the country. Its capacity was from five to six thousand men, and mess lines were formed, the usual wait being from thirty to forty-five minutes. However, the time was made pleasant by pitching pennies and getting into trouble with the adjacent lines. It was impossible to read the daily paper without seeing smoke and looking down just in time to see one's paper enveloped in flames.

Throughout the remainder of the grounds were to be found former exhibition buildings of various kinds, horse stables, and pig pens, all making comfortable sleeping quarters. The fatal drill grounds were located directly in front of the grandstand, and so, of course, was the race track, which was used to park trucks and ambulances. The best structures were reserved for the more important organizations, so the three new barracks were occupied by the three Base Hospitals, 31 and 27, with 34 between to render assistance to either side.

The barracks were comfortable; two floors, and with steam heat and warm water installed, for unknown reasons, just a week before the unit departed. By the end of the second week the men had taken their uniforms to the Q. M. so many times, and had been assured so often that they were made to fit them, that they were finally satisfied, and did not feel conspicuous in them. They were marched through the streets occasionally to accustom themselves to parading down Unter den Linden. It was now time to look about for non-coms, so for acting Sergeants the big chiefs appointed Whiteley for Section A, Bromer for Section B, and McElroy for Section C. These men were chosen because of



"Rex," the Mascot, and
Merkel



THE MEN AT CAMP CRANE, ALLENTOWN
THE ORIGINAL PERSONNEL—OFFICERS AND MEN

Left to Right—Front, sitting on the ground: Chandler, Zinni, Patterson, Fanning, Wales, Kraft, Byrom, Weinert. Right of Center: Raup, Yeager, McCormack, Jennings, Doriot, Pomeroy, Stoffel, Austin, Canerdy, T. Campbell, Spellisy, Morris, DeCoursey. Second Row, sitting: A. J. Levy, Newell, Nieffer, Adler, W. J. Young, Martin, King, Bauer, Delaney, Tamoshatis, Livolsi, J. J. Young, Sparks, Lts. Carpenter, Wilson, Douglas, Winter, Capt. Boyken, Lt. Eynon, Capt. Levin, ★Welker, Broner, Maj. Ashhurst, DeVoe, Alexander, Capt. Hurd, Moore, Lts. Paul, Sproll, Jones, Kerschner, Johns, Probst, Durham, Chaplain Grotton, Patchett, Berstler, Shetter, H. D. Williams, Kames, MacDowell, F. Smith, L. Croll, N. Levin, Rosser, Hoke, Furbush, Heimach, Whitely, Evans, J. Levy. Third Row, standing: Broner, Thielen, White, Sands, Whitehead, Espenshade, H. A. Williams, Hannum, E. Lukens, Guilford, Kauffman, ★J. A. Walker, Bond, Biggs, J. A. Little, MacMillan, DuBois, Robinson, Ellis, H. W. Little, Tobin, ★Murray, Moll, Pitts, D. Adams, Rounsley, Hayes, Baldwin, Strauss, Lipsky, Biggs, Sullivan, Burrows, ★Covert, Porterfield, J. O. Moore, Cline, Merkel, Simpson, Stopicka, J. Taylor, A. Taylor, Kidder, Hartwell. Rear Row: MacClaskey, Bacon, J. J. Moore, Bodine, Fleming, Langdon, Alker, E. McLaughlin, C. McLaughlin, Hedges, D. Campbell, Charlton, Kelly, N. Walker, Klutz, A. Day, J. Day, Gamber, Hammond, R. Smith, Mann, Clothier, Loomis, Goddard, Fetteroll, Wiley, Stout, M. Lukens, Miles, Sanderson, P. Adams, Vogel, Cortis, Sterling, Rich, Felton, O'Donnell, Halkett, Biggins, Prather, Stern, Bell, C. C. Moore, Tanner, Sausser, Starr, Lutz, Marceaux, Bannon, McElroy, Banno. ★ The Stars indicate the men who died in the service.

IN THE WORLD WAR

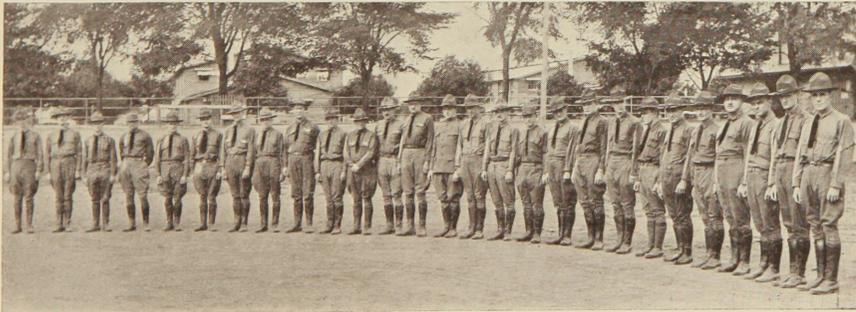
their "excellence" in drill. They were put in full charge of their respective sections, and naturally there was much competition.

Many of the men had been vaccinated before coming to camp, but to be on the safe side they were put through the whole schedule again, after which a thorough medical examination was given to all. The result made it necessary to drop three men from the roll; namely, Walker, MacDowell and Riggins. Riggins, however, was not new at the army game, and afterwards was appointed top Sergeant and placed in the camp Post Exchange.

As time passed, and rumors of overseas orders began circulating, drilling was increased, and hikes "without" became the fashion. One evening the important notice, "BASE HOSPITAL 34 REPORT TO CAMP AT ONCE," was posted on every movie screen and announced from every theatre in town. Scouting parties were sent to the Bible Classes, Y. M. C. A., C. E. S., and other favorite haunts in town, and every one hurried back to barracks with the expectation of leaving for France. To their disappointment they were only issued their equipment. Taps had blown, so the new issue could not be examined until the next morning.

The fact that the unit had received its ordnance meant an entirely new schedule. First of all pup tent drill, not difficult, but interesting to the extent that it was not strenuous, was instituted. It was at one of these drills that Riggins declared himself and scored a point on acting Sergeant Whiteley, who did not seem to hold the favor he had had while in the police force. After much practice, the sections became quite proficient in handling the small tents, and every day chose a new field in which to trample down the grass or grain.

Gradually the packs became less of a burden, and on Monday mornings, after returning on the SPECIAL from Philadelphia (which was chartered for the U. S. A. S. only), it was possible to roll



Officers Ready for a Hike

packs and hike out into the country for ten or fifteen miles. Major Ashhurst, being the leader, set a man's size pace, to which Sections A and B gradually accustomed themselves, while Section C, being composed of the shorter men, fell into a dog trot.

Lt. Winters, who was the only officer with a military bearing, always conducted all hikes, whether long or short, and at times was wont to be humorous, leading the men into difficult places—barriers, as it were—he explained later that the roads in France might not all be good. On one occasion he nobly led his forces up a steep and dangerous incline, and, much to his chagrin, found it was blocked by a thick woods. Not to be daunted, he instantly reversed his orders and marched them down again. This was so much appreciated by the men that they marched home to this song of victory:

“There was once a Loot with a hundred and fifty men,
He marched them up the hill, and he marched them down again,
When they were up they were up, and when they were down they
were down,
But when they were half way up, they were neither up nor down.”

The Saturday morning inspections, which occurred at a little before eight o'clock, were in every respect up to military regulations, and it was the source of much amusement to the ones that were well shaved to observe the C. O. stop before some unfortunate individual who had probably never shaved in his life, and demand why he was in such shape for inspection.

Immediately following inspection the more fortunate men could be seen shedding their packs, removing their canvas leggings, replacing them by leathers and starting off at a quick pace, endeavoring to be on time for the eight o'clock special for Philadelphia. The less lucky ones were compelled to stay in camp, but the Honor passes which were issued to all A class men gave them an opportunity to buy themselves a real dinner, or even go so far as to visit some of their new-made girl friends. The Hotel Allen seemed to be the most popular place in town. This popularity, if investigated, would have been found to be due to large easy chairs, radiators and writing desks. This probably was not a paying proposition for the management, however.

Every added week made the boys feel more at home, and by the time Hallowe'en arrived a very attractive and interesting entertainment was planned. The barracks were trimmed for the occasion, and the talent that responded to the call was so unusual that it attracted the attention of many of the men from the various

IN THE WORLD WAR

other organizations. The personnel were favored with a short talk by the C. O., Major DeVoe, and a very interesting description by Capt. Hurd of his medical work with the Russian Army, he being one of the few American doctors in the Russian service.

The questions of non-coms grew stronger and stronger, one or two lucky ones were appointed, and the army system of choosing the remainder was decided upon. In other words, the man who had the ability or luck to get through the manual of drill movements was recommended, and in some instances given a warrant.

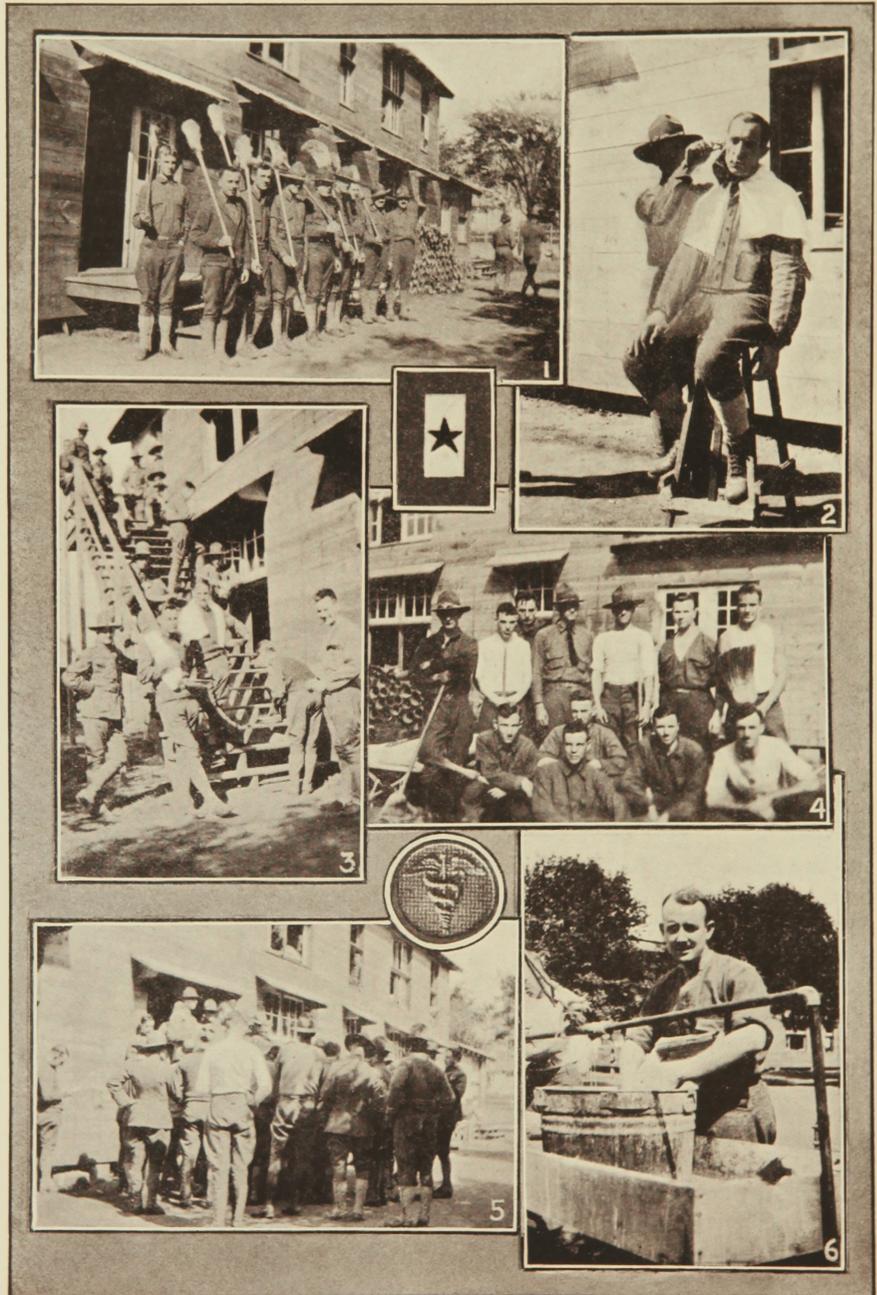
A Top Sergeant not to be chosen from the ranks was needed to take complete charge of the personnel, so Sgt. Harry Wilkinson was brought in, and, of course, his word was law. His presence was at least an advantage to many of the aspiring non-coms, who could now PASS THE BUCK, a thing which was soon in vogue. With Sergeant Harry at the head, a new schedule was made up with several added features, among which was litter drill. Litter drill, it was explained, was to play a very important part in the work of the unit when it reached the other side and had been assigned to a fighting sector.

Four men were required to engineer a stretcher, each man having his own work to take care of. Summing it up, every move was a count which agreed with the manual. After a very few lessons the squads became expert, and at times could move a patient without counting. At its best, it did not appeal to most of the men, there being little action, and the frost and cold at that time of the year demanded movement.

The next feature was beneficial in every way, regardless of where the unit might be located. It was First Aid and the elementary principles of medicine. The detachment was divided into classes comprising about eight men each, with an officer as instructor. The course included first aid as applied to cuts, burns, and accidents, and different kinds of bandaging. Major Carson gave a very interesting and instructive course on the structure of the human body, which was a big help in the work that was to follow.

34's first appearance in a body before the public was in honor of the second Liberty Loan, when the whole camp did its bit by parading for the cause. The unit had been drilled and trained to a point where it was possible for it to make a good showing, and the men proudly maneuvered before a tremendous crowd of patriotic citizens. The next parade call came a few days later, when a general of the French army reviewed the troops in camp. It was a grand success, and Sgt. Harry led his men past the Reviewing Stand several times, the third lap being the final one. On this occa-

BASE HOSPITAL 34



1 and 4. Police Details. 2. "You're Next!" 3. Taking it Easy. 5. Mail!
6. Bacon Doing His Wash.

IN THE WORLD WAR

sion Riggins was overcome by "fatigue," and it was necessary for him to abandon his pack and belt and drop out.

Base Hospital 27, who had been a staunch friend of 34's from the first, pulled up stakes and left the camp late one afternoon, after which their barracks were turned into an office and sleeping quarters for the officers. The departure of these Pittsburgh friends caused a feeling of unrest that was hard to control, and which was only smothered when several cards were received, stating that they were enjoying life in pup tents, and expected to return to camp in a few days.

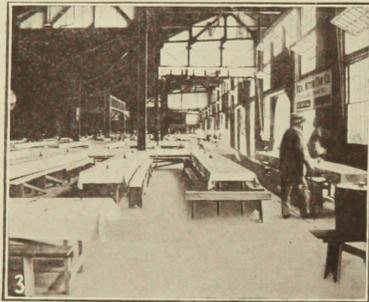
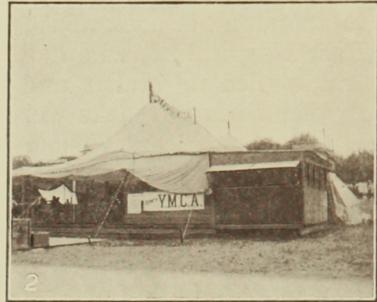
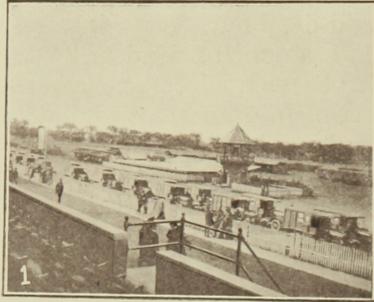
It was one of the few reports that proved to be true, and the following Sunday afternoon saw the happy crowd back home. However, their barracks were taken and they were forced to accept one of the exhibition buildings for their new home. They remained but a few days, however, for the work on the other side was calling, and shortly afterwards Base Hospital 27 started on its long journey across the Atlantic.

Their departure left a dissatisfied bunch of men bewailing their fate because orders were slow in arriving, and fearing the war would end without giving the best hospital in camp an opportunity to play a part in the big show. Much consolation was derived, however, by explaining to their neighbors from Youngstown that in all probability they would not get away before the New Year.

As 34 continued to pack all its equipment preparing to bid good-bye to the camp, so did 31, and the competition was keen for many days as to who would leave first. A few days before the departure Major Lockwood and six of the more ambitious men from the Pasadena Ambulance Section applied to join 34, saying they had spent many weary months waiting for orders to move, and they desired to transfer. As explained before, several of the original men had been dropped from the roll at the final medical examinations, and their places were taken by the six Californians. The Saturday and Sunday before departure were memorable to practically every man of the unit for one or two reasons. Again the lucky men had the opportunity to get home for the "last time," as it was expressed by every one. There was no official order to move, but rumors had run high, all equipment had been packed, and things put in such shape that it was not hard to guess what was going to happen. The men who were elected to stay during the last week-end to guard the barracks were, as they remarked, "OUT OF LUCK," and, although it was not for punishment, it seemed such at least.

The last three days in camp were exceptionally exciting ones for the two Base Hospitals. All the remaining boxes were packed

BASE HOSPITAL 34



1. "All's fair in war"—and vice versa! 2. The first "Y" Hut. 3. Table cloths and table set—just before the battle, mother. 4. Camp Barracks—Home was never like this!

and medicine belts filled with chocolate and cigarettes. Base Hospital 34 could be seen parading the camp in an assured manner, wearing a more serious aspect than had been noticed at any time during their thirteen weeks' stay. The bed sacks were turned in a night ahead of time just to acclimate the men to sleeping in pup tents. The last day was perhaps the longest of all, with every one up bright and early. It was spent in loading boxes, field desks and equipment, which were sent in trucks to the station.

After the evening meal the cots were taken down and turned in to the Quartermaster, and the barracks assumed their former naked appearance. Barrack bags were packed with many "valuables" and little comforts which were never used. At precisely 11.30 the men were lined up for the last time to get the farewell meal at Camp Crane. Sandwiches were also provided, which were put away for future use.

The departure, accompanied by rain, proved to be very uneventful. The commands to march were given in a hoarse whisper, and Base Hospital 34 had taken the first step on the road to "over there."

ALLENTOWN TO CAMP MILLS

ON November 21st, at noon, the order came to pack barrack bags, and what a delighted and excited bunch were the boys that day! The 'phone booths next to the mess hall were besieged, and the little "Western Union" office near the race track almost exhausted its supply of blanks. Allentown, it seemed, had sadly depleted the purses of the boys, and a general replenishment was almost a necessity before embarking. A casual observer might have thought it was pay day at the "POST EXCHANGE," for the boys of 34 were purchasing everything in sight, from money belts to salt water soap.

All passes were called in, and the guards at the gates received instructions to prevent the boys from leaving camp. However, this only served to arouse the enthusiasm of all, for they now realized the moment of idle rumors had passed and the goal was soon to be attained. Even Tommy Burrows, the author of the wildest rumors about going over and the originator of "Don't tell Sam," was forgiven.

Barrack bags were packed and unpacked time and again to admit articles forgotten and those thought unnecessary in the excitement. Spud Halkett, the possessor of the largest barrack bag in the world, was besieged with requests to be allowed to stow "just one article" in his bag, and it soon had the appearance of a straw bed tick that had absorbed all Jupiter Pluvius had to offer.

Bags had been shipped, packs rolled, and all were eagerly awaiting the command, "FALL IN," at 6 P. M. Even now, won't someone please tell why Pud Simpson wept that evening; was it at the thought of leaving his dear one, or was it from mere joy?

The old boy himself, Sergeant Harry Wilkinson, addressed the detachment, emphasizing the necessity of secrecy upon leaving, and charging all with the penalty of death if any utterances were made on the march to the station, even though they were to a mother, father, or other dear one waiting to bid a last farewell.

In heavy marching order the boys hiked over to the mess hall to receive their traveling rations: two bologna sandwiches and a frozen orange.

At 11.45 P. M. began that memorable march to the Lehigh Valley Station. The train was waiting, and at midnight the sudden jar of the cars indicated "all aboard for France"—so everyone thought, at any rate.

In the small hours of the morning many of the boys occupied themselves by penning a last letter to those they were leaving behind. The Jersey City Terminal was reached at 4 A. M., dismal and deserted, and the word was passed along to line up. A "fall out" was ordered a few moments later, and the men were allowed the privilege of taking breakfast at their own expense. It was here the first horror of war revealed itself to the boys, for the price of "eats" had taken wings. Volunteers for the baggage detail were plentiful, and the work of hustling the stuff from the train to the ferry boat went on with snap and vim.

The ferry steamed down the East River, past the Battery and under the Brooklyn Bridge, and bets were being made as to the identity of the ship which was to carry them across. "Dame Rumor" and "Inside Dope" were as busy as usual. Below decks about 500 colored troops from Alabama were quartered; most of them were rolling their eyes, apparently frightened and undoubtedly wishing they were back in the dear old land of cotton.

After an hour's ride the ferry docked, the command was given to disembark, and B. H. 34 found itself in the Long Island City Railroad Station. Once more the task of transferring baggage was resumed, only this time from boat to train. Many of the boys took advantage of the opportunity to post their letters written on the train during the early morning. The baggage detail almost had heart failure, not knowing whether their packs had been placed in the baggage car or not, and it certainly would have been an awful blow for them to have lost their "First Aid Equipment" in their medical belts, in the shape of cigarettes and chocolate.

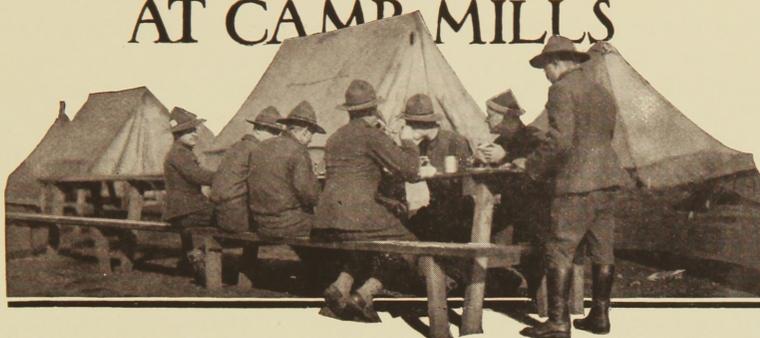
Across Long Island sped the train, further and further away from the harbor, and the boys then became doubtful and suspicious of their destination.

The train finally arrived at Camp Mills at noon. It was a vast sea of mud and appeared to be the most forsaken hole in the world. This brought many expressions of "SO THIS IS FRANCE." It was all wrong; they were not going over; no—not yet!

"Bob" Kelly had two: "Shure as you're born to die" and "Hope to meet you."

IN THE WORLD WAR

AT CAMP MILLS



NOVEMBER 22nd, some time after noon, B. H. 34 arrived at a station called "Country Life Press," and thus made its debut in Camp Mills (or, as it was afterwards called, "Pneumonia Hill"). That name it then deserved, deserves now, and forever shall. It surely earned it in the short time the boys were there. It was cold and raining, and the place was a quagmire. Under these conditions the detachment was hiked to where they were supposed to be quartered. They were marched from one end of the place to the other, and then marched back again. This was repeated a few more times for good measure. There seemed to be no hurry to get them placed. In fact, there seemed to be no place to place them. When the "powers that be" tired of marching the boys around they would give orders to unslung packs, and when they were unslung would give orders to sling them again, and then the hike would be repeated. It seemed to be more like a pilgrimage than a Base Hospital seeking shelter from a winter rainstorm. This performance was continued until a few of the men were about all in (to be painfully truthful Corporal Ellis was in a state of strangulation caused by his medical belt becoming mixed with his waist line and interfering with the proper functioning of his diaphragm). Their condition was far from being one that fills a fond mother's heart with raptures of delight.

Finally, about five o'clock, the heart of an ambulance company's mess sergeant melted, and the boys were given some hot chow, the first hot food they had tasted in twenty-four hours. By this time the camping site had been decided upon, and a few trucks overflowing with tents put in a much-delayed appearance, and all that remained to be done was to put up tents in the darkness.

Out of one hundred and fifty-three men there were plenty who had experience in that line. "Pud" Wilkinson very big-heartedly tried to instruct the other one hundred and fifty-two how to do it

and at the same time do it himself, and the confusion was immense. The rain was still falling, the ground was soft, the tent pegs either would not stick in that soft oozy Long Island soil, or would break off. When the pegs weathered the hammering, the ropes on the Spanish-American War tents would prove unequal to the strain and would part. Brute strength, however, finally conquered brains, and after having filled the mud holes with straw the boys proceeded to make a floor and bed combined of the same material. Each tent resembled a miniature Floating Garden. Acting upon the advice of Major Carson, the whole crew had made up their minds that they were there only for a few days, and very heroically settled down to bear their misfortunes philosophically.

The first morning was ushered in like a sweet evening's summer breeze, but by nightfall the weather conditions were back to normal and all were freezing once more. The tents had proved to be very warm, in fact at times too warm to hold all who had a military right to be therein. Especially was this the case when eight young and gentle voices would start as at a given signal to argue at one time, each and every one on a different topic. Just when all had succeeded in airing their private opinions on the matters of the day (and they were varied), and silence at last was engulfing Base Hospital No. 34, word in some ever unexplained manner reached eight tents simultaneously that much prayed and hoped for assistance had arrived in the shape of stoves. Then the riot was renewed afresh in every tent. Stoves were obtained; some rightfully, some in other ways, and then the small job of putting them up was commenced. Lanterns were scarce, and trying to run a stove pipe up a pole resting on a shaky tripod proved the downfall of many a tent. The casualties were very slight, however, and the work was finally completed.

Now for the mess arrangements. The men ate at different places. Some were assigned to eat at Field Hospital Kitchens, and some at Ambulance Company Kitchens. Those sterling trenchmen who showed exceptional ability at hooking seconds and thirds back at Allentown came into their paradise here. They proved their unappreciated merit by eating at both. Thus they lived up to their hard-earned reputations. A reputation for seconds and thirds on army chow is one that once rightfully and frightfully earned, a man will guard until death. To get this army issue was simple. The boys walked, ran, or tripped for about two city blocks in the cold wind, lined up and ate their food on the frozen ground of the company streets or carried it back to their tents. If they adopted the latter method of procedure they scored on Uncle Sam. He issued gravy, and when it had been carried back to the recipient's tent the accompanying cold air had gotten in its dirty work. The carrier was the proud possessor of about a half pound of

IN THE WORLD WAR

grease, which proved to be a fine substance to water-proof overseas boots.

Every day the wood pile trio, Messrs. Gates (Albert), Doc Bostick and Nick Zinni, entertained the boys with a tune on three axes. As wood choppers they were without peers in "Pneumonia Hill." They did the work quite willingly, in fact, to be explicit, they seemed to enjoy cutting up for the boys. Their cutting up kept the bunch from freezing during the long nights.

The weather during all this time (and Major Carson's "few days" were far in the rear) was all one could wish for. About twice a week and often more it snowed, and snowed hard. The thermometer never had the nerve to get much higher than twenty above zero, and usually after reaching that high level would suffer a sudden relapse and drop back to normal, which at that time seemed to be about ten above.

Guard duty was far from pleasant; the weather was so bad that all a man could stand was one or two-hour stretches. It was while doing one of these short bits that our famous twins from Sellersville, Pa., suffered a blow that for a while threatened dire results. John Day, the ever-shining light of the team, had his delicate health ruined in a snow storm one morning around five o'clock. He had a pass the afternoon before, and had gone into New York to see the big streets and the city sights, and instead had spent his time having an abscessed tooth treated. The unhappy union of guard duty and an abscessed tooth proved his undoing.

Miss Rumor was forever flitting around camp and dropping some startling information. First the unit was going South for the winter. She conferred the honor of this visit on "Poll" Patchett. Then again she had decided we were to become the Camp Base Hospital. This gift of originating rumors she lavished on many. The jewel of her varied assortment was that the hospital was to be attached to the Forty-first Division. However, the Division in question pulled out for "Over There," and Base Hospital No. 34 was still in camp with their ever-faithful friend, Base Hospital No. 31.

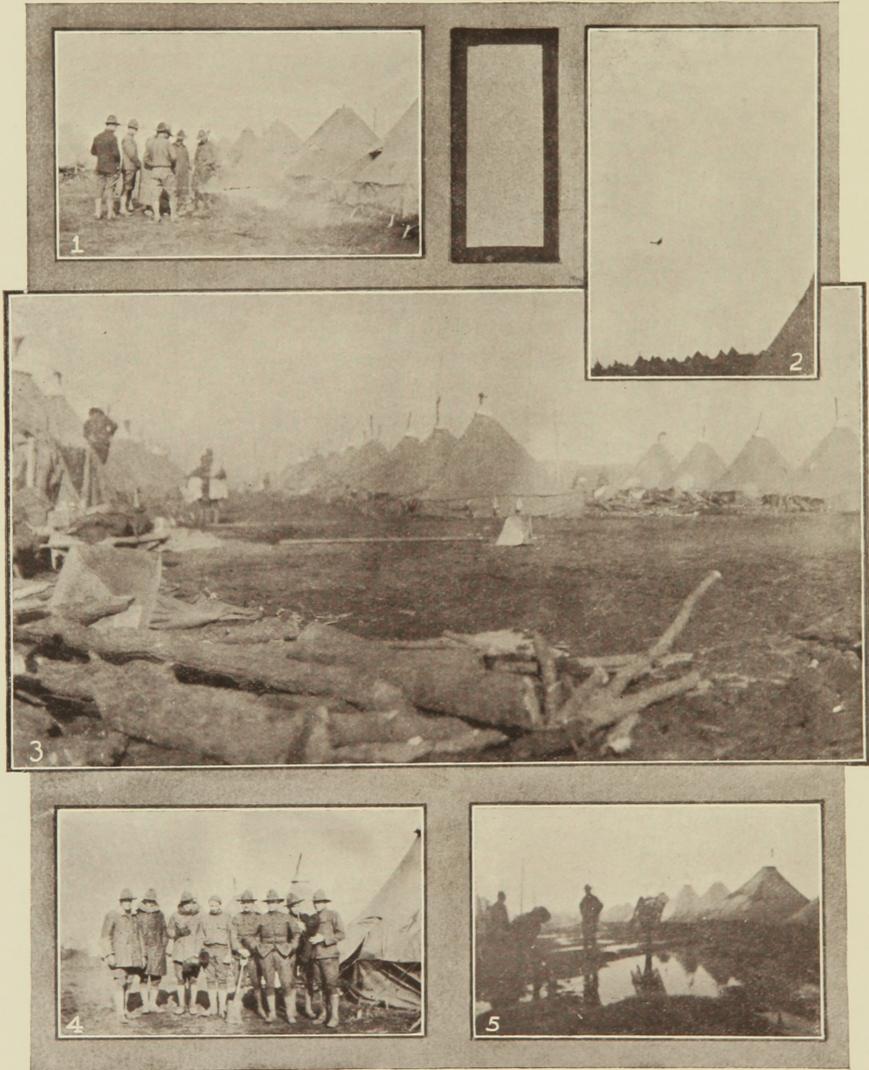
Bathing conditions were sublime. All the showers were of the open air kind. Hot water never existed in the camp, and cold water was none too plentiful. Plenty of it was there though, only it was in the form of ice. No one seemed "keen" on taking an ice bath in the open, except perhaps Bob Smith. For drinking purposes there was about one spigot in the whole camp not frozen solid.

The life savers were a few canteens on the back way to camp. They did a thriving business around meal time. Their prices for food were legitimate,—the first legitimate prices the boys had struck since leaving for Allentown. They were at times so reason-

BASE HOSPITAL 34

able that one doubted their word, or their ability to count. Compared to the restaurant prices in Allentown, those New Yorkers were rookies of the worst type at the charging game.

Hempstead was the place the boys journeyed to in the famed jitneys, for the small sum of ten cents, and here it was the amuse-



BRRR-R-R! CAMP MILLS

1. Starting Rumors. 2. A Visitor from Mineola, next door. 3. A Typical Bleak Day at "Pneumonia Hill." 4. Police Duty. 5. The Mudhole of the World.

IN THE WORLD WAR

ment began. The train service for New York, a few restaurants and a few places to get warm in usually attracted the boys' eyes. It was the most peculiar town of its size in the world. The streets were always crowded—the people always rushing about. Where they rushed to was a dark secret. No one could ever find out and none of the natives would tell. They just seemed to rush there, and when they arrived it did not seem to please them, and they rushed back. The next day they would repeat the performance. They gave three shows daily,—morning, afternoon and evening. Raymond Hitchcock's famous song, "All Dressed Up and No Place to Go," must have been written by a native of that little town.

The buglers reached their highest point of perfection on Pneumonia Hill. The sound may be likened to the famous "horns of Elfland faintly blowing." It was lovely to stand "Retreat" and hear Vogel, Felton and Patterson blow. Felton usually played the right call, but Vogel had a decided tendency to ring in with "Bedelia," and Patterson, who always had trouble keeping his mind on his work, caused havoc in the buglers' ranks by tooting in with "The River Shannon." It could be properly called a screaming success. The evening prayer at Retreat was that the wind might blow strong and cold in their faces and choke them, thus sparing the detachment this nightly screech owl practice.

It got to be very common to go to bed and in the morning awaken to the fact that Mother Nature had taken another crack at us by causing the thermometer to tumble a few more points than the tent ropes and chains could stand, so that they would part and the tents would tumble.

Blood will ever tell. Some of the men, tiring of herding with the common rabble, decided they desired tents holding two, so there broke out an epidemic of conjunctivitis. Naturally they had their wishes gratified, and were isolated and waited upon hand and foot. The peculiar part of it was the fact that when passes were being handed out for New York they were always on hand for theirs, and could stay up all night playing cards. Also the afternoons found them able to journey into Hempstead or Garden City.

All the tents had their pet names—"The Fifth Ward," "The Suicide Club," "The Rats' Hole," "The Cuckoos," "The Harmony Club," etc. All were famous for one reason or another.

Finally, one afternoon when the crew were out hiking and the wood chopping trio, assisted by a detail, were hard at it, two trucks drove up, and the drivers hopping to the ground exclaimed as one, "Where are them barrack bags for the boat?" Those not hiking at last knew they were on their way "over there." "Pneumonia Hill" was to be a thing of the past in a few short days.

CAMP MILLS TO THE "LEVIATHAN"

SOMEONE has told you elsewhere in this volume about the sojourn of "34" at Camp Mills. Let us review that memorable trip from the old camp to the "Leviathan"—the good ship which took us across.

Pick out the most cheerless room in the house, turn off all artificial heat, soak your feet in ice water, have someone throw shaved ice in your face, keeping your eyes closed all the while, only then will you be approaching the proper humor to appreciate the get-away from "Penumonia Hill."

On the night of December 13, 1917, the boys were sitting, eight in a tent, about the little conical stoves, while the wind howled, and it sleeted, rained and snowed without. The canvas was frozen and the weight of the wet snow made it appear as though at any moment the tents would cave in. To sleep was out of the question, as the elements would not allow it; then, too, all cots had been folded up. Therefore, as soldiers will, the boys swapped yarns and took turns beating the wet snow off the tent. After hours, which seemed like days, a signal was given and the crowd waded, ankle deep, in slush over to the kitchen at 1.30 A. M., where they were served hot coffee, and received three beef sandwiches as twenty-four hour travel rations. Leaving the kitchen it was a pleasant surprise to find that it had ceased raining and sleeting; while terribly slushy underfoot, there were hopes of hiking the two and a half miles to the train and keeping dry above the ankles, at least.

At 3.00 A. M., the command "Fall in" was given, which was also a signal for the weather controller, who, more quickly than one can tell it, shifted the wind around to the west and let her blow at a velocity which the Flatiron Building never experienced. It was impossible to directly face it, and to make matters worse, it began snowing again. Being soldiers, the detachment had to get to that train at a given time, regardless of the elements, so the start was made. As luck would have it, the hike was made directly against the snow and wind all the way. Every two or three minutes there would be a halt for breath and a check-up for any who might have dropped out. It was impossible to keep your head up for a moment, so four men would lock arms and drag along, following the foot-steps of those ahead. Just when it became a serious matter to feel certain of reaching the goal, the rear lights of a waiting train could be seen in the distance. This gave the boys new life, and reaching

IN THE WORLD WAR

that goal none too soon they let fly their heavy packs and dropped in the cushions pretty well exhausted.

It was still dark, and up to the time of entraining this important troop movement had been kept absolutely secret, inasmuch as not even a Boche spy would venture out in such a storm. All the glory of that secret "get-away" was premature, however, as the train did not pull out until long after daylight, having to wait for our old friends, B. H. No. 31, who were truly baffled by this unusual weather. At about 8.30 A. M. the train started and steamed to Long Island City, where the detachment boarded the U. S. Army Transport Service lighter "Holyoke" and started up the Hudson River toward Hoboken. As it approached Hoboken the huge stacks of the U. S. S. "Leviathan" (formerly the "Vaterland") could be seen towering above the other ships tied to the piers.

There was a rush upon deck, as all wanted to see her. Little did the boys imagine that the lighter would pull up alongside of the giant. It did, however, and much to the surprise of all, the detachment was lined up and shortly boarded her. It was only then that it was fully appreciated that soldiering in the States was at a close and the men were on their way to the real scene of action.

The least that is said about that almost dramatic exit from "Camp Mills" the better, as other chapters in the history of the Unit make far more interesting reading.

Perhaps Nick Hayes—even though he is happily married—still uses his pet phrase, "Oh, boy! Oh, boy!"

In the next war it might be advisable for "Rusty" Bond to try the camouflage section.



THE story of the voyage across can be made more picturesque and interesting if it includes the time that Base Hospital No. 34 received orders to leave Camp Mills on the 13th of December, 1917, and its strenuous exit on the following morning at 3.30 o'clock. With this in view the history of the trip will be started on December 13th, even though the actual sailing date was the 15th.

Base Hospital No. 34 was mentally and physically uncomfortable in Camp Mills for more than three weeks; physically from chopping wood for the tent fires, and mentally from waiting for orders. During this Long Island holiday in zero weather, all hands speculated and rumored on what would happen IF—. Some thought that the next movement would be overseas, others that the unit would be sent South for the Winter, and still others expected to be transferred to that place made famous by Theodore Marciaux,—Camp Merritt, Tenafly, N. J., until after Christmas at least. So when the official orders arrived, which left no one in doubt as to the Unit's disposition, it settled a variety of theories, and though it may have been a disappointment to many who had planned to spend Christmas at home, it was generally accepted with enthusiasm.

The orders arrived on the afternoon of December 13th, and the command to pack and be prepared to move immediately was greeted with sorrow at leaving the famous old health resort. Many tears were shed when good-bye was said to the woodpiles. With the exception of the baggage detail of eight unsung heroes, the men left camp in a terrific snowstorm at 3.30 A. M. December 14th. It was a long march to the train and it proved to be one of the most disagreeable experiences through which the Unit had to pass. It was a real blizzard in every way.

Travel from Garden City to Long Island City was by special

IN THE WORLD WAR

train. From this point the Unit embarked on the U. S. Army Transport Service lighter "Holyoke," which came down East River, passed around the Battery and up the Hudson. The docks at Hoboken came into view, and then the U. S. S. "Leviathan," formerly the Hamburg-American liner "Vaterland." From a distance it was easily identified by its size and triple funnels. Its battleship-grey color, its numerous decks and countless portholes, and its immense size created a strong impression. At 9.30 A. M. on December 14th, "34" walked up the gangplank of the largest steamship in the world,—the "Leviathan"—58,000 tons displacement, 14 decks, 46 boilers, 1012 feet in length; all complete down to the German eagles on the elevator doors. The "Vaterland" was interned in New York in 1914, upon the outbreak of the War, and after the United States entered the War it was taken over by the Government and fitted up as a troop transport. Much material damage had been done by the German crew to its engines and other important parts, which was repaired, and accommodations were to be provided for at least 10,000 men. The cost of reconstructing the ship was \$1,000,000. It made its first trip as a transport in the United States service in the fall of 1917, when it carried 700 Marines from New York to Cuba. But the greatest interest was manifested by the whole country in the first overseas voyage of this well-advertised ship; German propagandists and pessimists had prophesied that it would never run through the submarine zone and reach an Allied port in safety. Wall Street was betting on its chances of dodging the U-Boats, and it is quite probable that even naval men themselves were skeptical.

It should be realized that when this boat left New York on December 15th, 1917, bound for "Somewhere," it involved an element of danger for those on board that could be considered serious. Bearing these facts in mind, Base Hospital No. 34 was off on the first overseas voyage of the "Leviathan."

It was only after land had faded from sight that the troops on board were permitted to come up from below decks. In moving down the Hudson and out of the harbor a glimpse of the city and shore was to be had through open portholes. From all outward appearances the boat showed no life. The men now commenced to become acquainted with the ship and its crew. During the first day out a fair amount of freedom was permitted and the men wandered through the ship almost at will. The numerous ladders, doors, decks and passageways were a great puzzle to all. It was very easy to become lost, and often hard work to find the way back to the compartment on "G" Deck, where 34 was quartered. This compartment was accessible through a passageway leading from

another compartment and by means of a stairway from the deck above.

The officers and nurses found themselves in very comfortable staterooms on the upper decks. The enlisted men were deeper down, near the place where the torpedoes hit. Sleeping arrangements for the men were arranged on the sardine system. The bunks, which were in tiers of three, consisted of an oblong framework of iron bars to which was attached a sheet of canvas. The ceilings were low and the man on the top deck bumped his head if he was not careful. The aisles between the bunks were about two feet in width, and the only available free room in the compartment was to be found in the central passageway—except at mess time. To say the least, it was congested and therefore uncomfortable, and now that the censorship has been lifted it can be said frankly that it was unhealthy. The ventilation was poor, the air was never good, and early in the morning it was positively foul.

Several days passed and nothing of importance happened. The ship was following a zig-zag course, which was apparently a safeguard against submarines. From the first day out it had traveled without an escort. This fact, coupled with the absence of any other vessels, seemed to indicate that the "Leviathan" was following a course that was not on the regular sea-lanes. Life on board was much the same day by day, and the feeling of anticipation caused by possibilities of excitement wore off into a sort of monotony, but the novelty of the ship's environment made those early days at sea interesting.

Base Hospital No. 31 shared a portion of 34's sleeping compartment. This meeting between 34 and 31 on shipboard was not a new acquaintance. It had begun during the first days in Allentown, where the Units had lived in adjacent barracks, and ended in Le Havre, where they parted for the last time.

The main body of troops on board were two National Guard regiments, one from Montana and the other from North Dakota. They had been at Camp Mills for two weeks, and were sent to Camp Merritt before embarking. Most of these soldiers had been farmers and cattlemen. Among them were many full-blooded Indians, and they all showed the results of an outdoor life. The majority of them had never seen the ocean before. To Base Hospital No. 34, the "picked men" on board, they were most interesting. Their expressions and manners and possibly their aversion to shaving caused much comment. There was no doubt that these men would prove to be splendid fighters. They were rugged and strong, and a great many of them had been familiar with firearms before the War. As was afterwards learned, their Division, the 41st, called

IN THE WORLD WAR

the "Sunset Division," was used as a Depot Division and furnished replacements for the First and Second Divisions. On the strength of this it is safe to say that few men of these two regiments survived the War without at least one wound. Quite a few of them were sent to Base Hospital No. 34 as patients.

The sixth day out the sea was still smooth, the "Leviathan" rode the long ocean swell easily and the movement on board was hardly perceptible. It was said that many men were under the weather, either from seasickness or from that new 20th Century

U. S. S. LEVIATHAN

General Transport Regulations

Special Rules

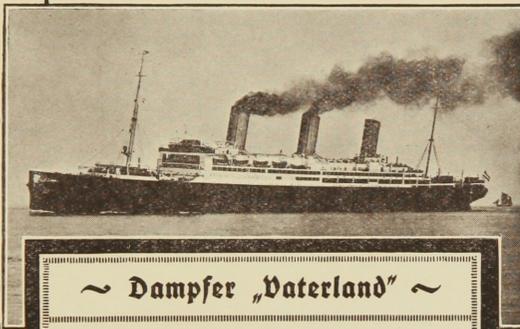
The troops and Navy Crew are messed and quartered separately and no inter-visiting will be permitted.

Troops will keep entirely clear of the spaces assigned to Officers, both Army and Navy. Note the signs on the walls and keep out of trouble.

Troops are not permitted in any Engineer spaces, crew living quarters, the enclosed part of "B" Deck, promenade, hallways on "B", "C" and "D" Decks are forbidden to troops.

No flashlights whatsoever will be permitted to any but Naval Officers, designated by the Naval Commander. Flashlights, private property of Army Officers or troops, or part of Army equipment, will be turned into the custody of a responsible Army Officer detailed by the Commanding Officer upon embarking.

Air ports and water-tight doors must never be opened, except by specific permission of the Naval Commander. The safety of the ship depends to such a great extent upon the water-tightness of the doors and ports, that each and every man should require the observance of this order, and report immediately any infraction.



~ Dampfer „Vaterland“ ~

Handbuch für Passagiere

Wichtiger Auszug!

Geld und Wertgegenstände: Es wird dringend gebeten, Geld und Wertgegenstände in der Kabine zu lassen, sie können dem Zahlmeister zur Aufbewahrung in dem an Bord befindlichen Geldschrank übergeben werden, allerdings ohne Gewähr für Sicherheit. Auch nicht eine unbefristete Anzahl von Trefferbüchern den Passagieren unentgeltlich zur Verfügung. Außerdem befindet sich in jedem Zimmer der ersten Klasse ein eiserner Aufbewahrungsschrank für Schmuck- und Brillen. Der Schlüssel zu diesem Schrank, der dem Vertreter der Bestellung freigegeben werden kann, wird bei Rückkehr gegen Zahlung der Miete von M. 4.20 für die Reife überlassen; der Inhalt eines verletzten Schrankes ist gegen Diebstahl mittels Einbruchs bis zum Betrage von M. 5000.— versichert.

Important Extract!

Valuables or Money: Passengers are earnestly requested not to keep valuables or money in the staterooms. All such articles should be placed in charge of the purser for deposit in his safe, and a receipt will be given on the company's form. As no charge is made for carriage, the company can accept no responsibility for loss or damage. A limited number of safe deposit boxes in the purser's office are also at the disposal of passengers, free of charge. In addition, a safe for jewelry and valuables is to be found in every first class stateroom. The key to this safe, which can be claimed from the Representative of the passenger department is delivered to the passenger on payment of a rental of M. 4.20 or \$ 1.— for the voyage. The value of the contents of every safe that is rented, is insured against theft by burglary for not exceeding M. 5000.—

Information Booklet ::: for Passengers :::

U. S. S. LEVIATHAN

TROOP BILLET

Compartment **G--20**

Located on **G** deck **Aft**

Bunk No. **148**

Washroom } in Compartment **G-15, 20-2-4**
Latrines }

Abandon Ship Station _____
(over)

WHEN THE "VATERLAND" BECAME THE U. S. S. "LEVIATHAN"
Passengers' Handbook found on board, and instructions given troops in assigning quarters

disease called "U-Boat sickness." Several of 34's men were really ill and were admitted to the ship's sick-bay for several days; some for the length of the voyage. Starr, Bond, Chandler, Neiffer, Heimach and Croll were the unlucky ones. Every day sick call was answered by a portion of the entire Unit. The causes of this can be attributed to the after-effects of the snowstorm experienced on December 14th, and the irregular living conditions on shipboard.

By now the discomforts of transport life had become familiar, and 34 had adapted itself accordingly. The meals were fought for daily and at times it was a case of love's labor lost. The problem of feeding a great number of men in a limited space could not help but cause inconvenience. No system could prevent the confusion attendant upon the formation of long mess-lines of hungry men. It was a case of first in line first served. Breakfast would begin at 7.30, and the man at the end of the line very often ate his by moonlight. The other meal was scheduled for 4.30 P. M. No matter what the time of day there was always a mess-line waiting for food. It gave the impression that these men in line were *always* hungry, and no doubt they were; but their main object was to avoid the rush, so they came early. Several large rooms were utilized as dining halls, and Base 34, Base 31, and two companies of North Dakota Infantry,—in all about 800 men, were assigned to one of the smaller rooms. An attempt was made to regulate the order in which the various detachments were to take their place in line, but it usually resulted in some one outfit protesting, the outcome being a general howl from all, together with much pushing to increase the confusion. Twice a day for nine days this riot had to be endured. It would have become tiresome if it had not been for the good natured repartee exchanged by the majority of the men in line.

At certain times two promenade decks were given over for the use of the enlisted men, and it was possible to be in the open air most of the day. There were many rules and regulations posted that made it necessary for the men to be in quarters at certain times. While some were drilling, or exercising, or airing their blankets, others had to remain below to make room for them. Upon numerous occasions when the men were getting the benefit of the fresh air on deck they would be suddenly ordered below by the guards to permit the crew to swab the decks or perform some other duty. At times Sgt. Moll would send out scouts to the far end of the ship and order "his" command to return immediately to their bunks for the purpose of having an important order read to them. It was a fact that no matter where one would go, he was ordered to move on or was recalled to quarters. Life was a continual disturbance and

IN THE WORLD WAR

the petty mental worries were more heeded than were the submarine and the floating mine.

With all the long drawn out meals and recesses on deck the days became monotonous. Reading and writing filled most of the time below decks, varied by an occasional card game. Rumors and prophecies consumed many idle hours and everything practical and otherwise was discussed and passed along for circulation. The affairs of B. H. 34 received a large share of attention, and its future history was sketched in many ways, but was usually painted in stirring pictures of the battle area, with plenty of action and hardship. Few gave a thought to the horrible Battle of Nantes, into which gallant 34 was to be plunged within the course of a short three months.

What claimed the most interest was when and where the landing would be made. Opinions were expressed freely, and it was said that the voyage would take anywhere from five days to two weeks; that the ship would dock in Liverpool, or Brest and so on. A few optimists expected to go by way of Gibraltar to Marseilles; "to outguess the Germans," as they put it.

Another clue was given by that justly celebrated gum-shoe artist, Theodore Marceaux. He declared before a large assemblage that he was perfectly willing to take his most solemn oath on any form of the Holy Bible, abridged or unabridged, Roumanian or American editions, that Base Hospital No. 34 would be landed at the famous Ville de Saint Nazaire. No amount of abuse heaped upon his devoted head could shake his firm belief that a happy ending would be made to our voyage in that town of mud and stevedores. Theodore, for once in his eventful life, was wrong.

The expression "Tobin rumor" originated when Mike stated in all seriousness that there were 500 mules and horses in the hold of the ship. This story circulated well and at first was accepted by many. The horses and mules, however, only existed in Michael's imagination.

At night no troops were allowed on deck, and sunset was the sign for smoking to cease on all parts of the ship that were exposed to view from the sea. Shortly after the sun had gone down everyone was ordered below until the following morning. The only lights permitted in the interior were those in the inside passageways and in places where beams of light could not penetrate outside the ship. It was a serious offense for anyone to be detected smoking on the promenade decks after dark. All exits leading to these decks were vestibuled and had a double set of doors; it was impossible for any light to escape from the inside.

The many precautions and warnings issued to the troops to

BASE HOSPITAL 34

prevent any clue of the vessel's whereabouts or course gave an idea of the ever-present danger. While all of these possibilities of trouble were alive, the men for the most part assumed an air of indifference. To see groups playing cards, smoking and discussing anything but the dangers of wartime travel on the sea, no one would have suspected that the "Leviathan" was approaching that U-boat danger zone of which all on board had heard.

Late at night, and after every man was supposed to be in his bunk sound asleep, certain ever-hungry individuals made raids on the bakery on the deck above. The man who returned with several loaves of bread, or a number of pies, or even a whole turkey (which once happened) was regarded with a great deal of respect, even admiration be it said. Hot Navy bread should never be despised.

The danger zone was officially recognized by those on board when several torpedo boat destroyers appeared. One of these was directly ahead of the "Leviathan," three ranged themselves on the starboard side and three on the port side. At times they came so close that the figures of the crew on their decks could be seen. This was on the morning of December 22nd, and on that day was experienced the poorest weather of the trip. The sea was rough, but not enough to make it uncomfortable for those on board. The voyage had become tiresome and the appearance of the destroyers failed to arouse more than ordinary curiosity. Of course, there were some who expected to see periscopes, and no doubt the orders to turn in at night in full uniform, compulsory wearing of life-belts at all times and the boat drills caused many to lose sleep. On the day that the salvo was fired from the ship's six-inch guns there were a great many men who thought that the most critical time of their lives had come. Several times the "Leviathan" was hidden by smoke screens laid down by the destroyers.

While the boat was traveling through the submarine zone some of the men of Base 34 volunteered for work in the engine room. "Bob" Smith, "Bill" Clothier, "Matt" Lukens, "Ed" Maier and "Tom" Bannon shoveled coal on four-hour shifts, with eight hours off between shifts. It was a tough job, but all felt fully repaid by the three Navy meals that were presented to the volunteer firemen each day.

Several other men did good work during the trip. Goddard, Zinni and Tobin assisted in the mess hall, and on the dishwashing machine. The coming X-ray expert of Base Hospital 34, Sergeant Slepicka, worked as a baker and turned out some of the 4,000 pies that were baked every day.

Land was first seen on the 23rd of December. The clear

IN THE WORLD WAR

atmosphere permitted an excellent view of the distant coast of Wales, which was seen as the "Leviathan" was passing through St. George's Channel. At various times throughout that day land was sighted on both the port and starboard sides; small boats could be seen occasionally and a lighthouse was passed. The destroyers continued with the ship and an aeroplane appeared for a short time. It was a beautiful, sunny day, and everyone on board was happy. The men had become convinced that Liverpool was their destination, and would be reached late that night or early the following day. Late that afternoon the danger was practically over, and in the evening the "Leviathan" reached a point outside the submarine nets guarding the channel of the River Mersey. Anchor was dropped shortly afterwards.

The next morning the "Leviathan" was again under way, and when the fog had cleared, the city of Liverpool could be seen in the distance. The ship docked about 9.30 o'clock, and before noon of that same day Base Hospital No. 34 was in railway coaches bound for Southampton.

NAVY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
WASHINGTON

In reply refer to No.

Op-16-D
CBH:SMM

HISTORICAL SECTION, ROOM 3635

APRIL 1, 1922.

THE NORTH AMERICAN,

Attention of Mr. Edmund M. Pitts,

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:

Referring to your letter of March 22, 1922, in regard to a chart showing the course taken by the U. S. S. LEVIATHAN from Hoboken, N. J., 12/15/17 to Liverpool, 12/24/17:

There is no published chart showing the route taken by the U. S. S. LEVIATHAN on the dates given above, however, the report of the Commanding Officer of the LEVIATHAN, in a report on this voyage, dated January 8, 1918, says: "The importance of following specified route accurately is fully appreciated. This was carefully done by the LEVIATHAN on this trip."

The U. S. S. LEVIATHAN left Hoboken, N. J., December 15, 1917, and sailed singly. The routing instructions were as follows: "Ship to be routed clear of all convoys, to pass through Latitude 52° North, Longitude 30° West, then through Rendezvous X. Y. Z. in Latitude 47° 40' N., Longitude 17° W., then pass through Latitude 50° North, Longitude 9° 50' West, thence 25 miles 130° from Tuskar, then keep in over 50 fathoms in the Irish Sea, when possible, to Latitude 53° 20' N., Longitude 5° 10' W., then pass 4 miles north of the Skerries to a position two miles north of Lynas Point, thence to a buoy showing an occultating white light situated 3 miles north of Gt. Orme's Head, then to Bar Light Vessel and Liverpool. The ship passed into the Irish Sea south of Ireland."

Very truly yours,

D. W. KNOX, *Captain U. S. N.*,

Officer in Charge,
Historical Section.

ACROSS ENGLAND

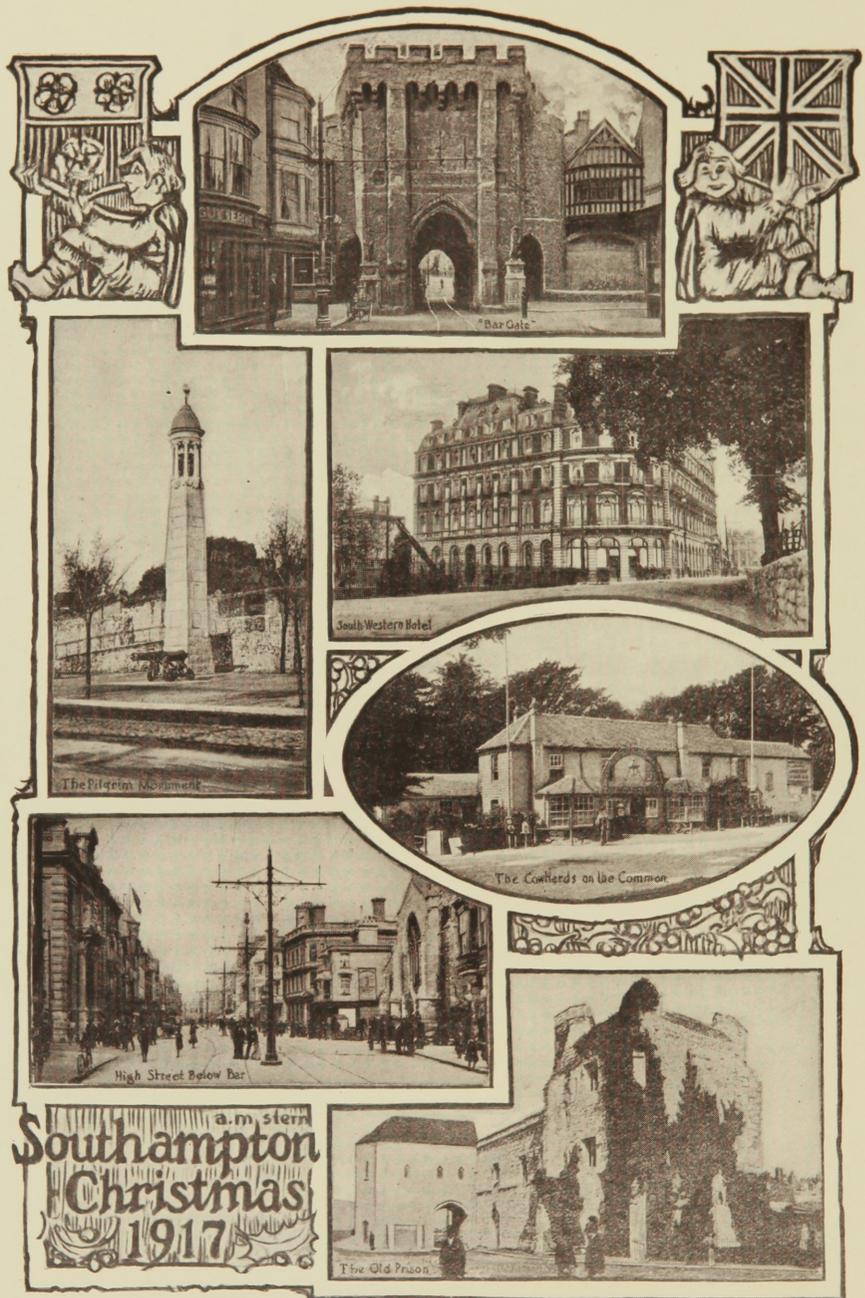
SHORTLY after their arrival in Liverpool the entire personnel found themselves entrained and on their way to Southampton.

The trip was made over the lines of the Great Western Railway Company and the traveling accommodations provided proved to be positively respectable as compared with the Le Havre-Blois journey.

The departure from Liverpool was celebrated by Sam Keller and other ardent spirits raiding a first class carriage standing on a nearby track and removing certain filet lace covers from the seats thereof.

The route taken led through Crewe, Birmingham, Warwick, Oxford and Winchester. Crewe is but a blurred memory; the only real stop being Birmingham, where the British Red Cross supplied tea and cakes to all. A fleeting glimpse of Warwick was had and the tip of some of the college towers of Oxford University was all that could be seen of that ancient seat of learning.

On the evening of December 24th, 1917, the train ran into the station of the London and Southwestern Railway at Southampton and the familiar cry, "Sling Packs," was heard once more.



VIEWES OF SOUTHAMPTON

1. "Bar Gate." 2. The Pilgrim Monument. 3. Southwestern Hotel. 4. The "Cowherds" on the Common. 5. High Street Below Bar. 6. The Old Prison.

SOUTHAMPTON

BASE HOSPITAL NO. 34 had not been in England twenty-four hours before it was pulling into the station at Southampton. The trip down from Liverpool had been practically uneventful, and the boys were all pretty well tired out when they arrived at the station, which was situated on one of the docks. This fact naturally led many to believe that they would embark immediately for their trip across the channel. This proved to be a wrong impression, because shortly after leaving the train the word was passed along the line that the night was to be spent in a Rest Camp about three miles away.

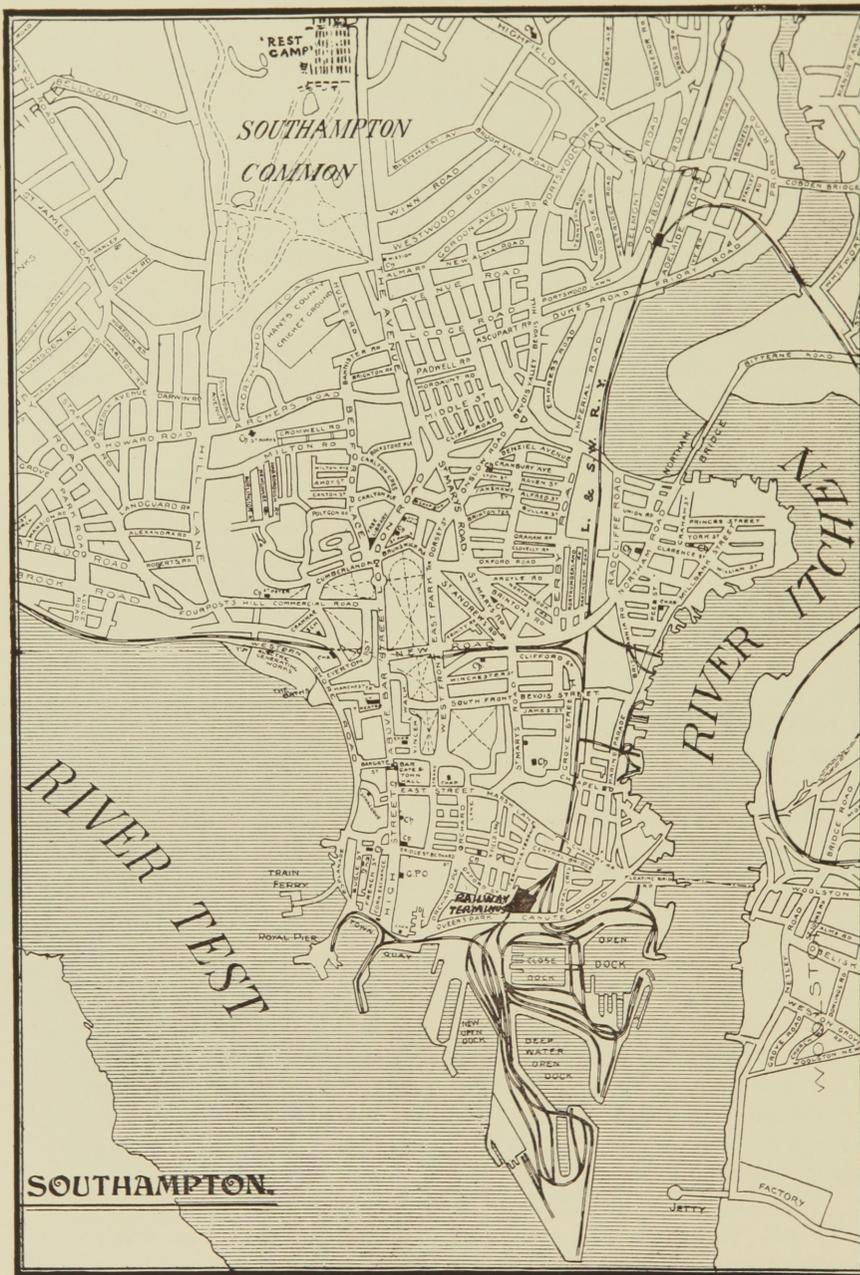
They were soon marched out of the trainshed and into the streets of the town, which were very quiet and deserted, this condition being greatly intensified by the absence of lights from the houses and the darkened street lamps—darkness, of course, being a necessary evil on account of “Hostile Aircraft.” The boys marched through narrow streets and wide streets in and out through a veritable maze until finally they emerged into a long avenue bordered on both sides by tall trees and in the distance could be seen the white tops of tents, which eventually proved to be the “Rest Camp” where they were to spend the night. Of course, the sight of this place sent everyone’s spirits soaring.

Backs were tired and feet were sore upon arrival at the camp. This was their first jaunt since they had left the ship, but even now troubles had not ended. The boys had to stand through one of those interminable army waits, while arrangements were being made for mess and blankets, and it was well after midnight before they were finally seated in the mess hall to partake of the sumptuous fare of bread, marmalade, and tea, which served only to sharpen, rather than to satisfy their lusty appetites. When they had been fed and extra blankets had been issued they were assigned to tents, which contained nothing but air and a wooden floor, and did not seem to be very desirable quarters, but nevertheless beds were made on the floors and after a certain amount of “razzing” everyone went to sleep.

Christmas Day in England was not so bad, after all.

First thing in the morning the boys woke up with sore shoulders and backs, from their hard beds, and some of them felt rather blue when they thought of Christmas at home, but when

BASE HOSPITAL 34



Find the "Rest" Camp—Ask any of the men

IN THE WORLD WAR

they went out of the tents and took a few turns around in the snappy morning air, they did not have much room in their makeup for the blues. The camp in daylight seemed to be a much more beautiful place than it had seemed to them the night before. Holly bushes covered with red berries were growing in profusion and gave the whole place a cheery Christmas aspect.

Nearly everyone started the morning in good shape, by getting a fine fresh water wash and shave, the first decent one since they had left the States, as water on shipboard was very unsatisfactory. The next thing that came to their minds was, "Can we get out and see the town?" Much to the satisfaction of everyone, there was found to be no difficulty along this line and everyone was soon supplied with a pass for the day. In a few minutes no one was left in the Camp except the unfortunate ones who were on guard duty and other details.

Many of the boys went across the road from the Camp, where there was a British Y. M. C. A. These found opportunity to write home to their folks, who had been worried about the trip across. The Y. M. also sold hot coffee, cocoa, tea, and sandwiches, and it might be said that this department did more business than any other, because the "light diet" at the camp did not go very far. The rest of the boys spent the day in town and found it very interesting.

In the evening everyone was invited to the Y. M. C. A. for a big Christmas party and the boys who attended it were certainly most profitably entertained. The place was packed with British and American soldiers who were all out for a good time, and they certainly got what they were looking for. Christmas night was spent on the wooden floors again, but the boys went to bed with lighter hearts than the night previous.

The next morning all was hustle and bustle, as they were to leave that afternoon for France. That afternoon they marched through the town and down to the docks, where there was the usual waiting and standing around before boarding the channel boat.

As the boat slipped out of the harbor that evening to cross the Channel, the thought foremost in the mind of everyone was, "Where do we go from here?"

CROSSING THE CHANNEL

FROM Southampton Camp to the docks was quite a hike; it must have taken the boys an hour to march the distance. There happened to be two or three extra packs to be carried, caused by some of the men being sick, and it was a very interesting task passing them from one to another; each man had to carry part of one for three minutes.

When the men reached the docks it registered 4.15 P. M. After a wait for the "tired" officers, everyone boarded the boat, single file, at about 5 P. M., and a wonderful boat it was, "Mona's Queen" by name. It had done passenger service for about twenty-six years between Holyhead and the Isle of Man and had the proud record of ramming and destroying a submarine early in the War. It had been shot at on three different occasions by submarines, but they never struck the mark, due perhaps to the rough sea at all times. (If you don't believe this statement about the rough sea, communicate with William Kames.) She was an old side-wheeler, the



Aeroplane View of Southampton. The London and S. W. Ry. Station and the Docks from which 34 shipped for Le Havre

IN THE WORLD WAR

kind that used to run between Gloucester and Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia, and when the paddles started to hit the water, one could imagine himself crossing the Delaware. After picking out the spot that appeared most comfortable, and after everybody seemed to be settled, the Master Hospital Sergeant decided to look up the Mess Officer on the "Mona's Queen" and find out when his boys could eat. The Mess Officer informed him that Mess would be ready in an hour. Everybody was hungry and the time went by like one long day. Finally the orders came to line up single file on the top deck, if you wanted to eat. The boat was now under way and sailing very smoothly. After everybody had eaten their allowance of hard bread, corn beef and coffee, a general inspection of the ship was made by the boys. The ship had a small canteen where you could purchase eatables with English coins, such as Wrigley's Spearmint, crackerjack, ice cream cones and peanuts. Captain John assumed a Napoleon-St. Helena pose on the bow of the boat most of the trip; he surely did enjoy the short choppy waves at their roughest. There were a number of English Tommies on board the boat who had probably been home (England) for Christmas. They must have been from the lines, for how they could sleep; no position was uncomfortable and the cold never phased them.

The three decks allowed ample room to wander around, but most of the boys being tired out, thought it best to go to the stern of the middle deck, where their quarters were, and indulge in a much needed rest. Everybody huddled close, as space was at a premium. Each man tried to make himself as comfortable as possible before the boat reached the cross-current. A couple of Companies from the 168th Infantry accompanied the Unit across, just to help make it as uncomfortable as possible. When the journey was well under way, anyone wishing to get up to see if anything would come up—the moon, for instance—just simply stepped on some of these doughboys as he went zigzagging through the aisle. Lieutenant (then Private) Fuessle's attempts to get comfortably fixed are well remembered. He tried to get near a porthole—for which he had many reasons, presumably, but the main one to my mind was air. Well, anyway, he stacked a number of packs and lifebelts up on a seat until he had them on a level with said porthole, then, fixing himself comfortably, he went to sleep. By and by when the old boat got out into the heavy current and gave a big l—urch (apologies to Sgt. Whiteley), down came Fuessle, packs, lifebelts and all.

Sympathy was certainly due Harold Bonno. He wouldn't sit down and he wouldn't lie down; he tried to console himself by lean-

ing against the stairway. One minute he was afraid he was going to die and the next minute wishing he would. Somebody saw him on deck and wanted to know if he was trying to figure out how deep the boat was running in the water. The only reason Bob Kelly didn't come up for air was that he didn't like the chilly breezes blowing across the Channel, and said he couldn't do a Ridge Avenue over sleeping forms.

It was very close to midnight when the boat tied up and the report was passed around that no one would disembark until day-break. The next morning, much to everybody's surprise, snow was found to be present. When roll was called everybody reported except Sam Adler. He had gone to the boiler room to warm his feet, and finding it so comfortable there decided to remain until a scowling pal informed him that breakfast was ready.

LE HAVRE

THE "Mona's Queen" docked at Le Havre about 1.00 P. M. The exact time, however, is known to most of the men only by hearsay, for the end of the cross-channel trip found a rather sorry-looking aggregation. In fact, judging from the number of palish-green faces and uncertain gaits, it seemed not improbable that the channel fish enjoyed a red-letter day.

The outfit left the boat about 8 o'clock and waited on the long cobble-stoned quay while the inevitable "baggage detail" got busy with trunks and barrack bags. The men spent the interval in sniffing the sulphur laden fog and agreeing that this seemed to be a forsaken sort of country and that the climate fell far short of what it was cracked up to be.

The baggage transferred, the men "fell in" among the long line of doughboys and engineers and marched the two miles to an English Rest Camp. The place accommodated about forty thousand men. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that it accommodated about twenty-five thousand with fifteen more thousands jammed in. Base "34" was evidently a part of the last named number, for it was necessary to wait in a long horse shed for several hours before quarters could be found.

The barracks to which they were finally assigned had originally done duty as horse stables, and the men agreed that it was really astonishing what a horse can stand. There is not much among the recollections of Le Havre that stands out with any degree of prominence, except the English rations and their trick bunks. The former were, as one man feelingly remarked, "—— (deleted) hard to get and —— (deleted) rotten when you DID get them." The menu usually consisted of one piece of bread and one-half a can of bully-beef or sardines, supplemented by watery tea. On one memorable occasion, a small piece of cheese was featured in the menu and there was much speculation as to just what national holiday it might be.

And the bunks! They were oblong wooden frames covered with superannuated poultry wire, and to use the words of a neighboring "Tommy," "The 'arf of it is 'oles, and the 'arf as isn't 'oles is points."

The "Tommies," by the way, were all more or less loquacious and possessed of a seemingly endless supply of souvenirs. It is

told that De Coursey, after listening in wide-eyed wonder to the tall tales of several self-confessed heroes, actually paid twenty shillings for a pair of ancient spirals, which a diminutive cockney solemnly assured him "'ad been through the 'ole of the two battles of Wipers."

During the second day the men visited all parts of the Camp. They watched the squads of German prisoners being marched past by whiskered little Frenchmen; gravely discussed the possibilities of air raids; enjoyed the thrill of writing "France" at the top of their letters; tried out their French on the market women; were cheated by the peddlers, and, in short, did everything that the limits of the camp permitted.

About five o'clock orders were given to roll packs and at nine the detachment began to march to the station. No one seemed to have any great struggle in repressing their tears, and the consensus of opinion upon leaving was that the man who named the place a "Rest Camp" was either using bitter irony or else was a total loss mentally. That it was a Camp was conceded—but a REST Camp—NEVER!

It was quite educational for many of us at Southampton and Le Havre when we were first permitted to become acquainted with so many of that ancient and honorable organization of button polishers known as "The King's Royal Brass Chandeliers."



FROM AN ETCHING ON ZINC BY STERN

BLOIS

AFTER a delightful ride from Le Havre on a train made up exclusively of first-class carriages, well heated, electric lighted and spotlessly clean (?), the personnel of B. H. 34 alighted gracefully on the platform of the railway station at Blois. Dear "Gasoline Harry" issued commands in his usual refined and dignified manner, whereupon all concerned slung packs and followed their beloved Sergeant to the French Barracks.

Sad news awaited the boys, however. The C. O. of Medical Casual Camp No. 2 had passed away that same afternoon. He expired from extreme physical exhaustion caused by overwork in preparing comfortable quarters for B. H. 34. The eyes which gazed upon steam heating apparatus, electric lights, iron beds with sheets and pillow covers, immaculate kitchen and Bellevue-Stratford washrooms, were dimmed with tears at the thought of the untimely end of the gallant officer who had laid down his life in the service of others.

All non-Sam Brownes who were at Blois will cherish fond



POINTS OF INTEREST AT BLOIS

BASE HOSPITAL 34

memories of the exhilarating feeling which they experienced when they were awakened from a sound sleep to go on guard at the blasphemed hours of 1, 2, 3 or 4 A. M. Will the "nice warm mess hall" ever be forgotten? And what of the long-distance "Defense des Afficher" and our first introduction to French pastry?

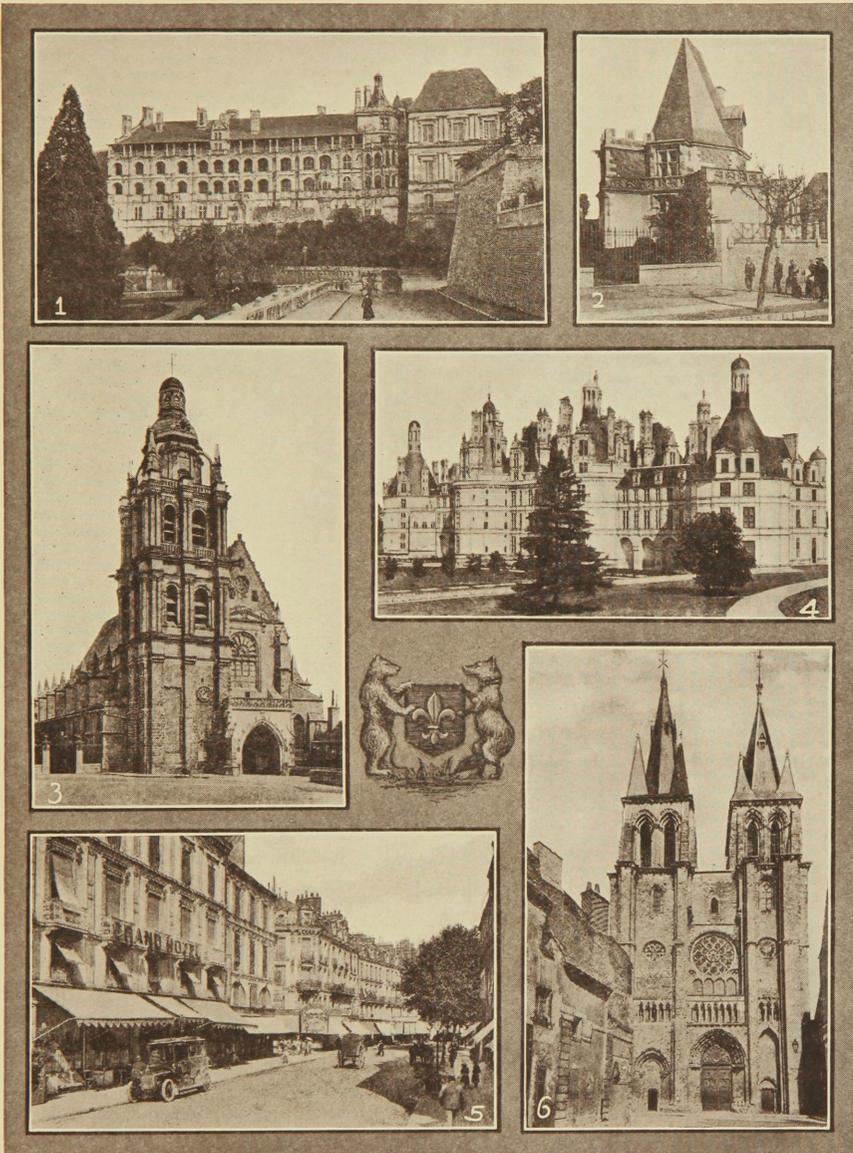
In Blois the enlisted personnel first engaged in that King of all Sports, loading coal and wood into Ford ambulances, hauling it to the hotels occupied by our nurses and officers, placing the fuel in dainty galvanized ash-cans and then, oh joy, carrying it up 60 flights of narrow winding stairway, and all this torture in order that the toes of certain members of the Army Nurse Corps should not be frostbitten, and the officers could have nice warm rooms in which to pass their evening after a fatiguing day spent in looking after the comfort and welfare of the enlisted personnel.

As a counter to this let us remember the few bright spots—Monsieur Marceau's personally conducted tour to Chambord, for instance.

Blois was but an episode. As a result of a profoundly impressive conference between "Get Rich Quick Wilkinson" and his Man Friday Moll, the fateful lists were made public and three detachments left Blois for Brest, Rennes and Nantes to be reunited again in the Spring of 1918.



The Barracks in which 34 was quartered while at Blois

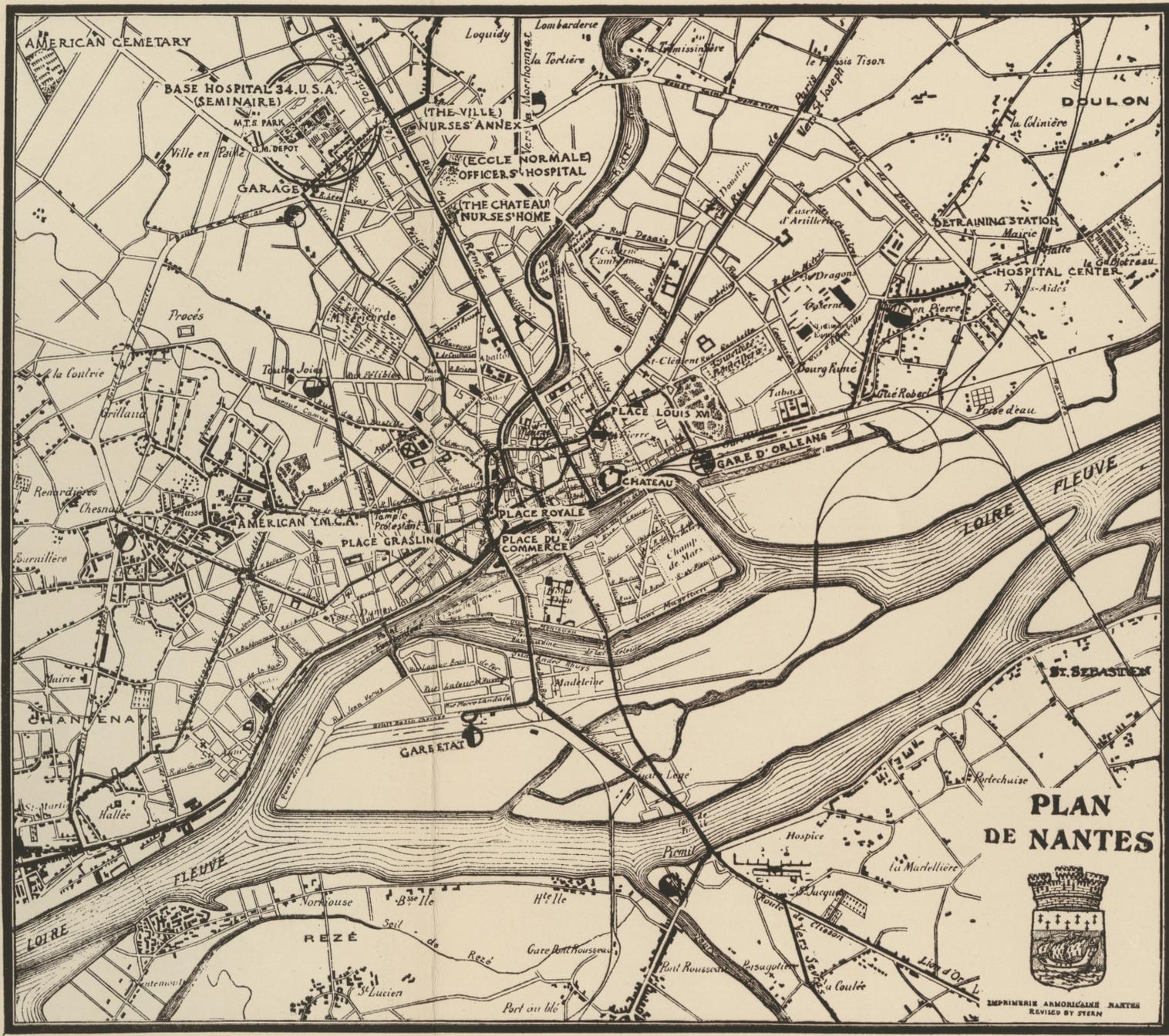


1. Chateau de Blois. 2. Pavillon d'Anne de Bretagne. 3. La Cathedrale. 4. Chateau de Chambord. 5. Le Grand Hotel. 6. L'Eglise St. Nicolas.



THE MOAT, DRAWBRIDGE AND DEFENDING
TOWERS OF THE CHATEAU DE NANTES, FRANCE

FROM A WATER COLOR BY STERN





LA VILLE DE NANTES

NANTES, the capital of the old Duchy of Brittany, must always form a great attraction to anyone interested in the history of France under the old Monarchy.

The city is situated on both banks of the River Loire, which, with its tributaries, the Sevre and the Erde, form a number of islands within the city, which are joined by numerous bridges. The cobblestone streets of the older portion of the town are very narrow and winding, and a majority of the points of historical interest lie in this ancient section.

In an antiquarian sense one of the finest buildings in the city is the old Fortress-Chateau; at one time occupied as the residence and seat of government of the sovereign Dukes of Brittany before that Province had been incorporated in the Kingdom of France. It is surrounded by a broad and deep moat and has huge bastions flanking a medieval drawbridge, and dates in its present form to the end of the Fifteenth Century, when it was rebuilt during the reign of Duke Francis II. It was in this building that the famous Duchess Anne of Brittany was born and the old castle was the scene of her marriage to King Louis XII in 1499. In 1598 Henry IV signed the famous Edict of Nantes in the Chateau.

A short distance from the Chateau is the Cathedral, a great Gothic structure begun in 1434 by Duke Jean V, though not entirely completed until 1891. It contains two interesting tombs, one of General Lamorciere; the other of Duke Francis II and his second wife, Marguerite de Foix.

In the shadow of the Cathedral stands the oldest existing portion of the City Wall, the ancient east gate to the town, the Port St. Pierre. A part of this gate is of Roman origin, having been erected when Brittany was known as "Armorica" and France as "Gaul."

Near the Cathedral and the Port St. Pierre is the Place Louis XVI, containing a column ninety-two feet high surmounted by a statue of the unfortunate King.

The Musee Dobree, containing a varied collection of Archeological and Historical Exhibits relating to the City of Nantes and the old Province of Brittany, is partly housed in the Fifteenth Century Manoir de la Touche, built by Bishop Malestroit. Among its interesting treasures is the heart of the Duchess (afterwards Queen) Anne in a small, decorated casket. Here may also be seen many relics of the great Royalist rising of 1793 against the Republic.

Among other points of interest in Nantes may be mentioned: the Hotel de Ville, the Bourse, La Theatre Grande, the Prefecture (seat of the government of the Department of Loire-Inferieure), the Palais de Justice, Musee des Beaux-Arts, Temple Protestante, and the churches of St. Croix, St. Nicolas and St. Louis. The Pont Transbordeur is a Suspension Ferry across the Loire. From its towers may be obtained a splendid view of the port and the entire city.

THE ARMS

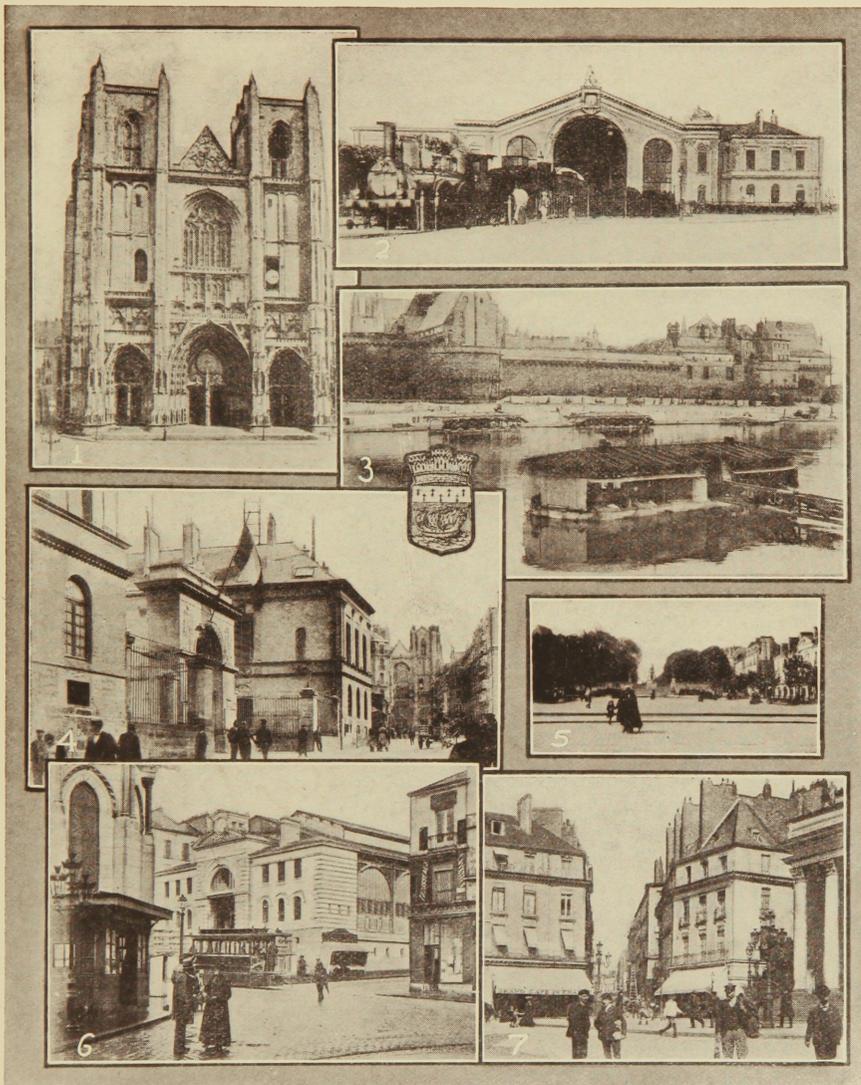
The upper field from the ermine Arms of Anne of Brittany. The lower indicative of the shipping of the Loire. Crowned with the Battlement Crown.





BRETAGNE

1. Fin de Marche—Guillonnet. In the Musee des Beaux Arts. 2. Jounors de Binou et de Bombarde. 3. The Market Place. 4. Wheelbarrow Transportation. 5. Paysanne des environs de Lamneur. 6. Calvaire Breton de la Gascherie. 7. Jeune Fille de Fouesnant.

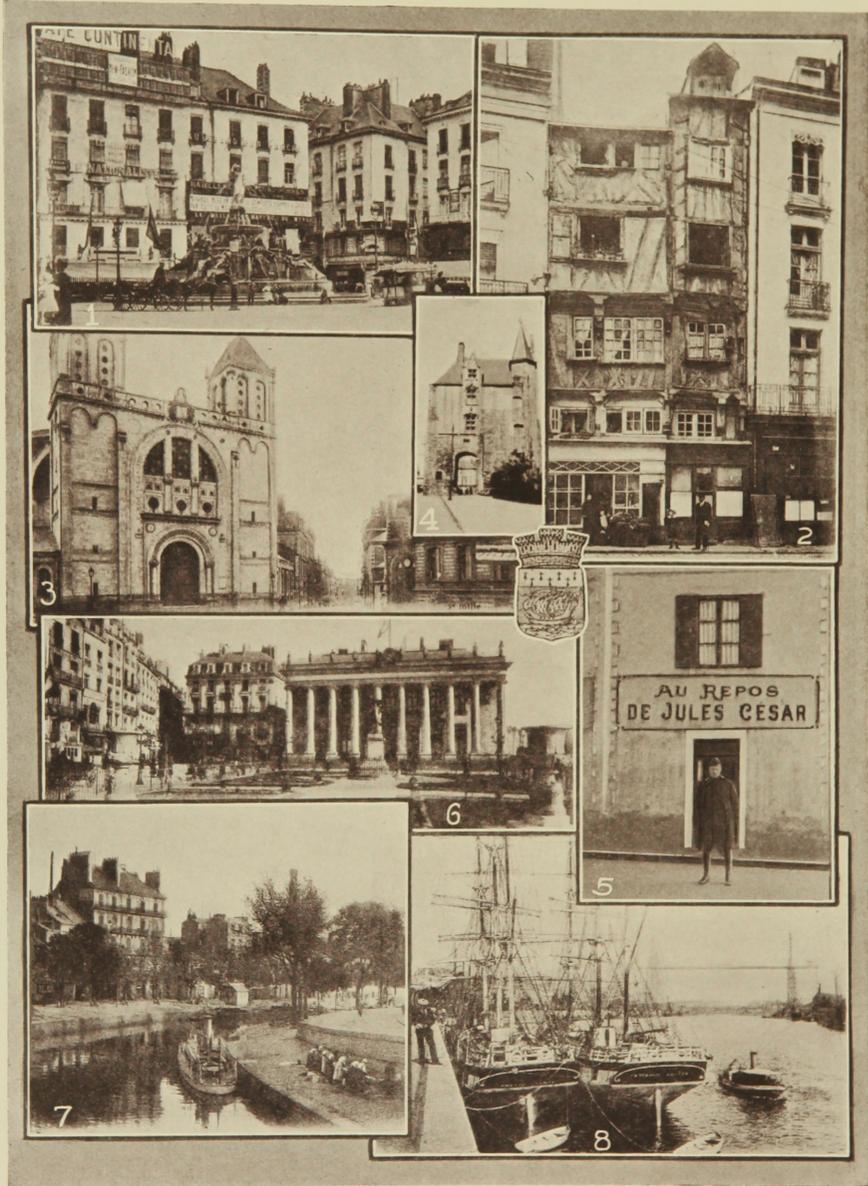


NANTES

1. La Cathedral. 2. La Gare d'Orleans. 3. Ensemble du Chateau a borde de la Loire. 4. La Mairie. 5. Place Duchesse Anne de Bretagne. 6. Carrefour St. Nicolas Marche de Feltre. 7. La Place Graslin.

NANTES

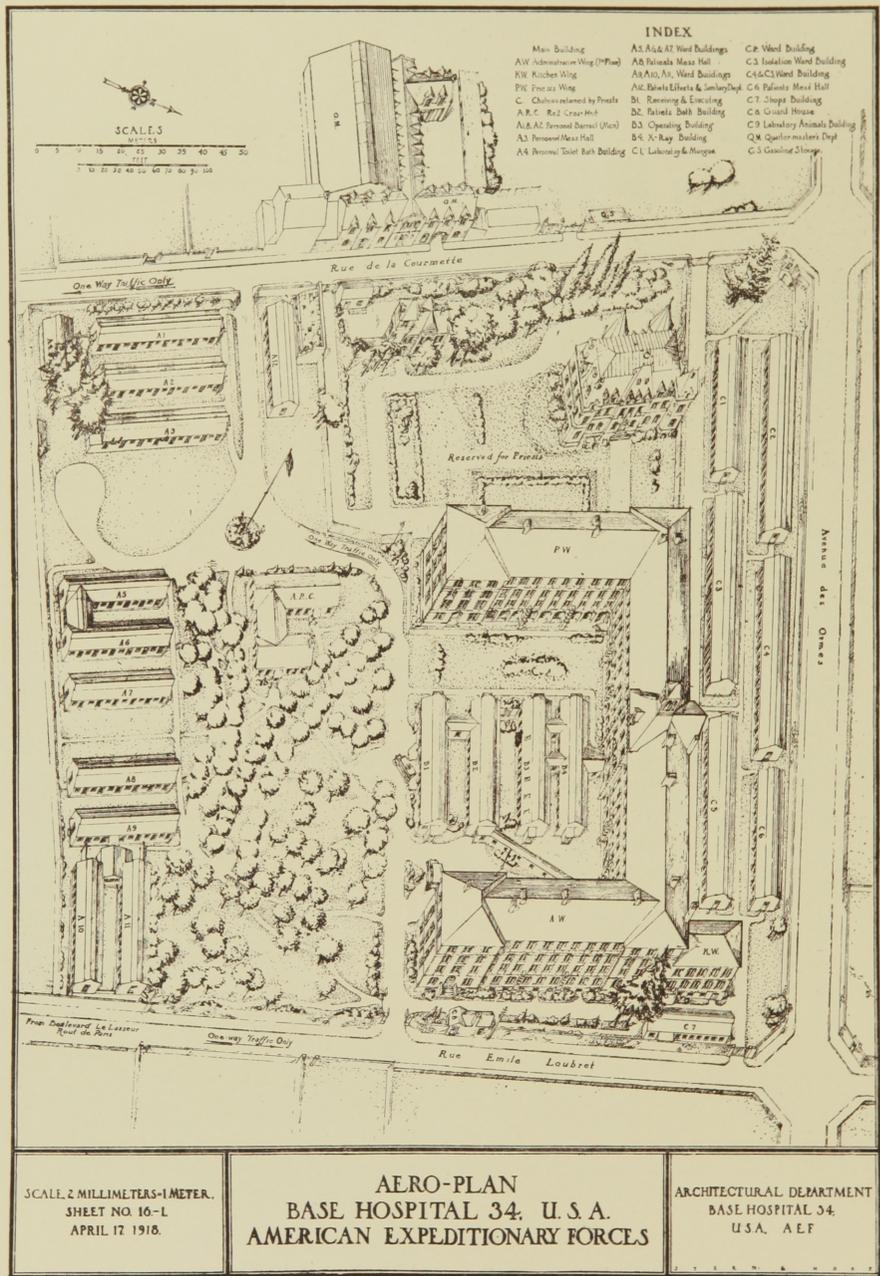
1. La Place Royale. 2. Vielle Maison de la Haute Grande Rues. 3. Place de l'Edit de Nantes, Rue de Gigant, Temple Protestant. 4. Porte St. Pierre. 5. Cafe au Repose Jules Cesar. 6. Place de la Bourse. 7. L'Erdre et le Quai des Tanneous. 8. Vue sur la Loire.





L'HOPITAL ET DES ENVIRONS

1. From Across the Fields. 2. The Woman Who Sold us Laces. 3. At Marie's. Boulevard La Lasseur. 4. Just Beyond the Grounds. 5. The Orphans. 6. Boulevard La Lasseur and Route de Rennes. 7. The Approach to the Hospital.



SCALE 2 MILLIMETERS=1 METER.
SHEET NO. 16-L
APRIL 17 1918.

**AERO-PLAN
BASE HOSPITAL 34, U. S. A.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES**

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT
BASE HOSPITAL 34,
U. S. A. A. E. F.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL AS PROJECTED IN APRIL, NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN
THE FINISHED GROUP INCLUDED A FEW OTHER BUILDINGS

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT



NOW it came to pass that, in the end time of wilhelm von hohenzollern in the first month of the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen that a score of the nephews of Samuel had been ordered to the city which is called Nantes. There they were to begin to make ready a place where they, with their fellows of Hospital Trente Quatre Americain, and the nurses and doctors of medicine could care for them which were wounded, for the nephews of this same Uncle Samuel were joining them who

were engaging in battle with the hosts of wilhelm.

Three officers had gone before them—Major De Voe, Major Ashhurst and Lt. Douglas, though these names now sound strange, for unto them has since come the honor of promotion.

On the eighth day of the month, when this detachment did arrive at La Gare d'Orleans in Nantes, Major Ashhurst did lead them unto the Seminaire, which is called Le Grand, and they did march as they would have behind no other leader, for great is the stride of that mighty officer, though heavy were the packs of these soldiers as they did trudge over the frozen road.

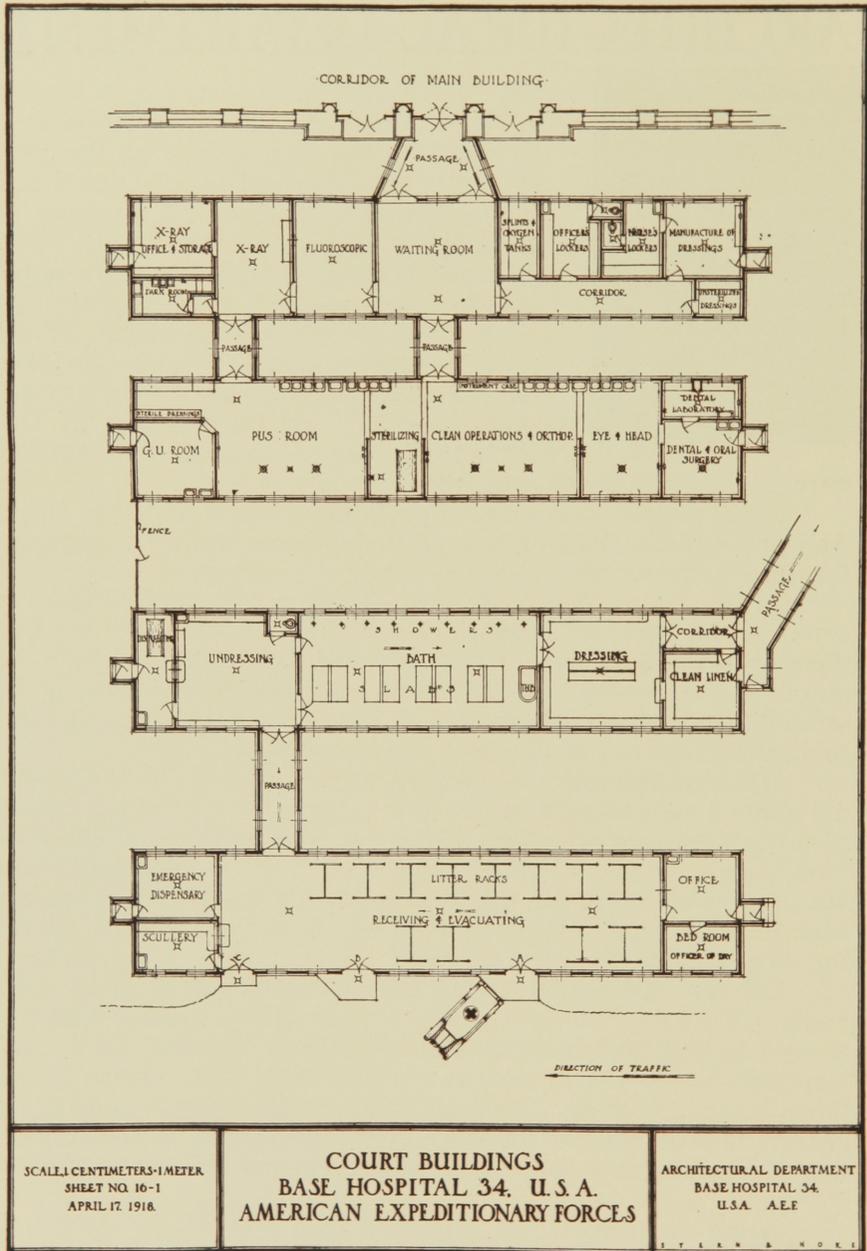
After the first night was passed, at the break of day the twenty did climb down the ladders, for the building which they had occupied was far from complete. Soon they had partaken of the good food, which one Amos Wenzel had prepared in the kitchen of them, which were studying for the priesthood, for the kitchen wing had been finished, though its equipment was soon to be greatly altered for its new chef.

And now these men, strong of back and weak of mind, were ready for work. All save one, who was vastly greater than his fellows in bulk and in rank, and being their "topper" he did not work but he did assign each to his individual task. Some to one thing, some to another. And one Stern, he did order to go bury his head in blue prints, for the work of the Architectural Department was to begin with a study of what the French architect had been doing.

Acting on order from him who then was Major Ashhurst,

Above—A quiet evening before the fireplace in the Architectural Atelier.

BASE HOSPITAL 34



SCALE: 1 CENTIMETERS = 1 METER
SHEET NO. 16-1
APRIL 17, 1918.

COURT BUILDINGS
BASE HOSPITAL 34, U. S. A.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT
BASE HOSPITAL 34,
U. S. A. A. E. E.

STERN & HOKE

PLAN OF THE COURT BUILDINGS BY STERN AND HOKE

IN THE WORLD WAR

Stern did secure credit through a French contractor and did purchase draughting room supplies, as well as tools for carpentering, plumbing, electrical work, smithing and sign painting, and picks and shovels, and work was begun.

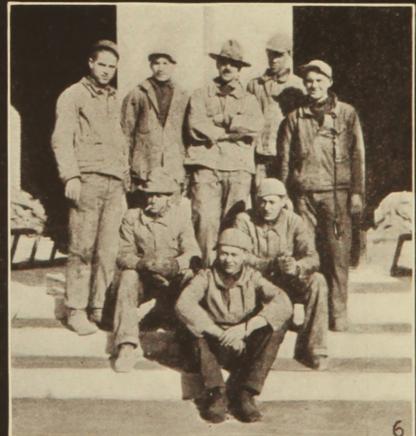
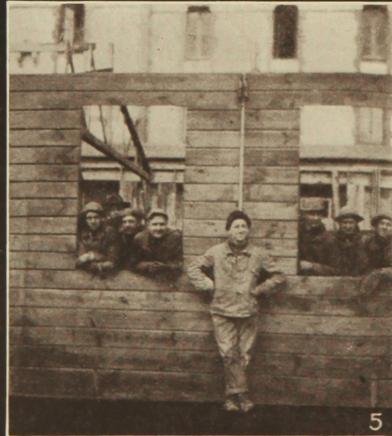
On the 17th day of that same month one Hoke did arrive and was established as the other member of the firm which was to put the ideas of Major Ashhurst and Major De Voe and Miss Brown on paper, and to assist in carrying them out.

Many others, also, did wend their way to the atelier, there to confer regarding the plans. Captain Bromer did here give much concern to the arrangement of the X-Ray laboratory and here did work out his most excellent plant. Thither did Lt. Douglas resort to study problems concerning transportation, the garage and shop, routing convoys, and the detraining station for hospital trains. There, were put on paper Captain Moore's laboratory and morgue, and there were made drawings of properties for cemetery purposes and for the supply depot for Captain Levin, and there were painted Chaplain Groton's posters and here did Charley Charlton paint signs. To this room came one Sam Keller to exchange ideas, and of a certainty, without his help the work of establishing "34" would never have progressed as it did.

The Engineers also—Major Coe and Sergeant Tardy—did here perspire profusely during the construction of the hospital and did watch our activities with much care even to instituting an investigation, which closely resembled a court martial, when they did awake to the fact that the personnel of "34" was putting into the hospital materials not secured through "regular channels," but through a more expeditious method—by credit secured from the French contractors by the Architectural Department; but then, "c'est la guerre."

The work of the Department did vary from the drawing of an apparatus for to measure an injury on the X-Ray table to the work of making typographical surveys of the roads and fields beyond the hospital and working out plans for ultimate expansion; both working drawings and for report and record.

The Department did continue to function until the hospital and most of its auxiliary parts were in operation, when both men were attached to the office of the Chief Surgeon of the A. E. F. to work on hospital construction in a broader sphere.



NANTES

1. Tom and Hokey. 2. Hauling Cinders. 3. The Biggest Boy in the Unit—Caught in work. 4. The Courtyard of La Grande Seminaire. Bath House and Receiving Ward in Foreground. 5. The Put-em-up Boys. 6. The Freight Handlers.

CONSTRUCTION



THE work executed by about one-third of the original personnel of Base Hospital 34, in converting the Grand Séminaire at Nantes into a building suitable for a hospital, was an immense undertaking. Probably the best way to explain this work is first to describe the hospital plant as it appeared in April, 1918, when the first patients were admitted and work began as a Base Hospital.

The hospital was a large four-floored, brick building, built on three sides of a rectangle, one wing of which was used by priests. The main building consisted of thirteen wards capable of holding between eighty and ninety patients each; administrative offices, the patients' mess hall, and the main kitchen. The wing consisted of three large wards, capable of holding between ninety and one hundred and twenty patients; the dental clinic; the eye, ear, nose, and throat clinic; a large convalescent ward; the pharmacy, and the diet kitchen. This constitutes a description of the hospital building, but there were also 21 large wooden barracks, all of which were put into shape by about fifty men, who worked steadily for two months and a half just a little harder than ever before in their lives.

When these men arrived in Nantes during the week of January 6th-13th, 1918, they found this large building with a swamp surrounding it. The main roads from the street to the new hospital-to-be were in such poor condition that the first thing to be done was to build new ones. The boys did not grumble, as would naturally be expected, but donned their "blues" and started to work. They hauled out mud and hauled in stone and cinders from every place imaginable and some places unimaginable. This caused quite a little trouble with the town people, but everything was finally set-

Above—Mess Time During the Construction Period

BASE HOSPITAL 34



LA GRANDE SEMINAIRE AT NANTES

1. The Last of the Priests' Garden. 2. Work Begins on the Barracks. 3. The "Dumb and Strong" Gang—Champion Barrack Builders. 4. Showing Progress. 5. The X-Ray and Operating Buildings in the Courtyard. 6. Looking for something to do.

tled, and the roads were finished in a very short time. This first work completed, the next thing was to get the building in shape.

The building, as has been mentioned before, had four floors. Each floor had a central hallway, which was lined on each side by rooms built to accommodate individual students during their stay at the Seminary. On each floor there were approximately 66

IN THE WORLD WAR

rooms, of which three walls had to be torn down. The boys had no tools for this sort of work, so like George Washington, they did it with their little hatchets.

During the following two weeks bricks and plaster flew in all directions; feet were bruised by falling bricks, and sometimes heads were cut by some stray piece of plaster brought down by an ambitious worker. A very peculiar thing was often to be seen near the close of a hard day,—a fellow who seemed to be perfectly normal would strike for the wall he was attacking, but his little hatchet seemed as though it weighed a ton, and he would fall way short of his mark and possibly go reeling against the wall. This all goes to show that the boys worked with might and main, and were not to be stopped by mere fatigue. When the walls were down the boys discovered that their work had just begun, for the floors were covered with bricks and plaster. A large chute was built to the top of the building with an opening even with the window of each floor. First the debris was shovelled into wheelbarrows and wheeled to the chute and dumped into it. When it reached the ground it was shoveled into trucks and put out on the roads. Sometimes the men who were working inside the building would get ahead of the trucks; then it was necessary to take wheelbarrows down and haul the excess away through the mud, which was ankle deep. This work was very tough on the boys, and they occasionally became a little “grumpy.”

Now, having the floors cleared and the roads in condition, the next things to be done were to erect the wooden outside wards, and to bring the equipment from the docks and train yards and distribute it through the hospital. Sgt. Keller was given charge of the men detailed to erect the barracks. Private John A. Little was given charge of the men detailed to remove the equipment from the docks, and Sgt. Moll was given the men he desired to put the things in their proper places. The boys of Base Hospital 34 enlisted in the Medical Department, but their work more closely resembled that of the Engineer Corps, in that they were now erecting barracks and hauling freight. This was the main work, and it required many weeks of hard labor to accomplish the final and desired result.

Little's detail, known as the “Bull Gang,” was hustling freight, while Sgt. Keller's detail was making rapid strides in the art of erecting barracks. These were like Chinese puzzles. There was a number and a letter on each piece, and each piece had to fit into a certain place. This fact made the work more interesting, for it kept the detail awake all the time. They soon became accustomed to the work, and put up as many as three complete barracks in one week. This was a good record when one considered the number of men on the detail, and that very few ever bothered about carpenter-

ing before they entered the service of "Uncle Sam." This again goes to show the "pep" that the boys of Base Hospital 34 could show. After the "Bull Gang" had gotten the supplies for the hospital on the grounds, they expected to be changed to other work, but they forgot the fact that there was a Quartermaster Department with the unit. They were not long in ignorance, for a train with several cars for the unit pulled in very shortly, and Sergeant Pitts called for help to do his work. They hauled provisions and clothing, extra blankets, pillows and mattresses and also more iron beds to be used in the hospital, which had already received orders to prepare for 1000 patients instead of the expected 500.

The work went on smoothly until an order of 500 tons of coal came in. Here was the first time that a grumble was heard from the boys. One can hardly blame them for not wishing to haul coal, dumping it in the low cellars under the hospital. However, the coal was all brought up and put away.

The different work which the boys did was a marked sign of their ability. They dug pipe lines and laid drain pipes, put in cement floors, and acted as finishing carpenters. Almost every table in the hospital was built by the boys, and they all seemed as though they could stand up forever.

There were none too many tools for the work except those that could be obtained from the French, who were working about the place all the time. It was no uncommon sight to see some of the boys beset by an enraged "Frog," who was trying to make the Americans understand that they were using his hammer. We were all ignorant of French on these occasions, and would "pull the old gag"—"Non-compris." This harmless little expression turned many an argument in favor of the boys. The "Frenchies" caused the men some trouble. One of the Frogs ran away with quite a good sized piece of lead pipe, and from then on the boys were required to stand guard at night and work by day. The men had acquired a good sense of humor by this time, and passed it off without much comment.

So far this article speaks of work and only work, but no matter how tired they were, the boys always managed to get out for a while to town. Nantes really belonged to them, for they were the first Americans to arrive. The city was quite large, and had so many winding streets that many a fellow was lost for hours at a time. Sometimes one awakened in the night to find his next door neighbor just crawling into bed, and when asked why he was so late, the disturber would invariably tell a long story of how he had wandered about the dark streets for hours trying to find his way back to the hospital.

The construction work was completed shortly after the arrival of the detachments which had been sent to Brest and Rennes.

THE HOSPITAL BARRACKS

ALL of the barracks buildings erected on the grounds adjacent to the Main Hospital Building were of Swiss manufacture and were known as the Lucien Fender Pattern. Records on file in the office of the Chief Surgeon of the A. E. F. revealed the fact that there were but sixty (60) buildings of this type erected in France for the A. E. F., and of this total Base Hospital No. 34 was allotted twenty (20).

The Lucien Fender was the highest class barrack building used in France and was far superior to other varieties in a number of ways. Instead of the usual earth floor it boasted of a double wood floor supported on stone piers. The walls were of double construction and near the middle of the slope of the roof there was a vertical section containing a pivotal ventilator. Each barrack had a vestibule at both ends.

The barracks were six metres, about 19½ feet wide, and their length was made up by multiples of two metres as required. The side wall panels were two metres wide and of two alternating types: one with a small window near the top containing glass panes, and the other with a larger window sash beneath the smaller one which could be raised and lowered. In this respect they were far better than the more common muslin windows or those cracks between boards of the Adrian Barracks so commonly used throughout the posts of the A. E. F.

The interior arrangement of such buildings as the Isolation Ward, Laboratories, Operating Rooms, X-Ray Room, Medical and Surgical Wards, Receiving Ward, Bath Rooms and Toilet Rooms was put on paper by the Architectural Department.

The enlisted personnel of B. H. No. 34 laid the concrete floors in those barracks used for Operating Rooms and Toilets and erected almost all of the wooden buildings, constructing much of the equipment and preparing the buildings for their future service.

ON DETACHED SERVICE



BREST

RUMOR whispered early in January that the Base was to be broken apart. Rumor grew into fact and the breaking came, with very uncertain promise of reunion. One detachment of five officers and forty men left Blois for Brest on January 13th, 1918.

The Brest Detachment was divided into two equal groups. The first was under Major Lockwood and left early in the day, while the second, in charge of Lieut. Eynon, left later, and, not having an interpreter of the genius of Francis Bond, tried to out-travel the first by going to the end of the line without changing cars.

Quimper station was the overnight stopping place of the first group. Sleeping and freezing were done by turns. The stove couldn't warm everybody, so when one near it fell asleep he was laid aside and his place taken. Sam Adler made bouillon on the stove top, and others, reminded of delicacies, rolled sleepers off their knapsacks and spent pleasant hours in eating. At midnight a clatter of hoofs wakened sleepers and upset eaters. An arriving train had brought scores of women munition workers, who rushed by in a bloomed flood, causing the onlookers to stare very hard, and making Bugler Patterson remark that modern war was indeed a strange affair.

Morning brought the train and confusion. Every man was at last found and packed aboard, but the usual hour elapsed before a wheel turned, for this is the way of French trains. The excited conductor tooted and waved; the engine shrieked.

Above—Kitchen Police at Brest included Ed. Lukens, Hammond, and Miles

IN THE WORLD WAR

Each station saw the men pile off and on; they did not want to go beyond their objective, and it was only after Harold Kraft discovered in a Guide Book of France for 1895 that Brest was the end of the route that their worries ceased, and they settled down to bully beef, hard tack and scenery. "Spud" Halkett declared that he'd be blessed if traveling in France was not a terrible life—it made him giddy as a top.

The Detachment arrived in Brest shortly after noon. Through a mistake motor trucks met it and carried personnel, baggage and packs to the future home in Pontanezen Barracks, where eventually Camp Hospital No. 33 was started. Three miles the men rode into the country, and every hundred yards away from the city brought complaint. Bill Vogel had been among the first to discover American menus on restaurant windows, and he was loudest in complaint, with hungry Bill Hannum a close second.

Marine Corps guards at the Barracks gate accepted the password, and a triumphant entry was made. The great parade ground ahead was fronted on the far side by ends of seven long buildings; beyond them rose a three-story hospital; to the right were Headquarters buildings; around the entire Post ran a high wall. History wrote that Napoleon had built Pontanezen during his campaigns against Germany.

The Detachment's introduction was marred by the touching sight of garrison prisoners trotting about doing laborious stunts for exercise. Their guards glared outspoken Henry Williams into silence—for the idea of having guards and prison walls was not appealing—and Sid Sanderson observed that it was enough to make a man take to religion, while MacClaskey opined that Blois had been rather homelike after all.

During the night the second group—the wanderers—arrived in a rainstorm, thus proving that Base 34 traditions were still alive. Acting Sergeant Percy Wales told of the harrowing trip over all southern France and of the heroically muddy hike out from the station, with Lieut. Eynon canvassing every house en route for directions and thereby bringing suspicion on all his followers. The newcomers were glad to sleep in any dry place, and Jim Miles was heard fervently wishing that Pontanezen was far, far below.

Duty sprang upon the Detachment the following morning. The men cleared rooms at the other end of the barracks building for wards; windows were washed, floors mopped, rubbish carted and bed frames installed. Acting Corporal John Tanner wandered among workers drawing plans and giving encouragement; Dave Wiley claimed the official window-polishing record; Frank Stoffel on a high ladder did acrobatics dusting the rafters. The great

cleanup spread to the main building, where Ed Lukens all but fell from a third-story window in reaching to clean a cornice; Harold Kraft declared such work too hazardous and was put to stoking the furnace.

Patients came January 20th from transports and from a colored Stevedore Battalion attacked by mumps. They were brought in batches. Acting Hospital Sergeant "Doc" Bostick could no more than tear about to get one lot settled than another arrived; beds were rushed into place, and upon them were thrown steaming mattresses from the unique sterilizer run by Engineer Cline. Wardmaster "Doc" Bauer had a crowded afternoon, then resigned the job forever; Louis Rosser, the first admittance clerk, struggled night and day with the avalanche of service records and "Mumps Bilateral." Nick Hayes became an expert Night Wardmaster, and the Hospital lost a fearless worker when he was appointed driver of the truck; Robbie Robinson took his place, but had his nerve shaken the first night when a cootie hopped across the letter he was writing. Considerate Francis Bond on night duty put his patients to bed and then retired to quarters for slumber. In order to give rest to the tired personnel, Percy Wales insisted on absolute silence and darkness after nine P. M., thereby often finding it necessary to wish Zinni a cordial good-night.

The arrival of patients started a great sport known as The Mess Riots. The number of patients increased so rapidly that feeding them became a problem sufficient to make "Serge" Bostick take to profanity. Chef Nick Zinni and his force of volunteer cooks were handicapped by poor stoves, but rebellion in the threatening mess line or among the kitchen workers was prevented by Zinni's iron hand. Bill Hannum broke under the strain; Lewis Josselyn brewed such startling coffee in rusty tins that the Chef signed an armistice with him; Henry Williams worked in grim silence and developed the knack of getting wood—a rare commodity—for starting kitchen fires.

The worker nearest death at all times, was K. P. Bill Kames. Zinni was once standing at the stove stirring a great vat of stew. "Pepper!" he cried. "Pepper, pepper!" Kames sped up with the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. "Not paper—pepper!" cried the czar and hurled the ladle at Kames' head. Again, Zinni prepared a huge kettle of soup stock and set it outside to cool, then ordered a policing of the kitchen. K. P. Kames policed, and, among other acts poured out the soup. Zinni arrived just as Kames was polishing the kettle, and unappreciatively flung the new meat chopper at his speeding form. Assistant Chef Earl Hammond found it difficult to be neutral during Mess Riots, and Harold Rich, who

IN THE WORLD WAR



1 and 5. Vogel Playing Fritz—and Rounsley his Guard. 2. Back to Nantes. 3. The Mess Line at Brest. 4. Finisterre Breton and French Sentry. 6. The Delouser—where cooties lost their life.

cared for Officers' Mess, believed absence to be better than presence except when food was to be displayed. Acting Sergeant Jim Langton, succeeding Bauer in charge of personnel and patient mess, had an office and bread warehouse beside the kitchen, and here he would retire to barricade the door with huge loaves of bread. Through this peaceful kitchen sometimes would be heard the Chef shouting for "Mac" MacClaskey.

The most efficient Wardmaster in lining up his charges and issuing meal tickets was Sam Adler. He marched his patients to mess in military manner, he leading with a Pittsburgh stogie clamped in his smile. Sid Berstler was stronger on promptness than militarism, and his crew always appeared first for food. Night man on that Ward was Dave Wiley; no other man in the A. E. F. was more proficient in persuading the fickle "Coles Hot Blast" stoves to burn, "Shorty" Sterling had a Ward which he shared with "Herb" Cannerdy; they devised a duty roster so inflexible that patients found argument useless, although in the end "Herb" was carried out on a stretcher.

The main hospital building, besides being used for very serious cases, was Hospital Headquarters. Major Lockwood commanded; Lieut. Propst was Adjutant; Durham was Ward and Mess Officer; Lieut. Jones had charge of personnel and of equipment; Lieut. Eynon was Property Officer. Seven casual officers arrived early in February, being Capt. Monmonnier, Souther and Seeley, Lieuts. Mestermacher, McGoughey, Harrod and Marshall.

The hospital expanded and occupied a number of portable barracks, giving a total of one thousand beds, and taking cases of all descriptions. Sid Sanderson was lured into being keeper of the first isolation patients; Bill Hannum labored in a contagious ward and developed violent ideas about enforced detention. Captain Monmonnier became Chief of Medical Service. His inspections were inspiring, and his "that piece of paper," "those cobwebs up there," "the alignment of these beds" would come in spite of all preparations. He urged Engineer Cline to have utmost respect for his Bug Destroyer—to dust the chimney and wheels every morning. Corporal Tanner's ingenuity as a carpenter was challenged by the Captain's desire for fancy decorations.

A host of Noncommissioned Officers and six Privates accompanied the new Officers. In nearly every department these new stripe-wearers superseded the Base men, for among the latter there was not one actual Non-com. Let it be said for the new men that they performed to the best of their ability, even to mispronouncing names at roll-call. Their Privates lightened the K. P.'s jobs, and even the most battlesome among them became gentle under Tyrant

IN THE WORLD WAR



BREST

1. Main Hospital Buildings. 2. Men's Barracks. 3. Once Napoleon's Pontanezen Barracks, later 34's. 4. Major Lockwood.

Zinni. As samplers of French drinks the newcomers were without equal. "Spud" Halkett was forced to resign as Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, but because of his experience he was made assistant to Sergeant Sears of Grounds Police.

The drug room in the main building was guarded by Earl DeCoursey, who was second to none in France in packing aspirin capsules. Let it be said for his loving care and for Winsor Joselyn's efficiency in distributing medicines that no patient died of poisoning; the colored patients, however, bitterly complained of the taste of Earl's concoctions.

New clothing was issued by courtesy of Bob Martin; a note from him to Quartermaster Bill Young would get anything from a legging lace to a neat English coat with brass buttons. Bill's spare moments were spent in getting "Locomotive" Parkes, a new Private, to give for Bob Martin imitations of a railroad train. Sharing the Quartermaster building with Young was Morgue Master Bauer, which position was the last of his many lines of industry. When it came to autopsies the Morgue Master was usually noted for his absence, and Laboratory Technician Rounsley ably took his place. Dietitian Stoffel combined tasty foods, which were distributed by the deft Art Weinert.

Malcolm Sausser was first assistant to the Adjutant. If a person stood in well with him and with Harold Bonno, Secretary to Major Lockwood, the world smiled—the half-day-a-week pass came regularly. This pass entitled one to trot down to Brest, snatch a meal, see half a movie, and toil homeward. Emory Miles trotted and toiled not, for as driver of the Officers' Touring Car he rode luxuriously the live-long day, and in reward for faithful service he was demoted to Night Furnace Watcher on the eve of departure.

A piano was put in quarters. Bostick, Hammond and Halkett were the ranking musicians, with Art Weinert a dangerous accompanist on the accordion. The bugle solos given by Bill Vogel will never be forgotten by those who heard them. The crowd furnished talent for Y. M. C. A. theatricals in Brest; Martin and Bauer were stars, the former singing and the latter declaiming. On Lincoln's Birthday Bauer was introduced for an oration as being the champion intercollegiate wrestler of Pennsylvania. Bauer said he heard a helpful voice say, "What's that got to do with Lincoln?" The basketball team was a terror; opponents might use commissioned officers if they chose, but Ed Lukens impartially knocked them down and shot his baskets in spite of Bill Vogel's earnest endeavors to score for the other side.

Orders for joining the Base at Nantes came in mid-March, when the two thousand five hundred mark of patients admitted had

IN THE WORLD WAR

been passed. Inventories and other trials were survived and departure came on the noon of March 16th. Major Lockwood, who, with the other Officers, remained in Brest, gave a farewell talk which brought him very close to the men. The Detachment was led in the march to the station by Lieut. Jones. In the orders Nick Zinni, because of drawing highest pay among the men, was named in charge of the outfit, but as he was not allowed to see the orders he never had the responsibility. The train was of mixed cars. A struggle for first-class coaches ensued, and afterward came a struggle to stay in them because another outfit wanted to climb aboard. One car had a veranda which caused much envy.

The night was spent in riding and shifting. Next morning the train puffed into Nantes. Trucks from the Hospital picked the boys up, and they found themselves at last entering the grounds of a reunited Base Hospital Thirty-four.

COETQUIDAN

UPON the arrival of Base Hospital No. 34 at Blois, December 30, 1917, an emergency call came for medical men from Camp de Coetquidan, where an epidemic of spinal meningitis had broken out. Thirty men were chosen for the Rennes assignment.

Upon arriving at Rennes the city was found to be quite asleep, with little chance of obtaining suitable accommodations for a comfortable night. Owing to the diversity of opinion among members of the troop no hotel of sufficient respectability could be settled upon to stow away such exacting "Buck Privates." The long hours of the night were passed on the hard, dirty floors of a dilapidated station.

The following morning, when the question of breakfast came to the fore, the matter of francs became the center of interest. After much time had been wasted, it was discovered that a goodly number of the thirty, by their utmost maneuvering, could borrow no more than a franc apiece. And some of the more unfortunate members of the troop were left to spend a most forlorn and hungry day at the station.

After spending a day in Rennes the men of the detachment left on the single day train from Rennes, bound for the most important Artillery Camp of the A. E. F. It was a diminutive train, whose safe arrival at its destination was due to the passengers alighting and pushing it forward.

To their infinite surprise, upon alighting from the train the men discovered that "Buck Privates" were not always expected to either wear or carry packs. The men saw their packs carried in front of them on an artillery truck.

Upon arriving at the Camp Hospital, it was discovered that a kindly Adjutant had foregone his early hours of slumber to insure them a hearty welcome and a "God-be-with-you." When summoned into the presence of this august personage, everyone was compelled to lay bare the secrets of their early lives. Much to his satisfaction, it was discovered that among the men of the Detachment were to be found gentlemen of genius. No one was spared. The high and the low were equally condemned to Ward, Mess Hall and Coal Pile. Those who found themselves compelled to work out the long hours of the day in the shadow of a coal pile discovered

IN THE WORLD WAR

that an unheard-of shortage of coal was prevalent in the camp and that the Commanding Officer looked upon his tiny heap of coal as though it were a Treasure Island. Through either luck or fortune, those men condemned to the coal pile escaped both death and court martial. Those possessing both bearing and manner were put to work for chow next A. M., where was learned the gentle art of mopping. The first call carried fifteen men to Nantes. The second summons brought the remainder back. It was at Coetquidan Jos. Covert, remembered well by all because of the simple pleasures which were shared in common, died as the result of contracting pneumonia.

The remainder of the Detachment intact, strong and healthy after a life wholesome and invigorating, spent mostly outdoors, set about their new work with an unmistakable vim and vigor.

A REUNITED PERSONNEL

IN the latter part of March, the wandering sheep of B. H. "34" began to return to the fold. The Coetquidan flock lived for nearly three months well apart from any city or town of any size, in the heart of the most primitive part of Brittany.

Although they were not far from Blois, Nantes or Brest, as one considers distance in America, yet the French method of railway travel and the uncertain mails made them feel very far away indeed from the other men of Base Hospital "34." Again, little definite information had been received from those who had stayed behind, and the rumors had been very numerous, as usual. Consequently, the men were curious, even a little anxious, as they stepped off the train in Nantes at the Gare de Orleans, to know just where they were going and what they were going to do.

They were standing on the platform, surrounded by their faithful packs (the barracks bags had been lost en route), debating where to spend the night. They spied the familiar form of their erstwhile "topper," emerging from the darkness at the far end of the station, his rotund figure silhouetted against the light from the gas lamps. After a brief, but impressive exchange of greetings they were hustled into a truck and brought out to the Hospital.

These men had lived in the country for such a great length of time that the long and winding streets, large squares, and imposing buildings of the city impressed them greatly on this, their first tour of Nantes.

The next morning was bright and sunny and the large seminary building looked very imposing and dignified as it was approached through the grove of maple trees.

Some, enthralled by the glamour of being so near a big city, escaped soon after breakfast to see the sights, returning in time for lunch, they were "caught," and put on detail, carrying iron beds from the cellar to the fifth floor—and so work began.

The next day the boys from Brest were welcomed back, and about two weeks later the men who had been left behind at Camp Coetquidan arrived in Nantes.

The men were all back now with the exception of the five who went to Paris, although many of the nurses and officers were still away.



WATER COLOR SKETCHES GIVING SOME OF DORIOT'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

BASE HOSPITAL 34

A great deal of construction work had been accomplished by the men of the Unit who had gone directly to Nantes from Blois. The new men were all impressed by the immensity of the job that had been undertaken by this handful of veterans. They were so bewildered, in fact, by all they saw that they almost "fell" for the story that was told them that when the Unit first arrived the great building was without a roof and that the men themselves were forced to construct the towering slate affair, which gave the building such dignity.

The new men found plenty to be done when they arrived. Carpentering, painting, plumbing, wiring for electric lighting and road building helped to pass the time between the hours of seven A. M. and five P. M. from Monday to Saturday each day for a long period.

Then came the first patients and the thrill and excitement of receiving them. Some of the personnel were chosen to go into the wards as "orderlies." After that the excitement of receiving each new convoy of patients was intensified by the fear of being included in the ever-growing list of the above-mentioned unfortunates.

As the number of patients increased, so did the number of orderlies and the amount of work. Finally, every ward was open and filled with the sick and wounded. Most of the men of the Unit were now in wards and those among them who were not, were in suspense no longer, for they knew their jobs were safe—as safe as anyone's ever is in the Army.

The increase in work had been gradual. Things were in smooth running order and everybody had a wonderful capacity for real labor when it was most needed.

Even with all the work, the enlisted personnel managed to have a little fun, and one of the best baseball teams in the A. E. F. was organized early in the spring and played an interesting schedule on Sunday afternoons throughout the summer, before great crowds of French people and American soldiers.

The men from Paris arrived in the latter part of June, in time for the great convoys of the very seriously wounded, which began pouring into the Hospital from the front during those mid-summer months in the year 1918, a period which no one will ever forget. About the same time the Hospital personnel was augmented by forty-five casuals from Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, who worked very hard during all those strenuous days.

With the exception of the men who had been chosen to go on the Teams to the front, the Unit was now all together.

IN THE WORLD WAR

It was a big and busy family and everyone did his full share of the work on hand. The boys have often been congratulated on what they did in those months when the American Army was doing such valiant work at the front. It seemed only the natural thing to do then, but looking back on it now, they can feel that at least a small part of those congratulations were justified.

And we all remember who it was who would shift his weight to one foot and tell the detachment, "Them's the orders!" You tell 'em, "Jim"!

Ever notice Charlton stop painting, and in answer to your remark say, "Comme?"

Can't you still hear the "biggest boy" in the outfit saying "tut ut oud"? Why not try "Droops"?

THE FORTY CASUALS

THE Company from which the "Famous Forty" came was formed at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, in May, 1918. Camp Greenleaf is located in Chickamagua Park, about eleven miles from Chattanooga, Tenn. This city is undoubtedly a very historic and interesting one for visitors, but for the recruit during the first few days of army life it has absolutely no charms. Detention Camp No. 12 was the first place to which the men were assigned. In this Camp the daily routine consisted of doing "fours right" and "fours left" for seven hours a day, with the temperature hovering around 105 degrees in the shade. The monotony of drilling was sometimes broken by gas mask drill, inspections and lectures on army regulations and discipline.

Soon a transfer came to Casual Company No. 6, and with it the oversea equipment. Strict orders held the men in Camp and always in readiness to leave for the unknown embarkation point. On May 31st, after several false maneuvers, a real hike ended with the men boarding a train and leaving for a northern camp.

The trip was a very enjoyable one. At several stops the Red Cross workers came aboard, distributing refreshments. The afternoon of June 2nd found the men at Camp Mills, Long Island, tired, but nevertheless pleased at the prospect of going over.

June 6th was the last day spent in Camp Mills. That morning strict orders were given forbidding any man to leave the Company street; at noon the last barrack bag had been packed and sent to the station, and nothing more remained to do but to roll packs. This was soon done, but orders to move did not come until midnight. The all-important roll called, detachment marched to the train. The last American stopping place was the Cunard Line Pier, New York City, which was reached about 6.30 A. M. It seemed as though the stomachs of the men were due for a long period of rest, and had it not been for the good offices of the Red Cross such would have been the case. This wonderful organization had workers on hand equipped with pleasant smiles and an abundance of hot coffee and rolls.

By eleven o'clock everyone had crossed the gangplank of the "Aquatania" and were soon enjoying their first English meal. Loud and piercing bugle calls were the next thing on the program. These very much startled the men throughout their entire trip. In this case investigation showed that the call was for fire drill.

IN THE WORLD WAR

Everyone took much interest in this part of the program, realizing to the fullest extent the important part it might play in the near future. Life belts were worn from this time on by all. On the sixth day out five destroyers escorted the big liner through the danger zone. About the eighth day out, at twilight, it was possible to see a very faint stretch of land in the distance, while near at hand an escort of two hydroplanes and a torpedo boat made an interesting sight. June 15th saw the "Aquatania" sailing up the Mersey River, and at 8.30 on the same day the ship docked at Liverpool.

Throughout the whole voyage the weather was clear and the sea smooth. As a result, there was practically no sea sickness on board. A zig zag course was followed in order to deceive submarines, and it worked successfully, for not one was sighted.

Two days later the troops left Southampton and crossed the English Channel. Their ship this time was the "Mona's Queen." A description of this famous piece of antiquity may be found in another part of this book. Suffice it to say that the same unsatisfactory conditions existed at this time as when the original Corps men of the Unit crossed the Channel six months previous. The next two days were spent in the British Rest Camp at Le Havre. At the Replacement Camp at Blois the Company was divided into groups of different sizes, one group was ordered to the front, another to Paris, and so on. The "famous forty" finally arrived at Nantes early one evening, and there they performed the remainder of their service in France. Although they did not form a part of the original Unit, they were associated with it so long and mixed in with the others so well that they were in the end really considered as "34's" own men.

THE MEDICAL CORPS OF "34," BY HIRSHFIELD

I'm a soldier—and I just got back.
I lost my clothes, and I lost my pack.
Oh, how they did shoot me—
Yet I am full of glee.
I'm feeling mighty well—
Just listen while I tell—

CHORUS (*All sway with music*)

Medical Corps of 34—
That's the place I want to be.
It's hard to find a finer place—
Than this, across the sea.
I've written to my uncle and to my aunt,
I'm stopping here in a place called Nantes.
Medical Corps of 34—
That's the place I want to,
Want to, want to, want to,
That's the place I want to be.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

ADJUTANT'S OFFICE



YES, Sir, this is the Adjutant's Office. No, Sir, the Adjutant does not usually come in before nine o'clock, Sir. I know it is not a bank, Sir, but he is the Adjutant. Could I assist you, Sir? No, Sir, I know nothing at all about the orchestra for the patient officers' dance."

"You are right, and remarkably observant—Captain Bromer is not here. He promised you some bread tickets last Tuesday, you say? I am sure you shall have bread tickets then. It is only a matter of time. No, indeed, the Captain never breaks a promise—he usually forgets them. What Ward? 429? Surely, I'll come directly, just—damn that telephone—excuse me."

"Sergeant Turner, Adjutant's Office, Base Hospital No. 34." (That is not a Post Office address, just the required "regulation" in telephone responses.) "Yes, Sir, Captain; the Courier left here about an hour ago with all the data. No, Sir, Captain Bromer has not arrived. No, Sir, I do not think he is sick. Yes, Sir, about 9.30 usually. Phew! That damn telephone—Great Heavens, excuse me, Chaplain. Forgot you were here, you know."

"Bonjour, Monsieur." "She accosts me. Somebody quick. Who speaks the language? I think she is going to explode. Oui, Madame. There, there, retain yourself." Nothing much the matter, except from what could be understood the Hospital has ruined her well, poisoned her husband and six children, and she asks that we send over a doctor and plumber, or two plumbers and some peppermint—one of our doctors was over once before.

Above—Left to right: Tower, Smith, Croll, Wales, Maj. Bromer, Harding, Turner, Pomeroy

IN THE WORLD WAR

“ATTENTION!” (Morning calisthenics for the Office Force.) “AT REST”—and we are easy for the rest of the day. “No, Sir, Captain, nothing much, except a patient officer and a second lieutenant were in to arrange about an orchestra for their dance; a nurse wanted to see you about some bread tickets; a Captain wanted you to call him on the telephone; Sergeant Campbell was in, too, saying his wife has not received her June, 1914, allotment; and, oh, yes, there was a Frenchwoman worrying about a well and her family that wasn’t well. Yes, Sir, same woman and same well, I think.”

It is jolly enough now, but before:

Sunday, September 9, 1917, a little corner of a barracks at Allentown, two chairs, a typewriter, field desk, two packing boxes, a Morning Report and a Captain with a wrinkled brow comprised the Adjutant’s Office. Perhaps concern furrowed this expanse of forehead; perhaps it was the smoke of his cigarette which idly curled up seeking his eyes. This was Executive Headquarters; not elaborate, but marking a beginning.

The morrow saw barrels, boxes and cases rended asunder, disclosing, amongst all, literature enough to organize and firmly establish at least three armies. G. O.’s came into evidence, littering everything in sight, and in their wake sprung to life a million useless reports. It was a small department then, and new, too. So recent, even the officers had not discovered it as a source of information. And cold. No one infringed upon its hospitality. All shunned it.

Routine rushed into prominence and a bit of system crept in with it. Then came an order—we had to evacuate to another barracks. The change quite eclipsed our semblance of order, and some time elapsed before we regained our status. We shivered as the months crept along and frigidity became more intense. Relief appeared in the shape of an oil-heater, which vainly endeavored to rout the frost and the immediate occupants with its ill-smelling efforts.

Rumor had anticipated the arrival of a “Top Sergeant.” Soon a big, all-around man—in dimensions—had deposited himself ponderously in our midst. His modest candor caused him to admit his part in completing the organization of the U. S. Army Medical Department. He knew General Orders, and recited “Robert Service,” owned eight blankets and six pairs of russet shoes. It must be admitted he could cast a shadow and he did make an impression—on most things upon which he sat.

At this time steam heat was in process, installation having been completed two days before. As conditions became bearable—

we moved. Records were crammed into boxes and Field Desks slammed shut. Every item was complete, to the extremity of the shoulder-bag Corporal Turner carried in lieu of a pack. Midnight and a heavy storm saw us creep like bandits out into the open, laden with packs, with the two possible exceptions of the "Top" and Corporal Turner. The latter, while not adequately ample, was doing consistent duty as shadow to the "Top." Not for a second did the Adjutant's Office lose distinction, the packless "Top" and his packless satellite with occasional curses kept it well known.

At noon the following day we were received at Camp Mills by another storm and a committee of puddles. Packs were "slung;" packs were "unslung;" then "reslung," "unslung" and damned. A small pool of fresh rainwater was assigned to each man, where he remained until nightfall, when tents were issued.

A canvas in fair condition served both as a boudoir to the "Top" and his chosen disciples and Adjutant's Headquarters. A small bale of straw partially absorbed the mud, and the faithful Field Desk and typewriter did their best to lend an official appearance to the interior. A conical stove attempted to add comfort, but was thwarted by a ventilating system accidentally installed by a flying ember. Nevertheless, everybody worked but the "Top"—he swore—and routine came into prominence in spite of the cold. Three weeks of this misery, terminated with the steamer-list, drawn into shape on the typewriter one midnight.

We were on the move again. The Underwood was cached in its box; the Field Desk, bursting over with carbons, was closed, after a struggle. A tempest raged outside; the officers swore softly inside—and outside, too, when their tents gave way to the fury of the storm. A chain gave way and Headquarters crashed to earth. The mobile paraphernalia was dragged from the debris to await transportation, while the Force crept to shelter wherever it could be found.

The command, "Fall In," brought everyone to life. Roll-call accounted for all, coffee and sandwiches cheered us, and we floundered through the snow toward the station. Seven or eight more inspections by Embarkation Officers, and we were to sail for the theatre of action—so we thought then.

About noon the following day, the "Leviathan" extended her commodious accommodations to a thoroughly tired outfit. Morning found her nose pointed seaward, and about this time the Adjutant's Department again came to life. The palatial stateroom allotted the Adjutant himself sufficed well as an office. The ceaseless rocking of the boat so annoyed faithful Corporal Turner that he consigned himself to his bunk for the trip. The brunt of the work

IN THE WORLD WAR

fell on the drooping shoulders of the "Top," exacting a good fifteen to twenty minutes of his time each day. So passed the voyage—eight days of rest.

On the morning of December 24th, 1917, the "Leviathan" yawned open her ports to pour forth her cargo of humanity on Liverpool's massive docks. A few whistles tooted salutation, while a dripping rain made sodden our ebbled spirits. No time was lost. Packs were slung and the command with their barrack bags was hustling aboard a waiting train. Late evening found us in the British Rest Camp at Southampton. Two hours of plodding had brought us from the railroad station. Bread, jam, and tea were stuffed into our hungry stomachs. Extra blankets were issued, and we were assigned to tents. A hard, damp floor did duty as a mattress and was "cordially" accepted by all. Stockings were not suspended near the chimney this Christmas Eve to attend the visit of Santa. There was no chimney, and no one displayed such inconsideration for feet as to remove his socks.

Merry Christmas! A cold morning, but the sun shone brightly, banishing any regrets we might have had. Again the Adjutant's Force hove into prominence. A guard roster was prepared, and every two hours a change of guard walked their posts "in military manner," fully armed with regulation axes. All day and all night they paced. No one was slighted.

At last we were to cross the channel, but on the celebrated "Mona's Queen." It was a brand new boat—some fifty years ago. Creaking and shuddering, we left port, and creaking and shuddering we crossed to France. Even a heartless Boche submarine would not stoop so low as to puncture so worthy an antique.

Le Havre laid bare another extensive hike, before Rest Camp No. 2 was sighted. English Rest Camps are great for appetites, but not for appeasing them. Again we received an additional issue of blankets, the usual tea, bread and sardines. Again we slept in heavy marching order, twisting and squirming to dodge the draughts that stole in wherever chance afforded. Thus we "rested" until the following day, on which, the weather being sufficiently stormy, we moved. An entire train was allotted to us, and majestically we puffed from out the Gare, bidding a screeching "au revoir" to Le Havre.

Two nights and one day we rode, or lay side-tracked waiting to ride, until one night at 11 P. M. we were unceremoniously routed from our "chin on chest" quarters, and ordered to "Fall In" or out. Though we did not know it, and few cared, we had arrived at Blois. We were guided through the City, and passed a famous Chateau en route to the French barracks.

At Blois we settled, some of us for over a week. The Adjutant again supplied his chamber for Headquarters, where we toiled late into the night on payrolls and reports, while officers, nurses and men visited Chateaux like Cook Tourists. Then came division. Orders from Headquarters of the A. E. F. tore the outfit to bits, scattering detachments of five, twenty, and forty to all directions. Even the Commanding Officer had forsaken us, having advanced his abode to what was to be the permanent location. The Adjutant only remained; a Shepherd of an empty fold.

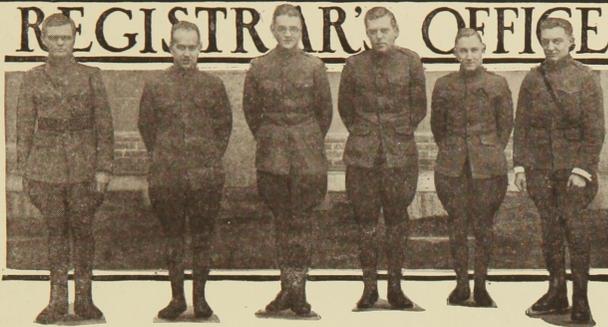
January 17, 1918, Headquarters moved to Nantes. A thorough search of the premises was made, disclosing a large, gloomy room, where the sun never entered, and heat was an unknown quantity. An hour of work was alternated with fifteen minutes' "slap and straddle." With this established deviation, the blood of the Adjutant's Office personnel was kept stirring.

It was in this room the organization announced its systematic birth. Great problems were met and solved. The files, Major Alexander's tennis trousers, and Captain Petrie, of the American Red Cross (advocater of the one-hour working day), here came into prominence. Soon Summer came—and the sun's rays came into evidence five or ten minutes each day. It became almost comfortable, but someone discovered the change, and the Adjutant's Office moved.

In our new location, the copious expanse of room was quite condensed, and directly over two entirely capable boilers, doing their part well in making steam and keeping us uncomfortably warm. Ventilation was impossible. Even the Chaplain, who shared the office with us, nearly became emphatic. Windows were opened, but the gale that rushed in blew top drawers from desks, to say nothing of littering the immediate vicinity with army correspondence of the past six months. Advantages, though, must be admitted. The space afforded to make it an Officers' Club was not adequate, and it would be permanent—no one else could endure it.

With the arrival of E. H. 36, another turn in the road reached us. Soon property was signed over, the map on which Captain Bromer illustrated in his lectures his position in Germany at the outbreak of the War was taken down, the personnel was relieved by replacements, and the Adjutant's Office of B. H. 34 had ceased to function. For sixteen months the Commander, speaking through us, had administered sagely. To him and to the Adjutant we make our bow and depart.

IN THE WORLD WAR



THE original Registrar of Base Hospital No. 34 was Malcolm G. Douglas, 1st Lt., San. Corps., who also acted in the capacity of Mess Officer. Upon the completion of necessary alterations and additions to the Hospital buildings at Nantes, and with the rapid approach of the day when the first convoy of patients would be received, it became apparent that Lt. Douglas should be relieved of his dual responsibility and an officer designated to assume the duties of Registrar, build up an office-organization and be prepared to commence work at a moment's notice. John P. Jones, 1st Lieut, M. C., was selected for the post and entered upon his new duties in the early Spring of 1918.

The enlisted personnel of the office originally consisted of Pvts. C. K. Fuessle and Malcolm G. Sausser. Quarters were soon found in a small room across the corridor from the old Adjutant's Office. An inventory of the office equipment during those early days would have been an easy matter, for it consisted precisely of:

- 1 Flat-top desk.
- 2 Underwood typewriters.
- 2 Typewriter tables.
- 1 Steel Filing Cabinet.

The lack of office furniture was at first severely felt, but was soon relieved through a terrific burst of energy on the part of C. K. Fuessle, of Pasadena, who produced for his fellow-sufferers several tables, two desks, numerous chairs and a very useful supply cabinet.

A few days after the "grand opening" our beloved Adjutant flooded the office with sweetness and light by presenting us with the services of a lovely Civilian Employee. May Allah the Compassionate have mercy upon him in his old age. The force was

Above, Left to Right—Major Jones, Young, Tanner, Sausser, Martin and Fuessle

further increased by the addition of Bob Martin (who specialized in Music and Select Recitations from Dorland's Medical Dictionary) and Bill Young (who spent a great deal of his time devising ingenious methods to prevent his hair from growing too fast).

These two little Kewpies arrived just in time to lend their aid towards the solving of a puzzle invented by that ever-popular genius, Mr. Winter.

1st: Get a big convoy of Sick and Wounded.

2nd: Admit them to Wards without writing up any Clinical Briefs.

3rd: Let the Registrar's office do the rest.

After the effects of this nightmare had worn off, Lieut. Jones soon had a system in operation which made his office the equal of any of its kind in the A. E. F. The work soon increased to such an extent that the staff was expanded by the addition of Harold Bonno, at one time connected with the Pontanezen Barracks Hospital at Brest in a semi-executive capacity. Mr. Bonno came to us with an excellent reputation, but it soon became apparent that he had a decided aversion to performing any work before 12 o'clock noon. Harold was therefore banished to the "A" Barracks and was succeeded by John Tanner, a gentleman who was greatly interested in architecture, Nominal Check Lists, mustard-colored spirals, late hours and *cherchez-le-femme*.

By this time the little old room had become crowded to suffocation. Capt. Jones kicked for more space, the Colonel felt the kick and a Ward on the right-centre of the first floor was cleared of patients and all hands moved in. Soon after moving-day a new face made its appearance among us. I. Crist, of Williamsport, Pa., arrived and finished the campaign without a wound.

The Registrar and his office staff were often accused of being a set of loafers, so let us see just what was accomplished in the office in addition to Martin's imitations of a nightingale and Miss Frank's exquisite impersonation of Pollyanna.

The Registrar's office was held responsible for:

1. The preparation and filing of patients' records.
2. Furnishing patients with wearing apparel of every description as required by regulation.
3. The custody of any funds or articles of value which were deposited by patients for safe-keeping.
4. The proper disposal of the personal effects of deceased patients.
5. The discharge of all patients from Hospital in accordance with the findings of the S. C. D. Board.

IN THE WORLD WAR

In his capacity as C. O. of Detachment of Patients the Registrar was required to:

1. Prepare and present to the Summary Court officer court martial charges against any patient who had been detected violating any of the Articles of War.
2. Inspect all patients about to be discharged and see that they were properly clothed and rationed and were in a satisfactory physical condition to travel.
3. Take charge of the Hospital Guard and see that Hospital buildings and supplies were afforded protection.
4. Regulate the absence of patients from the Hospital grounds by means of an efficient pass system.
5. Maintain supervision over the Receiving Ward and its personnel.

In addition he took his regular tour of duty as Officer of the Day.

It can be easily seen that all of these duties entailed the preparation of a beautiful collection of Medical Department Forms. Properly signed, sealed and stamped, bound in morocco, illustrated in colors and tied with the brightest of red tape they flowed from that office in a perfect Niagara.

It was no unusual occurrence for a full day's work to be performed on Sundays or holidays, and in this connection we might remark that Miss Franks simply adored toil on the Sabbath. We have a distinct recollection of seeing her with tears streaming down her face begging the Registrar on her bended knees for permission to work every Sunday from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. without stopping for lunch. The hard-hearted wretch refused.

A very interesting sidelight on the routine of the office was afforded by the perfect harmony and co-operation which existed (when they were asleep) between Miss Franks and her affinity, Miss Sutherland.

We firmly believe that none of the accusations made against us were justified. Surely the Registrar's temper was sorely tried by that parrot-cry hurled at him a thousand times a day by all ranks from Colonels to Stevedores, "When will I be discharged?"

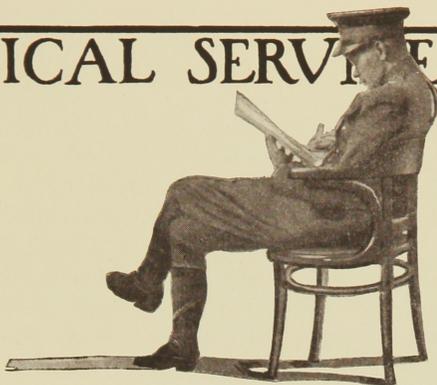
He was the very soul of courtesy in his relations with Ward Surgeons. Neither himself nor any of his office staff showed the slightest trace of malicious glee when there would come to light a peculiar diagnosis; a child born of the vivid imagination of a Ward Surgeon. He took no pleasure in writing certain comments on a slip of paper, pinning it to the offending brief and sending it back to the Maker of Inexcusable Errors with the celebrated remark, "That will fix him."

He remained perfectly calm even though his office became a sort of dumping-ground for bewildered individuals seeking information on a great variety of subjects. We can even remember divers French ladies, age 18 to 25, who presented themselves to our astonished gaze and inquired (through the medium of the faithful Tanner) for the present whereabouts of certain patients who had loved them not wisely but too well. While we are on this subject of human pests we would be curious to know the exact number of times the Registrar's Office performed the "Let George Do It" stunt. We believe the Adjutant knows.

But, gentle reader, let us ascend from the ridiculous to the sublime and remember that approximately 10,000 patients were admitted to B. H. 34. Every admission spelt work for the Registrar's Office. Balance the mistakes against the successes and we win every time.

Even after taps when the lights had been put out you could hear that voice in the barracks say, "I'll take that up with the Colonel"—"Mike" must have picked that up from the Captain.

THE SURGICAL SERVICE



IN comparison to the many tremendous tasks that have been accomplished during this greatest of wars, the work of one department in one Base Hospital is but a small item, still it represents our efforts, our "bit" for over a year. Therefore a few words are allowable, and we hope they will be of interest to our friends.

We present the following pages as describing the work of the Surgical Department of Base "34." We think we are justified in taking pride in this work, as our Staff, organized to look after 500 cases, at one time took care of 1600. As a matter of fact, just after the famous Chateau-Thierry drive 800 new cases were admitted within 72 hours.

Our ability to expand to this extent was made possible only by the finest kind of team work on the part of all concerned. Too much credit cannot be given to the nurses, some of whom always did more than their duty; the corps men are to be praised for new and difficult work cheerfully and well done regardless of hours. Two new Supplementary Departments must be remembered, the X-Ray and Laboratory. Without them surgery is impossible and due praise should be given to them for the accuracy and rapidity of their work, which was of inestimable aid.

HISTORY

IMMEDIATELY the word "Surgical" is heard, there flashes before our mind either the thought of operations or a picture of white gowned, capped and masked surgeons and attendants gathered about an operating table. But surgical service in the A. E. F. was more than this. It pertained to everything that

Above—Major Alexander Studying either his Charts or *La Vie Parisienne*

could possibly be done for surgical patients, not only relating to surgery, but to every activity that has aided in treating and caring for them.

The surgical service at "34" began to function when the first wounded arrived in April, 1918, and eventually embraced practically every department. Everyone connected with the Hospital contributed in some way to restoring to health those of our men who "did their bit" in the World War.

The Chief of Surgical Service was in charge, and under him were the officers placed in charge of the various wards and departments for the work in which they had been specially qualified. Each of these officers had in turn his assistant to help him in his work. The whole organization worked together as a unit. Cooperation on the part of each individual was absolutely necessary to perform the best of service to the soldiers who were admitted for treatment.

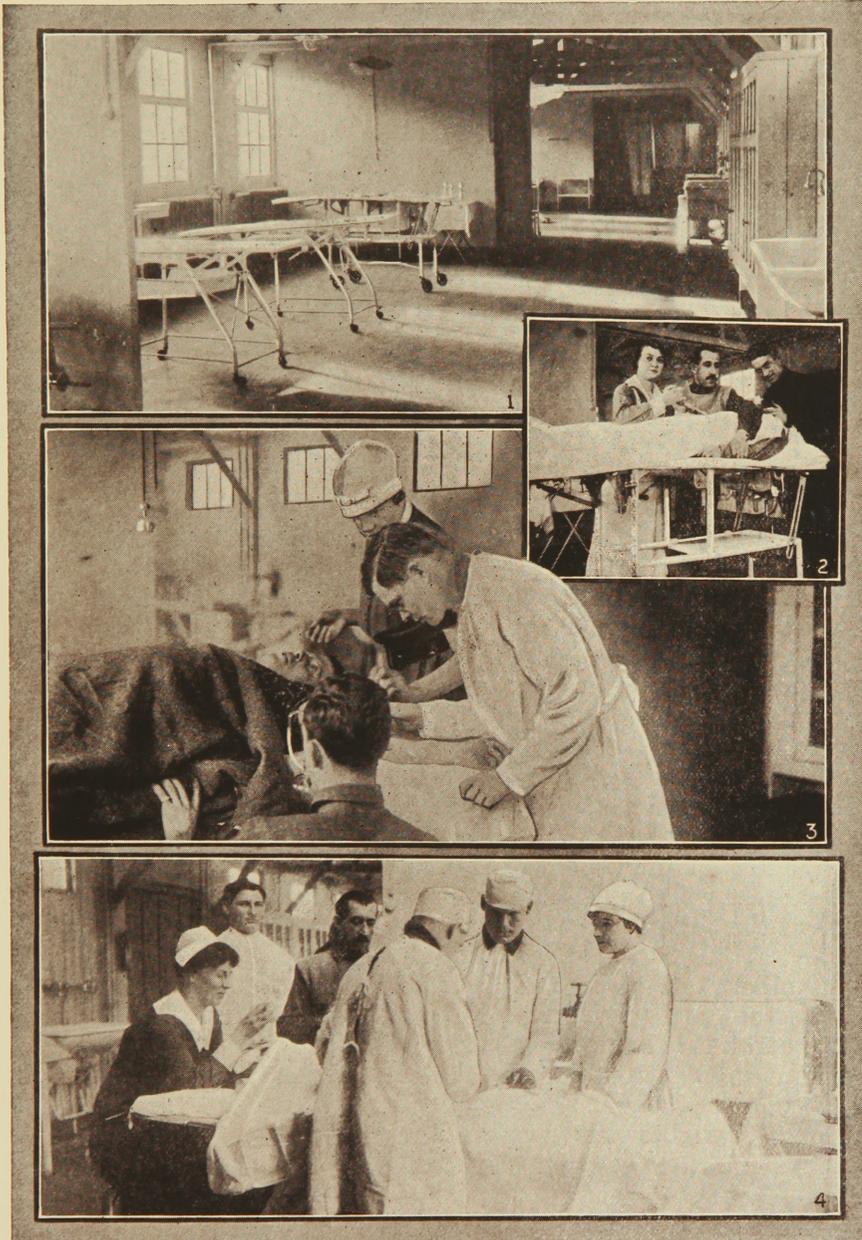
The Chiefs of Service at Base Hospital "34" were Capt. Boykin, from April 1st to June 1st, 1918; Major Alexander, from June 1st to November 1st, 1918, and Major Marxmiller, November 1st, 1918, to the relief of B. H. 34 by E. H. 36.

B. H. No. 34 was represented at the front by several Surgical Teams. The commissioned personnel of these Teams included Lieut. Col. Ashhurst, Major Lockwood, Major Alexander, Capt. Boykin, Lt. Frank, Lt. Kerschner and Lt. Durham.

The office of the Chief of Service was on the first floor of the main building just beneath the tower in a most central place outside the Adjutant's and C. O.'s office. It was also near the Operating and X-Ray Rooms and Laboratory and had quick access to all Surgical Wards. It contained a library composed of the latest French, British and American medical and surgical magazines and books for the use of members of the Surgical Staff. This office was used as a kind of Bureau of Information as to the condition of patients in the Hospital by the Chaplain, Red Cross workers and others. On the walls were maps showing the location of every bed in the Hospital by number. Complete data of every operation was carded and also data on autopsies and many kinds of special cases.

Each morning upon the Chief's arrival he found a report upon his desk from the Chief Nurse's Office compiled by the head Night Nurse, Miss Hay. This report showed at a glance the temperature, pulse and respiration taken during the previous day and night, of all cases above normal, each Ward being grouped separately. The bed number, name, a brief diagnosis, type of infection, date of operation, if any, at B. H. No. 34, and how the patient had rested during the night and his general condition. It was all very

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. The Operating Room. 2. Preparing Patient. 3. Blood Transfusion. 4. An Operation.

complete and concise so that the condition of the patients in the Hospital might be judged at a glance. There was also placed upon his desk reports from the X-Ray Department and Laboratory. After examining reports the Chief spent his mornings, until noon, going through each of the Surgical Wards of the Main Building and Barracks having a consultation with the Ward Surgeon and the Head Nurse, offering suggestions and getting information regarding the condition, progress and comfort of the patients. The afternoons and evenings were spent in the Operating Room.

During the period that he was Chief of the Surgical Service, Major Alexander displayed the most intense interest in all the cases that came to his attention.

OPERATING ROOM

SURGERY in general dates from the introduction of anaesthetics. Before that time every movement of the surgeon's knife severed the patient's soul as well as his body. The operating room was then a torture chamber, and the many long, careful and deliberate operations that have been performed by Major Alexander, Major Marxmiller, Capt. Boykin and their assistants would have been impossible in those days. A famous military surgeon has said: "There is something to be said for the great war, after all. A century of peace-time practice could hardly have told us what we know, and our new knowledge may in the end enable us to save more lives than the war has cost us."

The Operating Room of Base Hospital No. 34, entirely built by the men of the Unit, was so situated that it was in direct communication with the X-Ray Room and the Main Hospital Building. It was considered one of the best operating rooms of its kind in the A. E. F. It was divided into five rooms communicating with each other; one room being partitioned off for the operating of clean cases, one for infected cases, a G. U. room, a dental laboratory, and a sterilizing room. It was well heated by steam from a central heating plant in the Main Hospital Building, which plant also supplied steam for the sterilizer, and light was received through skylights and from gas and electricity.

The Sterilizing Room was in the center of the barracks, where all Operating Room dressings, instruments and other necessary sterilization was done by steam under pressure. Extreme precaution was taken to make sterile everything used. The sterilizer was of the very latest type.

IN THE WORLD WAR

On either side of the sterilization room were the rooms for operating clean and infected cases; the clean cases, such as appendicitis, hernia, etc., being operated upon separately from the infected wounds. Next to the Infected Case Room was the G. U. room, which was illuminated only by a dark blue incandescent light, and here all cystoscopy and G. U. operations were done. Eye, ear, nose and throat operations were also performed in this room on account of its illumination. The Dental Laboratory was the last room in the barracks. Here all plates were made for the fractured jaw cases.

In each compartment of the Operating Room there was a porcelain sink about three feet in length, with modern sprinkler and hydrant, regulated by two foot pedals, one for the hot and one for the cold water, flanked by soap dishes of the hollow-ground glass type. There were five operating tables, so that five surgeons could work with convenience. These tables were of the type that would allow the placing of the patient in any position desired, all having marble tops and rubber roller wheels. Along with the operating tables was a Hawley Table, donated to Base Hospital No. 34 by the St. Alvin's Branch of the American Red Cross. This table was made of steel, with rubber roller wheels, and was used only for the application of casts. It was so constructed as to allow the patient to be placed in any position, so that complicated casts might be applied, such as fracture of the spine, hip casts, and others that are difficult to apply on an ordinary table.

Instruments were scoured and cleansed after operations in a large galvanized sink with hot and cold running water; then they were boiled and dried, and placed in a large glass instrument cabinet with cotton padding on the shelves so as to avoid rusting or contamination with moisture.

Fire was guarded against with three Pyrene fire extinguishers and eight ten-quart fire buckets filled with water at all times.

All dressings, after being sterilized, were placed on a corner shelf of the operating room, on which were many glass jars containing bandages, Dakin tubing, adenoid sponges and the like, all sterile and ready to be used for operations.

All patients for operation were fully prepared in their respective wards with sterile dressings before they were sent to the operating room. After the patient was placed on the table, the anaesthetic was administered. Ether was the chief anaesthetic, but nitrous oxide and chloroform were used quite frequently. The latter two were administered by the mask method, but in eye, ear, nose and throat operations ether was given by the inter-laryngeal method.

Nitrous oxide, one of the best of anaesthetics, was given by the use of the Gwathmey Machine, and always in cases where an amputation was necessary when a patient was usually septic. Very good success was acquired with nitrous oxide, and it would have been used more frequently, except for the insufficient supply of oxygen.

When an operation was in progress, the members of the operating team,—an anaesthetist, a suturing Nurse, a Nurse to run the sterilizer and several enlisted men,—were on the alert to help the Surgeons in every way possible at a moment's notice. Some were preparing the next patients for operation, and while they were being anaesthetized they usually talked aloud of some of their experiences at the Front. The instruments and other necessities, all of which were absolutely sterile, were properly placed within reach of the Surgeon's hand.

As each operation was finished a record was made of it in the Record Book of the Operating Room, stating name, rank, company, organization, diagnosis, ward number, anaesthetic used, Surgeon's name, his assistants' names, and the nature of the operation. A loose leaf ledger was also kept of operations, which recorded the final results of the case, the length of time in hospital, the condition of the patient, and anything that might happen in connection with the case, such as type of infection present as found by the Laboratory.

Reports from the X-Ray Department showing the location of foreign bodies, fractures, etc., were diligently studied before each operation. The blood reports from the Laboratory, and reports showing the nature of organisms present, found in the Wound Bacteriological Department, were also studied before each operation.

The Chateau-Thierry drive in July and August was a very busy time at B. H. 34. Convoys arrived day after day, and on account of the serious condition of many of the patients who were fresh from the Front, it was necessary to operate day and night. The principal operations at this time were amputations and debridements. A great many had compound comminuted fractures with gas-gangrene present, and immediate amputation of the part involved was necessary. These operations were performed with splendid results. The patients who arrived from the Argonne sector were in somewhat better condition than those from Chateau-Thierry. A great many transfusions were performed at this time with satisfactory results. Hundreds of foreign bodies were removed from various portions of the human anatomy. On account of the close relationship existing between the Operating

IN THE WORLD WAR

Room and the X-Ray Department, this work was done with ease; under ether a patient could be removed carefully through the tunnel to the Fluoroscopic Room without causing discomfort to him.

Surgery of all kinds was performed in Base Hospital 34's Operating Room. The Chiefs of Service were assisted by all of the Ward Surgeons in the numerous cases. During the rush period assistance was given by Major Percy, Capt. Schroeder, Capt. Owen, Lieut. Lewis and Lieut. Lorney, all of these officers being stationed at the Hospital Center, which was not at that time ready for operations. On August 16th several chest operations were performed by Lieut. Col. Lilienthal and Capt. Duff. The Chiefs of Service in charge of this room were Capt. Boykin, followed by Major Alexander, who was in charge from June 1st to the date of the Armistice, and Major Marxmiller. The results attained by these officers were most gratifying.

In conclusion, much credit for the success of the Operating Room must be given to the Nurses, who labored strenuously at all times, especially during the rush days, when they worked untiringly into the night. The following Nurses assisted in the Operating Room: Misses Holler, Geissinger, Clark, Brooks, Andrews, Kandle, Leader and Echternach. There may be mentioned one of the enlisted personnel who was "on the job" from the very beginning, the ever dependable,—“Pete” Tamoshatis. His services were invaluable.

Looking back over those days, each one who has been connected with this Department is happy in the realization of the fact that doing "his bit" has resulted in the saving of many lives and the helping to restore to health many of our soldiers.

*Like to know how Captain John's dog is being
cared for now.*

SURGICAL WARDS

THE early part of April, 1918, found the wards of B. H. 34 complete and equipped throughout with every modern convenience. They were ready for the first patients, who were quartered in wards of the Main Building, which were sufficient to accommodate them during the first month. The number increased so rapidly during the ensuing drives on the Western Front that all other available space was necessary to house the wounded. There were at times 45 wards, large and small, in use for surgical patients.

Certain wards were used for specified kinds of surgical cases. They were divided as follows:

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Fractures, femur. | 5. Dental cases. |
| 2. Fractures, miscellaneous. | 6. Abdominal. |
| 3. Eye, Ear and Nose. | 7. Chest. |
| 4. Knee Joint. | 8. Head. |

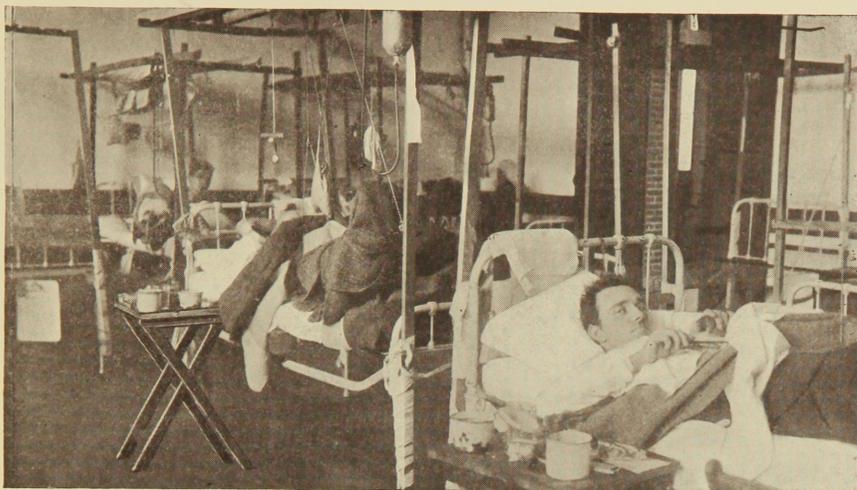
In each ward Surgeons who were especially qualified were placed in charge. The smaller wards adjoining the main ones were used for new operative cases, and those of a most serious nature. There were also wards for convalescent patients, who upon recovery from their wounds were sent before a board composed of surgeons and medical officers, known as the S. C. D. Board (Surgeon's Certificate of Disability). Here they were examined and classified as to their fitness for active duty or for discharge back to the States.

Each of the wards was a unit in itself, and was entirely differ-



Christmas 1918 in the Wards

IN THE WORLD WAR



A Close View of the Apparatus Used in Ward 130

ent from one in a civil hospital. Its personnel worked together as a team, the Ward Surgeon being the leader or commander, with his Staff, composed of a Head Nurse, three or four Assistant Nurses, a Ward Master and four or five other enlisted men as Orderlies. There were usually one hundred patients in the wards of the Main Building, forty in the "A" Wards and fifty in the "C" Wards. Here the battle was planned and then waged against infection, disease, and death itself. The officer in supreme command made a division of work among his staff, each assuming definite responsibility in this campaign.

There were over 9000 patients received at the hospital during its existence, the majority of whom were surgical-litter cases. The number of arrivals varied from a few score to 500, depending upon whether they came on a "mixed" French Hospital Train, or one of the U. S. Army Hospital Trains. Hospital Trains invariably arrived at night and on short notice.

In the wards human nature was seen at its best and worst. Here one would hear many humorous sayings and witness many humorous incidents. Tragedy reigned at times, and then would be seen the dark side of the picture.

When a patient was convalescent enough to help in the great work of reconstruction during the rush period, he would soon realize that a man who could keep his temper amid the trying work of a ward, and always be cheerful, no matter how sordid and monotonous his tasks, deserved as much credit and honor as a soldier in the front lines.

As stated above, each Ward was a Unit within itself; and in the Summer of 1918 on entering one of these Units in an A. E. F.

Hospital wonder arose at the sea of faces that met the gaze. While passing down the main aisle of one of the Wards of B. H. No. 34, one hundred representatives of the U. S. Army were to be seen. There was here a spirit of friendship, of seemingly life-time acquaintanceship which permeated the place. The successful ward was a smooth running machine where everybody was truly conscious of the responsibility resting upon them. Matters of seemingly trivial but of really great importance to the welfare of the patients were constantly arising. Indifference could not be tolerated,—team work was absolutely essential.

A Ward in the Main Building had several divisions, some smaller than others, the smaller ones caring for more serious cases. Each Ward had attached to it the following rooms: 1. Dressing Room, where were kept bandages, pads, etc., which had been made by the thousand in the Red Cross workrooms in the United States. A great number of them were sent to B. H. No. 34 by the Home Unit of Philadelphia. 2. Linen Closet Room, filled with supplies of all kinds for the patients. 3. Office. 4. Diet Room. 5. Soiled Linen Room. 6. Toilet Room.

An idea of the nature of Ward work might be had by a survey of a day's happenings in a Surgical Ward during the Chateau-Thierry drive. Immediately after arriving for duty at 7 A. M. the Wardmaster made out the Morning Report of the number of patients. The setting up of the dressing carriages, which called for the boiling of Dakin tubes and rubber gloves; the sterilization of pans, instruments, pads and compacts, and the putting forth of the various ointments and antiseptics was the work of the "dressing Nurse," aided by an enlisted man. Immediately upon the ar-



Ward 130—Nicknamed "The Shipyard"—Showing Fracture Cases and Apparatus Used in Treatment

IN THE WORLD WAR



Some of the Patients from Ward 130—Convalescing

rival of the Ward Surgeon the walking patients came to the surgical dressing room. After this the bed patients were dressed, the carriage being wheeled to each bedside, and the Nurse was kept busy attending upon the Surgeon. As he dressed each new case, the Ward Surgeon gave a diagnosis or any notes he wished made, to an enlisted man waiting with scratch pad and pencil. Before the Surgeon reached each new case, the bandages were removed by one of the ward men, who, having finished dressing another enlisted man, would be waiting to bandage the case.

Before the Ward Surgeon made his rounds, the ward from one end to the other had been thoroughly cleaned, every bed made up, every bedside table top cleaned and its contents arranged in uniform order. The empty medicine bottles with the required prescriptions soon afterwards were taken to the Pharmacy. All specimens, properly labeled and with slips necessary for the report of examination, were taken to the Laboratory before 8.30 A. M. by the enlisted man assigned to the clerical duties of the Ward. A requisition for necessary supplies was sent to the Medical Supply Department, and in the afternoon of the same day these supplies were procured and placed in the Linen Closet of the Ward. Every day there were numerous cases to be taken to the X-Ray Room, and this kept a detail busy carrying stretchers up and down stairs. It was necessary to refill the Dakin solution bottles at the Laboratory frequently during the day. Thanks to the co-operation of convalescent patients, the enlisted men in charge of policing were able to keep the Ward clean of cigarette butts, tinfoil from chocolate, bits of paper, flakes of tobacco and a hundred and one other odds

and ends. The appearance of the "chow-wagon" at 11.30 put an end to the work of the morning.

Immediately after the noon mess the duties of the Ward were resumed. At 1.30 the Surgeon went to the Operating Room, where he assisted in the operations of the afternoon. A litter detail from the Ward was meanwhile bearing patients to the Operating Room. Before 3 o'clock the Wardmaster had handed in to the Adjutant's Office the Diet Cards and Orders for the mess for the following day.

In the case of a death, the Clinical Record of the deceased was completed and sent to the Registrar's Office with his Identification Tags and personal effects. The body was taken to the morgue and the Ward Master saw that clothing for burial was sent there. The Ward Surgeon made another round at 6.30 P. M.

The Red Cross Workers and the Reconstruction Aides were constantly doing their utmost to put real sunshine into the life of each patient in the Ward.

If notice should come that several hundred litter cases were to arrive direct from the front at midnight, the Day Ward Nurse and the day duty men would be awakened to report at once. The patients were then directed from the Receiving Ward to specific Wards according to the type of case. Upon arrival here they were each assigned to a bed, and their Clinical Records, Brief and Field Medical Cards collected. Each of the wounds received a new dressing from the Surgeon and the dressing team. The Ward men who were not assisting on this team would be helping with the stretcher cases as they came to the Ward, the changing of the clothing, and the placing of the soiled clothing in bags to be sterilized, giving out pajamas, towels and soap and making them-



Lending a Helping Hand

IN THE WORLD WAR

selves generally useful. Coffee and other light food were always given to patients upon their arrival at B. H. No. 34.

Thus one can see that Ward work was made up of just "one thing after another." Were it not for the joy that one received in mingling with men from Maine to California who represented our country on the battlefield, the average Ward worker after two weeks on duty would balk at the monotony and throw up his hands in despair. The study of human nature was at its best in an A. E. F. Hospital Ward, for there the true American spirit was found.

To think that every member of a Base Hospital Unit is assigned to ward duty and thus becomes apt in caring for patients is as absurd as to imagine that every soldier knows how to handle a Springfield rifle. About one-quarter of the personnel of Base 34 was on ward duty at any one time; the remaining number was assigned to the Adjutant's and Registrar's office, the Quartermaster department, the Mess department, or to the Maintenance department. Changes in assignments were of common occurrence. During the nine months of real hospital work numerous "Corps" men entertained constant fear of being ordered to spend from 7.00 A. M. to 7.00 P. M. on an Isolation Ward or on a ward with surgical dressings. The large scale of work and the small number of hospital personnel caused the "34" men on ward duty to act in the capacity of directors of the convalescent patients and the medical casuals on the various jobs. The names of the original members of "34" who performed ward duty for the greater part of the hospital campaign are as follows:

WARDMASTERS

Sgts. P. L. Adams	Pvts. 1st/Cl. Byrom
A. W. Bromer	J. A. Little
Cpls. Bell	Lutz
Felton	Shetter
H. A. Williams	Somers
Pvts. 1st/Cl. Berstler	Starr
Bonno	Stirling

Pvts. 1st/Cl. Austin	WARDMEN
Cline	Pvts. 1st/Cl. Lipsky
A. D. Day	M. G. Lukens
J. F. Day	C. C. McLaughlin
Delaney	E. P. McLaughlin
Fanning	Porterfield
Furbush	Prather
Hartwell	Sanderson
Jennings	Sparks
Kames	Vogel
Klutz	Weinert
A. J. Levy	Pvt. Bond

BASE HOSPITAL 34

1. Morgan and Henderson, of Ward 130.
2. Patients Sunning in the Courtyard.



In the Personnel Barracks and the Mess Hall, conversation was often based upon the unusual operation which "So-and-so" performed, or how Lieutenant ———, or Captain ——— treated the patients in his ward. The Ward Surgeon who was not too strict, who dared to joke now and then, who kept the clinical histories of the patients up-to-date, and who was not always looking for dirt which was missed accidentally was named as "All-Right" by wardmen. The names of the officers who acted in the capacity of Ward Surgeons follow:

1.

Captains John
 Jones
 Long
 Moser

Captains Propst
 Sharpe
 Sprowl
 Wickert

2.

Lieutenants Buzby
 Carpenter
 Eynon
 Oelschlegel

Lieutenants Towsey
 Winters
 Wolf
 Wilson

EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT DEPT.

The history of the work done by the various Departments of the Hospital is incomplete without special mention of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department.

The casual observer, unacquainted with this branch of the work done at Base Hospital "34" would be surprised to learn of the immense number of treatments given and the good work that was accomplished in the unobtrusive little room at the head of the "backstairs" on the second floor of the Main Building, commonly known as "Eye Clinic."

Here through the busy months of the Spring and Summer of 1918 Captain Sprowl, at that time a Lieutenant, labored from morning until night. He took care of all of the work of the Clinic, the ear and nose cases as well as the eye. Miss Alice Dow very ably assisted him. As happens often in the Army, "Relief" came after all the more difficult work had been accomplished and when the need for such able assistance as was sent was not pressing.

Major Fairbairn and Lieuts. Bone and O'Brien arrived from the front in the Autumn and the work was divided between them,

Captain Sprowl taking care of the eye cases only. The Clinic was still, of course, far from idle. There was a great deal of work to be done, and it continued until after Evacuation Hospital No. 36 took over the reins.

Men not only from all the Wards of the Hospital itself, but from among the enormous number of troops working and quartered in Nantes or billeted from time to time in the environs of the city came to the little room on the second floor for treatment.

In the line which daily formed on the landing outside the door of the Clinic were often seen sailors from the ships in port at the time or stu-



Capt. Sprowl Examining a Patient

dent aviators from the school at St. Jean de Monts, forty miles away.

To give the reader an inkling of the work accomplished figures are given below for the number of cases treated in an average month.

In November, 1918, one hundred and eighty-one new ear, nose and throat cases were admitted to the Clinic and over 2,000 treatments of old cases of the same kind were given from day to day throughout this period. During the same month 217 new eye cases received treatment, while the old cases coming back from day to day numbered 581.

In writing of the Clinic, Ward No. 229, which was run in conjunction with it, should be mentioned. In this Ward Captain Sprowl placed the surgical cases, gunshot wounds of the eye, throat, and nose, as they began to pour into the Hospital from the front. The Chateau Thierry Drive and the battles which followed in close succession soon filled the Ward with serious cases. Some very remarkable recoveries were effected.

During the course of the year Captain Sprowl took care of about 180 eye cases alone, in the Ward. Most of them were surgical, wounds received at the front in combat with the enemy. The number of ear, nose and throat cases in the Ward far exceeded the number of eye cases.

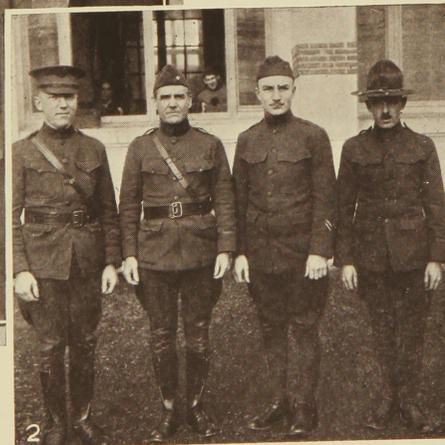
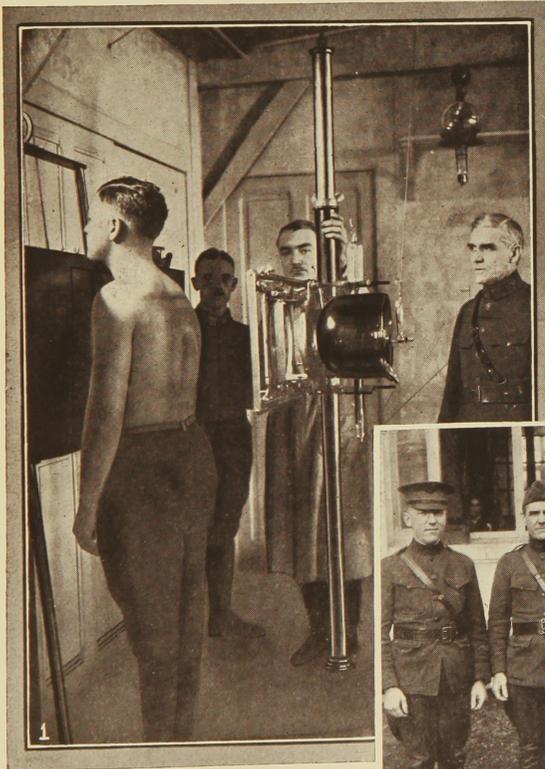
The subject of Ward 229 cannot be dismissed without mentioning the names of several enlisted men of Base Hospital No. 34, who worked there very faithfully and industriously. Those who served in various capacities and at various times were Edward McLaughlin, Charles (alias "Chic") McLaughlin, Bill Vogel, Man-nie Lipsky and John Bell.

The nurses, of course, must not pass unmentioned. However, they changed places so often and there were so many of them it is impossible to find space to name them all here. It should suffice to say that they were all charming, and of course efficient.

X-RAY DEPARTMENT

THE X-Ray Department was one of the most vital importance in the history of the surgical service of B. H. No. 34. Its commanding personnel was composed of the following officers: Capt. Guy H. Swan, M. C.; Capt. Francis H. McCaskey, M. C., and 1st Lt. Karl M. Bonoff, M. C. Capt. Ralph S. Bromer, Adjutant, assisted in this Department occasionally. Each member of the personnel had proved his ability before entering the Army. They had two most capable and efficient assistants in Sgt. Jos. Slepicka and Louis Josselyn.

The laboratory equipment was as complete as possible, particularly the plates, films and records. It is doubtful if there is another X-Ray Laboratory in the A. E. F. that could compare with that of B. H. No. 34. Its record is one of which we can be justly proud.



1. X-Ray Room and Patient.
2. Staff, left to right: Swan,
McCaskey, Slepicka, Josselyn.

HISTORY

THE X-Ray equipment of a Base Hospital should be complete in every detail, because it is here that very important work must be thoroughly and expeditiously carried out. The equipment at Base Hospital No. 34 was excellent. Those who selected it secured a good and simple apparatus, with which very little trouble was experienced as far as breakdowns were concerned, and an abundance of work was turned out by it in a correct manner. This department was situated in a Lucien-Fender barracks adjoining the operating room, which had ample floor space and ventilation, these being the chief essentials.

The Department occupied four rooms, the two largest, which intercommunicated, were used as Radiographic and Fluoroscopic rooms. In the Radiographic Room was an ordinary seven-foot wooden table, a No. 3 Victor Tube Stand and a Kelly-Koett Upright Plate Changer. Coolidge Tubes were used, together with two types of gas tubes. The transformer and overhead switch were also in this room, which enabled a change-over to be made very readily from one set of overhead high tension wires to those in the Fluoroscopic Room.

The Fluoroscopic Room was equipped with both upright and horizontal fluoroscopic apparatus. In this room the generator and control stand was installed, so that when operating in the Radiographic Room the operator was protected by a lead-lined wall containing a small lead glass window, giving a complete view of the radiographic chamber. In the Fluoroscopic Room there was a complete equipment of leaded gloves, aprons, and all kinds of localizing instruments. Here many foreign bodies were removed during the period of hostilities.

Of the two remaining rooms, one was a completely equipped Photographic Darkroom using tank development and all other modern necessary paraphernalia. The other was used as a Plate Library and Office. Here all the plates were read and interpreted. A Victor Stereoscope was used with a large view box. Here also was kept a complete card index system of all records. From May, 1918, until January 1st, 1919, over three thousand patients were X-Rayed, and almost a proportionate number Fluoroscoped. According to these figures, approximately 50% of all the patients admitted to the Hospital passed through the X-Ray Department. Fractures, chest studies and gastro-intestinal work have come within the scope of this laboratory.

In addition there was a Sweet Eye Localizer, Hirtz Compass. Besides the stationary equipment, there was an Army Bedside Unit,

IN THE WORLD WAR

using a small Four-inch Coolidge Self Rectifying Tube, with which to do ward work, such as pneumonia cases, which could not be transported to the X-Ray Laboratory.

Base Hospital 34 was fortunate in having a good lighting and heating system. The electric supply was taken from the city service line, both for transformer and lighting, comprising two voltages, 110 and 220 A. C. The laboratory was supplied with hot and cold water, and the place was very comfortably heated at all times. This is essential in treating patients who are compelled to disrobe.

The requests for radiographic and fluoroscopic examination were made out and signed by the ward surgeon and were brought to the laboratory the day before examinations were desired. The cases were taken in consecutive order, sufficient time was allowed each patient, thus insuring a thorough examination, though it was possible to examine and report on an individual case in an hour or less. It should be understood, however, that except in very urgent cases it was undesirable to "rush" the department in this way, thus causing delay to patients already prepared and arranged for. In cases of extreme urgency interpretations were made from wet plates and the report sent to the ward surgeon in ten minutes.

Didn't our "cinema expert," Joe, have a time getting that apparatus at the downtown Y. M. C. A. to work for Mr. Speicer?

THE LABORATORY

STOLEN fruits are sweetest, and the Laboratory, being the fruit of many a raid on the Priests' furniture and the hoardings of various members of the Unit, was necessarily the best and most popular place in the base.

As to its location, perhaps we can get a better knowledge of it by using the old school master's method of locating a State by bounding it. So here goes: The Laboratory was bounded on the North by the Priests' Chateau, on the East by the Isolation Ward, on the South by a high wall, and the West by the German Prisoners' Barracks. It was a Lucien-Fender type barracks, 30 by 6 metres, and was built by Sam Keller's Gang. During the construction of the building, the laboratory staff, which was divided into three groups—plumbers, painters and carpenters—were in eager search of the materials needed for the necessary conveniences. It seemed as if their motto was: "You are in the Army now, so get everything you need anywhere you please, provided you can get away with it."

The plumbers, we must admit, had to buy most of their mate-



In the Laboratory

IN THE WORLD WAR

rial in town. But the best day's work they ever did was when they borrowed a shower bath apparatus from the hospital. (We might say that it was not borrowed in the daytime.) Giving the plumbers due credit, they began with a tough proposition; however, with hard labor they succeeded in equipping the laboratory with cold and hot water, and gas pipes.

While the plumbers were busy with their work, the painters lost no time in finding where they could get their paint. Joe Moore gave Colonel Ashhurst the impression that he was the best painter in the A. E. F. The Colonel, taking advantage of his find, at once detailed him to mix the paint for the operating room. Joe, being very obliging and obedient, told the Colonel he would inform him as to the amount of paint necessary the following morning. In the meantime he conversed with a real painter, Sam Keller, as to how to make a light green color and how much paint it would take to paint the operating room two coats and the laboratory three. Having received the expert's opinion of the paint needed to complete the job, he duly notified the Colonel of the exact amount. Ever free from suspicion, the Colonel had the paint delivered immediately to the operating room. A sufficient quantity of paint was then mixed for the two buildings, and the laboratory received three coats of paint in the time that the operating room was receiving its primary coat.

The carpenters, being a truthful and honest set of men, kept their eyes open for material. They got everything they needed, but some of the other barracks had to suffer. For instance, the adjoining one was delayed two weeks in its completion, owing to the fact that half of its material had strayed away. Nevertheless, they performed their duties well, considering the tools they had—a medical hand axe, a French saw, and a tape line.

The laboratory as completed was divided into ten departments. Entering the front door, you came to the Clinical Microscopy Room. In the center, four paces from the door, was a large white table, on which all specimens from the wards were placed. Each Ward-master was supposed to enter with his specimen, take four paces to the front, place his burden on the table, about face, and outward march. There was a man at this table, Klutz, who assorted all the specimens and distributed them to the different departments. There were two large, slate-top working desks on the left of this table, and here was where all the blood work was done. To the right of the table was another desk. Here was the stand for urinary analysis. I must not forget to mention that the east corner of the Blood and Urine Room contained a handsome cabinet, which strayed in the moonlight from the Priests' Chateau.

We now enter the Bacteriological Room. The large ice chest, which was made from scraps of lumber, was the most noticeable piece of furniture. In it were kept all the media. Adjacent to the ice chest was another cabinet made from lumber of the adjoining barrack. Opposite the cabinet were two large working tables designated for clinical and wound bacteriology.

There were two doors that led from this room; the one on the left opened into Major Moore's office. The door on the right opened into the Tissue Room. This was where inside knowledge was brought to light.

From this room we enter the Kitchen. The name sounds familiar and brings up fond recollections of "Bully Beef and Prunes."

But, unfortunately, it prepared no meals for the personnel, but tasteful and appetizing food for the different bacteria. The center of attraction in this room was not the autoclave, Arnold's, or distilling apparatus that was so skillfully connected to our gas system, but rather the cook, Miss Krips.

The door to the left opened into the so-called Wasserman Room. On account of the Central Laboratory being so near, we "passed the buck" on Wassermans. This room, owing to its abundance of light, was used for the more complicated chemical work. In fact, it was in this room that we examined, with the help of the C. O. and the Mess Officer, blackberry jam for ground glass. The door to the right opened into the stock room, where stock requisitioned from the Medical Supply Department was stored.



This is the Tree that grew near the Morgue. The priests claimed it is very rare; only seven in the world, and all registered. The boys called it the "Monkey Tree."

We now enter the Holy of Holies, where Capt. Paul and Ott Moore held forth, the Autopsy Room. No one was allowed in this room except the hospital staff.

We now enter the Bathroom, where the carpenters made themselves famous, and pass from there to our last department—the Morgue. It consisted of eight compartments, seven for the corpses

IN THE WORLD WAR

and one for the ice. The ice compartment was popular, owing to the fact that ice caps and bags were replenished from its door.

One of the most popular buildings on the hospital grounds at first was the Guinea Pig Hotel. It was a quaint little building, six feet square, located southwest of the laboratory. It took the carpenters quite some time to complete it on account of the scarcity of lumber. The officers, during their leisure hours (which were about ten a day), visited the mansion frequently, and wasted lots of our time asking us whether we had ever read the book, "Pigs is Pigs." We replied, "No," and they proceeded to narrate the entire story. Some doubt lingered in our minds as to the truthfulness of the author. Later we knew that "Pigs is Pigs" is a story true to life.

JUST ONCE

Did Joe Moore ever put a floral tribute of artificial glass bead flowers into the ice box to keep them fresh?

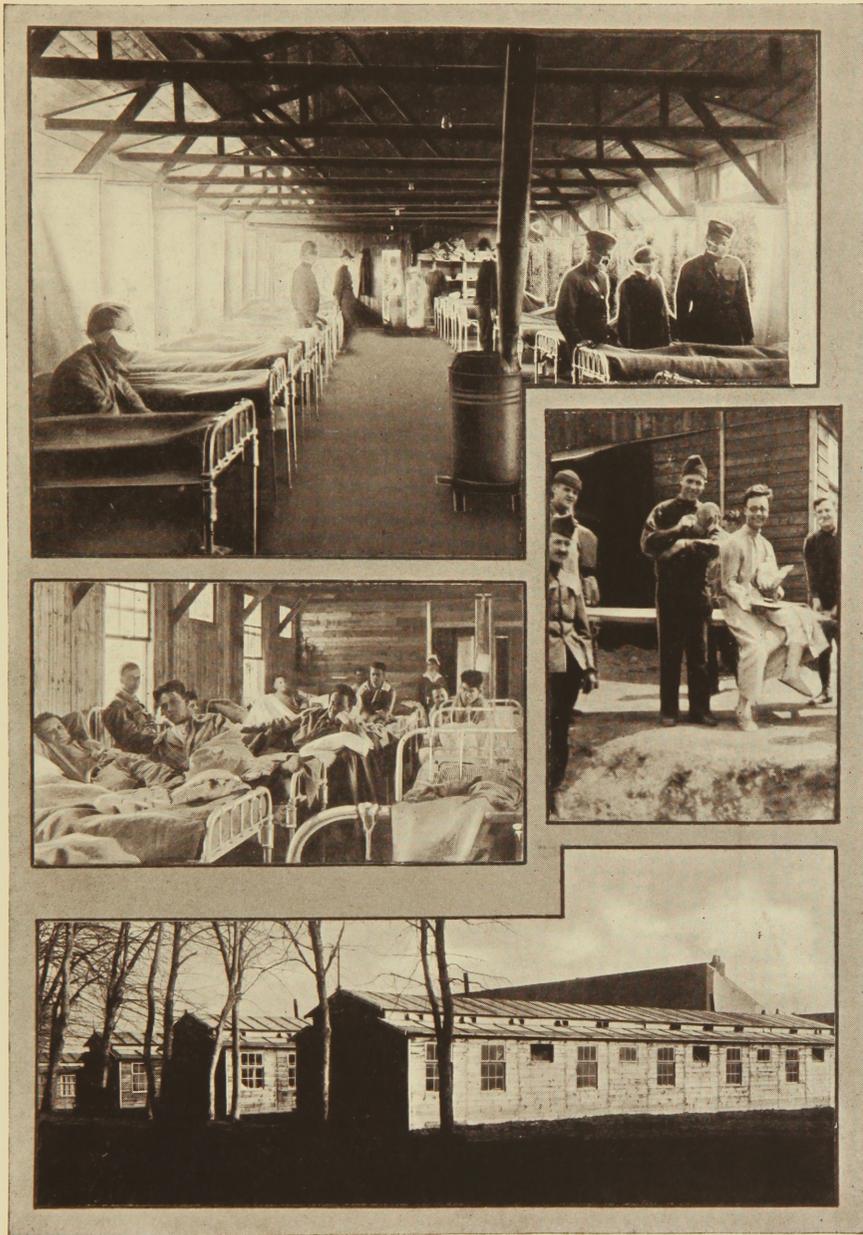


THE MEDICAL SERVICE

THE first step in the organization of the Medical Service dates from the very enrollment of the officer personnel. Major John B. Carson, M. C., was placed in charge of the Medical Service, and it was contemplated that under him would serve Lt. Wilson as neurologist, and Lts. Carpenter, Durham and Paul as assistants. These officers, however, did not serve as such during the entire time the hospital was in active service, but at various times as emergencies arose were assigned to other duties.

At Allentown the men were given such lectures as would be of benefit to them for service on the Medical Wards. After the organization reached Nantes, the service was rapidly organized, under the able management of Major Carson. The Pharmacy, under Sgt. Campbell, was included in it. Lts. Durham, Paul and Carpenter were in charge of wards at the opening of the hospital. As the cases received became largely surgical during the fighting at Cantigny, Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, the medical beds had to be rapidly cut down. At first the entire top floor of the Main Building was organized as the Medical Side of the Hospital. During June this dwindled to one ward, solely on this floor, due to the influx of surgical cases. Soon after Major Carson was unfortunately

Above—Office of Typical Medical Ward

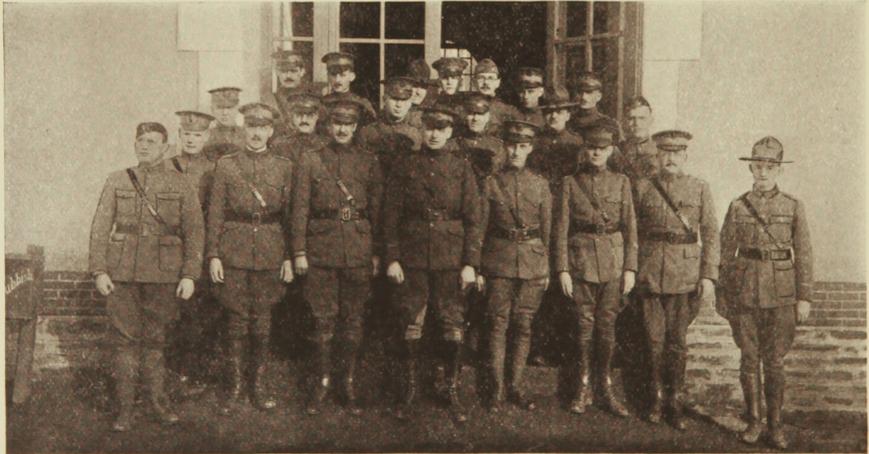


1. Isolation Ward. 2. When Personnel Became Patients—during the Flu. 3. Al Bromer ready for a ride to the Flu Ward. 4. The Isolation Barracks.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

compelled to return to the United States, owing to ill health, and the Service was left without a chief. Capt. Reuben A. Moser had arrived about this time and rendered excellent service, caring for medical patients, until Major O. H. Perry Pepper arrived in early September. Lt. Carpenter had in the meanwhile been transferred to the Surgical Service, Lt. Paul to the Laboratory, and Lts. Wilson and Durham had gone to the Front, the former as a Division Neurologist, and the latter in charge of a Gas Team.

Major Pepper arrived as the influenza epidemic broke out. The shacks built originally for officers' quarters were turned into Medical Wards, and Major Pepper thoroughly organized the Service, with special attention to the screening of beds, etc. Many "flu" cases, most of them from the garrison of Nantes and the 38th Division, were admitted and cared for. In early October Major Charles Fife arrived, relieving Major Pepper, who returned to his original command, Base Hospital 69, stationed at Savenay. Major Fife ably carried on the Service until the Hospital was relieved by Evacuation Hospital 36.



A GROUP OF THE OFFICERS AT NANTES

Left to Right—Front Row: Capt. Wolfe, Majs. Marxmiller, Alexander, Col. DeVoe, Chaplain Clash, Capt. Jones, Maj. Fife, Capt. Eynon. Middle Row: Capt. Propst, Capt. Paul, Capt. Boykin. Rear: Col. Bromer, Cpts. Sprowl, Carpenter, John, Winter, Kirchner.

DENTAL DEPARTMENT

WHEN the first detachment of Base Hospital No. 34 came to Nantes there was with them a Dental Mechanic. His name was Earl Dubois, buck private at the time, but later Sergeant. These first arrivals numbered three men, a corporal and two privates, and their mission was to give medical attention to American soldiers then in town.

After an interval of three weeks a dentist made his appearance at the Hospital. He had come with the third detachment from Blois. He was likewise a buck, and named MacMillan. Like Earl, he was ambitious and later became a Sergeant.

At this particular period there was little about the Seminary that resembled a hospital. However, orders given by the Commanding Officer conveyed the impression that an attempt would be made to make the place a fit one in which to care for wounded.

The day following his entrance upon the grounds, Private MacMillan donned "blues," which are otherwise known to the laity as overalls, and "blues" he wore for many a long day thereafter. The reason for this brilliantly colored apparel was easily seen when one noticed the huge piles of bricks lying in numerous places on the ground.

Earl, in the meantime, was faithfully giving his medical knowledge and skill to the indisposed Americans in the city.

About the first of February, Lt. Coleman was ordered to proceed from Blois to Nantes. This he did without delay, and one bright morning found him knocking at the Hospital gates for admission. That same afternoon Private MacMillan was relieved of his wheelbarrow and told to report to Lt. Coleman for orders. This officer made vain attempts to have DuBois released from his duties at the town dispensary, but, being unsuccessful, for quite a long time, had to use Earl much less than he wanted to.

Of course, after the selection of temporary quarters for the Dental Clinic the next thing was the installation of equipment. When this had been done, Lt. Coleman began the work of getting the mouths of the members of the Unit in shape. He was very anxious to get this over with as soon as possible, figuring that patients would be coming in shortly, and that they would require all the dental attention available.

The temporary room first used by the department was located

BASE HOSPITAL 34



Top, left to right:
Sands, Ed. Lukens,
DuBois.

Front Row, left to
right: MacMillan,
Capt. Croll, Capt.
Coleman, John Day.



1. The Dental Squad. 2. Doc Coleman at Work. 3. The Dental Laboratory.

IN THE WORLD WAR

on the second floor of the Main Building, and was about the same size room that four men think comfortable for a sociable poker game. It was on the original plans of the hospital as the Dental Clinic and looked mighty fine on paper, but it didn't look good to Lt. Coleman. He, realizing the grave mistake that had been made, dedicated his energies and time to the obtaining of better quarters for such an important professional necessity. After two days of uphill fighting he finally succeeded in securing twice the amount of space on the fourth floor, and a laboratory in the operating room, which was in a barracks outside of the main building.

While Lt. Coleman and Pvt. MacMillan were working so faithfully on the second floor, DuBois, by this time relieved of all his other duties, had commenced the construction of the finest Dental Laboratory in France. These maneuvers took place in the latter part of February and all of March.

The first of April found the Laboratory completed, the permanent clinics established on the fourth floor, and another man added to the department, one Richard Sands, who had his hands more than full most of the time. This particular month was a very welcome one to the dentists for many reasons, the chief of which was that it was now safe to keep a patient in the chair longer than twenty minutes without running any risk of freezing his feet. February and March had been quite cold, and during these months it was no uncommon occurrence to have a patient complaining of frosted feet, frozen ears and exposed nerves in one and the same breath. Of course these wailings went deep into the hearts of the sympathetic dentists, but, much to their regret, the only pain they could relieve was that caused by the exposed nerves. No stoves were available, so the patients had only one alternative, which was to suffer. Needless to say, they did. April found the American troops in Nantes, increasing very rapidly, and the demands for dental attention often and many. MacMillan was now working at one of the chairs, Lt. Coleman, of course, at the other, and Sands was taking care of the floor work.

Lieutenant Croll arrived in the latter part of May, and at practically the same time two more dental chairs came in from the supply base. These chairs were installed shortly, and Lt. Croll began work at one of them. There was now another man fighting by the side of Sands, namely, Ed. Lukens. Lt. Croll and Ed. were certainly wanted badly, because toothaches were becoming very numerous. Had they not arrived at this time, someone would probably have collapsed under the strain.

Patients came apparently from the four corners of the earth, but in reality only from the troops stationed within a radius of

BASE HOSPITAL 34

forty miles. They came from the ships that often made Nantes their port, and from the ranks of Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross workers. Of course, men with facial wounds incurred at the front or in an accident behind the lines were ever present and in need of attention.

A hospital train, coming in one morning, brought a number of men with injured jaws. These men had been given very little attention at the front, and consequently there was much work to be done on them before they would be in shape once more. Many times over Sergeant DuBois had proved his skill by the clever manner in which he handled the most difficult cases of plate work. The final proof of his ability was shown when he made splints for broken jaws. "Splints," as you may know, are "absolute necessities made of German silver and applied to fractured jaws for the purpose of holding the broken parts in position until union takes place."

From this time on, until Alfred Day was assigned to the Department, nothing of momentous importance occurred. Alfred made his debut in the Dental Corps on September 29th, 1918, two days after being informed of his new assignment. The delay was caused by his swooning on hearing the good news.

On December 8th an extra dentist was sent to B. H. No. 34 for duty. He received a very warm reception from all and was welcomed with open arms.

On the 11th of January, Lt. Coleman was relieved of all property responsibility, and immediately began to look much better than he had for weeks previous. Property responsibility was a terrible thing, as was shown by the manner in which it wore a number of officers down at the time. On this same day the original members of the Department turned their backs on the room where they had had so many stirring experiences and looked for other and less trying fields to conquer.

A glance at the figures covering the amount of work done by the D. D. of B. H. No. 34, from March to December, 1918, inclusive, shows that there were:

Sittings	10,676
Patients treated	3,482
Vulcanite Plates made	182

A great many fractured jaws were treated, necessitating the making of numerous splints and no little surgical attention from the dental men.

THE PHARMACY

A CAREFUL survey of the Base Hospitals of the A. E. F. would not have revealed a pharmacy that in equipment, personnel and service left so little to be desired as that of Base Hospital No. 34. This observation, dear reader, is not made with the help of an article which we ever dispensed; namely, sweet-scented soft soap; nor is it a case of blowing our own trumpet. Incidentally, we were not interested in trumpets—we were always open for business fully one hour before the bugler ever left his downy bed.

The first convoy of patients that reached us in the early part of April, 1918, found a regular George B. Evans-Llewellyn-Liggett's rolled into one, waiting for them. The Department's principal room was what was planned to be the dining-hall of the teaching staff of the Grande Seminaire, and was placed between the original Adjutant's Office and the main stairway leading to the upper floors of the Hospital. This main room was used as an Office and a Receiving and Stock Room, and opening into it were three smaller rooms, used respectively as a Waiting or Public Room, a Compounding Room, and a compartment frequented by those in quest of something which was prescribed for them by a wise Surgeon-General.

Every afternoon the various wards presented prescriptions and requisitions for drugs and medicines, which were filled at once and delivered to the waiting orderly, or were made up and placed aside to be called for. The Pharmacy ran two files: one covering the issue of regular drugs, and the other recording the dispensing of alcohol and liquors, and certain varieties of "dope" included in the Harrison Law. The latter file also included a record of all poisons dispensed. A poison-alcohol-liquor report was made up and submitted at the end of each month. A fully equipped Prescription Department was maintained and functioned satisfactorily at all times, solutions and ointments of various descriptions being constantly prepared in large quantities.

The pharmacy supplies brought from Philadelphia, fortunately, contained certain items which were most difficult to obtain in France, and this fact facilitated our work greatly.

Armistice Day found us supplying the drug and medicine needs of a hospital with sixteen hundred (1600) patients registered, and when it is remembered that between April, 1918, and

BASE HOSPITAL 34

January, 1919 (the date of our relief by Evacuation Hospital No. 36), almost ten thousand (10,000) patients were received by Base Hospital No. 34, it will be realized that the words, "They toil not, neither do they spin," could not be justly applied to us.

The two Pharmacy Assistants, Grover W. Neiffer and Earl De Coursey, rendered faithful, conscientious service at all times. De Coursey once remarked that he would rather make up calomel ointment than play ball, but, seriously speaking, the Pharmacy per-



The Pharmacy.

sonnel appreciated the value of co-operation, and demonstrated their appreciation every day of their service.

As one charming member of the Army Nurse Corps remarked: "Oh, dear me, you have a complete drug store except for a soda fountain!" Had it not been for the competition of those famous twins, Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc, we would have installed a fountain, and thus added another feature to the only reliable "Pharmacie Premier Classe" in the whole of France.

We've often wondered about Tom when he had his head in bandages. Did that board really fly up and hit him or ——?

MEDICAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

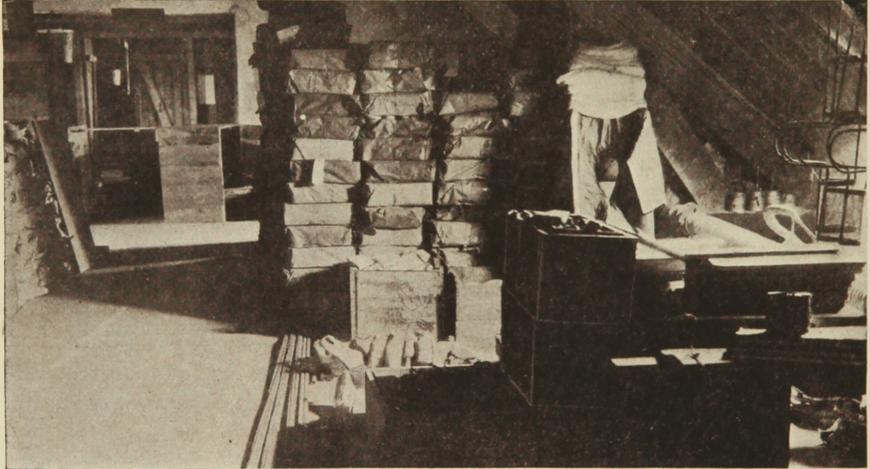
THE history of the origin and development of the Medical Property Department of Base Hospital No. 34 reads like a sociological discourse on the evolution of the human race, so great was the contrast between the department as it was first planned in the fertile minds of the hospital officials, and the department as it existed after ten months of expansion and adjustments to meet the demands made upon it by the other branches of the hospital.

In Philadelphia and Allentown, the immediate necessity of an inter-hospital department to care for medical property was not recognized, and all packing, shipping and accounting was done by the Quartermaster. However, after the establishment of the hospital in its permanent A. E. F. headquarters, Benjamin F. Buzby, 1st Lt., M. C., was appointed by the Commanding Officer as Medical Property Officer, and given full power to choose his assistants. He selected Pvts. White, Burrows and Morrison as running mates.

Base Hospital No. 34 had left Philadelphia with complete hospital equipment for a capacity of five hundred beds, an equipment absolutely unequalled in quantity, quality and variety, but, alas, word was soon brought to our ears that a fifteen-hundred-bed hospital was to be immediately established. This, of course, meant that complete equipment for one thousand more beds had to be procured from Army stores, with the result that during the first week of activity twenty-six carloads of supplies were received, unloaded, and put under the wing of the Medical Property Department. It might be appropriate to mention the fact that the authorities allotted to the department for store and office room the attic, or "Nigger Heaven," as it was called. It is estimated that during the course of ten months one hundred and twenty carloads of supplies, averaging twelve thousand pounds each, were carried to the fifth floor, an elevation of eighty feet from the ground. If any question arises as to the exact number of odd ounces refer to Sgt. Burrows, Pvt. Levy, or to any of the hospital personnel at random. Everything was carried up to the store-room by manpower, although in justice to the authorities it might be well to add that after the armistice had been signed and shipments had consequently become few and far between, a block-and-tackle hoist was installed to take the place of the Human Elevator.

The department began with one corner in the attic as a storeroom, but in the process of expansion was soon forced to occupy the whole fifth floor, and in addition five rooms in the basement, and a large barracks warehouse erected for the purpose on the hospital grounds. The proper care and storage of these supplies always caused a large amount of work in connection with the maintenance of the department.

The problem of procuring supplies was always a vital one in the American Expeditionary Forces, due to the enormous difficulties involved in contracting, manufacturing and shipping all hospital material a distance of over three thousand miles. Many times throughout the big drives on the front the rear areas were



Medical Supply Room

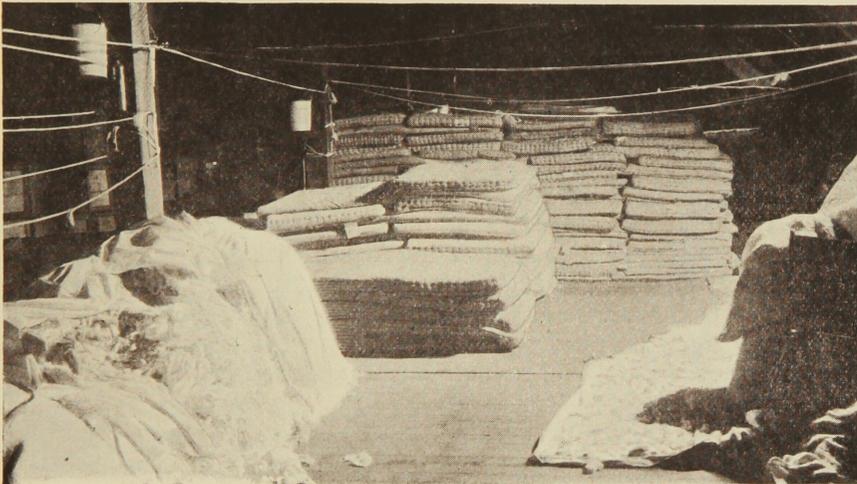
forced to shift as best they could for such articles as surgical dressings, absorbent cotton, and adhesive plaster. At these times resort was had to local public purchases authorized during the emergency. The assistance of the ever-ready American Red Cross proved fruitful, and the local demands were never without results in one form or another.

The hospital consumed an immense amount of supplies of every nature and description. Plain gauze, used in the process of making dressing pads, compresses, and sponges, was issued to the Surgical Service at the rate of two thousand yards a day, and as a consequence the department had to requisition for this item in lots of one hundred and fifty thousand yards. Made-up surgical dress-

IN THE WORLD WAR

ings were procured from the American Red Cross stores in carload shipments, and thus one might go from one item to another, stating that one hundred and thirty brooms were worn out every month in cleaning the hospital, or that two thousand yards of rubber tubing were used by one ward alone in draining wounds. These examples should suffice to show that the problem of supplies was a very vital one.

A few words might well be said in regard to the illustrious personnel of the department. In the order of their importance they might be listed as follows: (1) "Sergeant" Levy, (2) Guildford, (3) Morrison, (4) Robinson, (5) Peterson, (6) Sgt. Burrows, (7) "Lute" White. The "Lute" was at first Benjamin F. Buzby,



Another View in Medical Supply Rooms

who did noble work in carrying out the tremendous task of organizing and establishing the department on a business basis, but he used to go A. W. O. L. from the department so often to play the part of Ward Surgeon that the "powers that be" decided to pass the buck to Sgt. White. Accordingly, on the twenty-sixth of October, the Sgt. was given his Honorable Discharge, and we saluted "Whitey" as a "Lute."

In the playful banter of the department, everyone as a matter of course had his pet name, although such appendages as "Brainless," "Peculiar Looking," and "Sergeant" had universal application. Perhaps the following account of a conversation—with revisions by the censor—may sound familiar:



French Women Making Bandages

Levy (addressing the general public): "There is only one thing to do. In the process of posting from the non-expendable issue slips—'course I'm not saying whose mistake it is, but you know I only started posting the first of August, and this error was made on five-twelve-eighteen—somebody subtracted eight from three hundred and ninety-three and obtained a grand total of two hundred and eighty-five, and, in the further process of transposition to the 'Control'—"

Morrison (to the "Sergeant"): "Well, all of us were not fortunate enough to be blessed with your omnipotent knowledge of all the intricacies of the modern business world."

"Guilly" chips in. "Aw, pipe down! I can't see how that mistake ever happened, for I posted the item myself. B-b-but a man who never makes mistakes—"

Burrows (who meantime has shown remarkable control of his vocal propensities) breaks out: "Who's the brains of this department, anyhow? Of course, I wouldn't detract from the efforts of anybody, but—Funny Looking" (this addressed to Morrison), "what-d'ye-know about them beds Ward 216 turned in?"

"Are you still on them beds? Levy, where are we at? I guess Levy thought he was having a Fire Sale, and bargained them off."

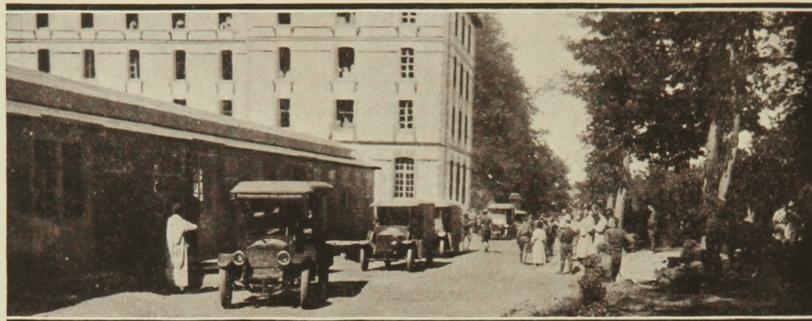
The Lieutenant, meantime, took a dictionary out of a drawer in his desk, and secretly looked up a couple of the big words that were flying confusedly about the office—thus the work of the department

IN THE WORLD WAR

was carried on. Work was always plentiful, and Lieutenant White testified to the fact that it was well done. Every man had his duty to perform, and was fitted for that duty by special training or education in civil life. The fact that all of the older men in length of service in the department had been recommended for promotion and were deprived of what was justly earned by the armistice, is ample testimony of the valuable service they rendered. Levy and Guildford had charge of all office work almost from the start. "Jess" served his time on the "Bull Gang," but his knowledge of business methods and procedure soon won for him a place in the office, with entire charge of the files of the department. Guildford's knowledge of stenography and Army Paper Work enabled him to handle all correspondence, record filing, and the processes incidental to the requisitioning for supplies. Sgt. Burrows started in the department as a private, but an aptitude for the doing of any task, and the capacity to adapt himself readily and efficiently to all phases of the departmental work won for him his position as Medical Property Sergeant. Robinson and Peterson, the latter a graduate pharmacist, were late additions to the hospital personnel, and they deserve a place in the annals of the hospital.

Everyone worked together for the good of the department and for the good name gained by Base Hospital No. 34, whose record was outstripped by none in the A. E. F. The fundamental purposes for which the Medical Property Department existed may be summed up as follows: Awaiting call by prescription from the physicians, keeping the Pharmacy supplied with the necessary drugs, maintaining a surgical dressing supply service well and adequately stocked with absorbent pads, gauze compresses, and bandages of every nature, and keeping sharp instruments in the hands of competent surgeons. In fact it had to be able to respond to every reasonable call which arose for supplies, from haemocytometers to common pins, from portable disinfectors to surgical suture needles.

THE RECEIVING WARD



THE Receiving Ward was the place at which patients were received and incidentally the place from which they were sent when discharged from the Hospital. It was the source of a great many of our joys and sorrows.

The building in which this institution was housed was a long wooden structure, situated in the centre of the "U"-shaped court of the large Hospital Building, at such a point that it could be viewed by everyone who was on or near the premises, and was the first place that came to one's notice on entering the grounds. Consequently, it served, aside from its regular duties, as General Information Bureau, Headquarters for Officers and Nurses Free Transportation, Baggage Transfer Office, Office of B. H. 34 Jitney Bus Line. It was also the retreat and haven of the unoccupied and the distiller and fermenter of the well-known and intoxicating beverage "rumor." It is interesting to note that this place did not escape the notice of all stray cats and dogs, for it was here that they came for rest from the constant turmoil of the busy streets and thoroughfares.

The Receiving Ward's career began in the early days of April, 1918, under the guidance of Sgt. Moll. With his alert and sagacious management, supplemented by the wise counsel of his worthy assistants, a highly efficient organization was created and operated. The course of its activities under the management of Sgt. Moll, and his successor, Sgt. Alker, offers no occasion for just criticism.

The Receiving Ward had many branches and sub-branches,

Above—Patients Arriving at Receiving Ward

IN THE WORLD WAR

and we shall endeavor to describe the activities of these divisions, which were as follows:

1. Office.
2. Dispensary.
3. Sterilizer Room.
4. Bathroom.
5. Telephone Exchange.
6. Patients' Clothing Issue Room.
7. Patients' Personal Property Room.

The office, by virtue of the fact that it was the centre of operations and the heart of activities, was a place of considerable movement and commotion. Constantly clicking typewriters, buzzing telephones and footsteps of orderlies made it appear a very business-like place. It was graced by the presence of Nick Hayes, who, although "every tooth in his head aches," went about his duties in a cool and deliberate manner. There was also Louis Rosser, continually trying, but never succeeding, in wearing out the typewriter by compiling his extensive reports, and making out requisitions and orders.

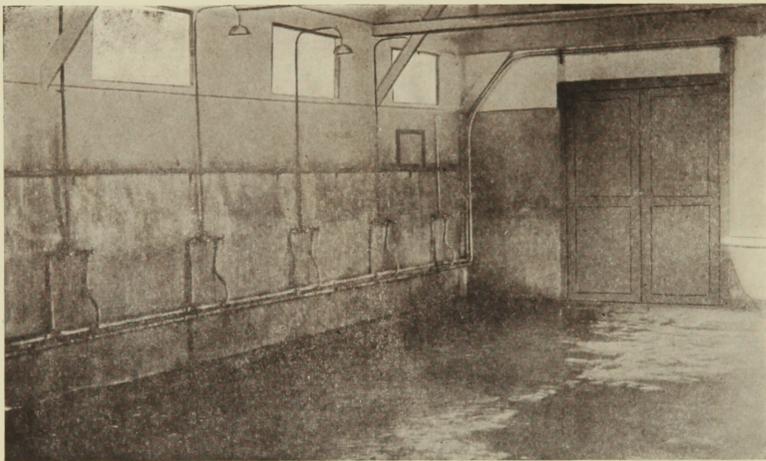
The Dispensary, contrary to all popular ideas, really stood for more than merely issuing iodine and salts. The Personnel Sick Call was held here, and there were very few of us who had not heard at some time or other in our army career the familiar sentence, "Dose of salts and mark him duty." All men who were taken suddenly ill reported to the Dispensary before they were sent to a ward, and all accident cases were also cared for here. Here also were given physical examinations to aspiring officers, and the place had the proud distinction of possessing the only pair of American scales in the Hospital.

Another phase of the work in the Dispensary was the filing of the full data from all French accident cases, of which the average was about four per week. Due to the pleasant French custom of pedestrians ambling along as totally oblivious to their surroundings, as "beaucoup vin rouge" could make them, the American trucks averaged about four decisions per week, and the subsequent surgical and clerical work was comparatively heavy.

Among its other activities the Dispensary cared for over three hundred Motor Transport Corps men quartered nearby, and passing truck trains and organizations in the vicinity who had no medical officer assigned them. Aside from this, it had nothing to do.

The Sterilizer Room was the place where countless germs of all description were vanquished, never more to annoy the poor soldier. It was in charge of "Don" Campbell and his obedient servant

Ephraim. The latter's countenance was such that a piece of charcoal would make a white mark on it. It was to the sterilizer that we came when we happened to find in our blankets or clothing little visitors known as "cooties." A few words might be said about this wonderful insect. Its presence was not always made known to one through the sense of sight, but more through the sense of feeling. Then, too, it was very prolific. It has been recounted numerous times of a well-known type that in the short period of ten seconds it becomes a grandfather. If the descendants of one robust speci-



Above—The Bath Building. Remember "Eph"?

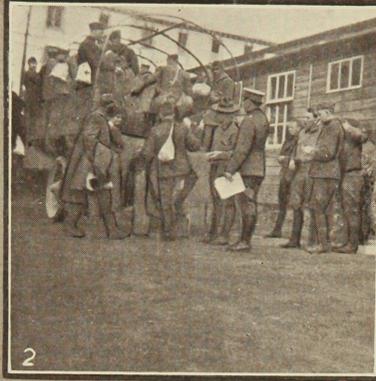
men were to be counted the number would run into thousands. The sterilizer was its most deadly enemy, and it feared it very much, for once within the confines of its steaming interior, death came to the cootie.

The Bathroom adjoined and was under the same management as the sterilizer, and was kept clean and orderly by Ephraim before mentioned, but the bathers did not always give him the best "Co-up-er-ashun," as he said, in keeping it as it should be. They invariably put the used towels in precisely the wrong place.

The Telephone Exchange was also housed in the Receiving Ward, and under the capable direction of Henry Powell Patchett and his successor, Henry Williams, it proved its worth and efficiency many times over.

The Exchange was frequented daily by some very odd people, who insisted on loud talking and noise-making, which hampered the

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. "Sitting" Patients just in. 2. Loading up to go home. 3. Carrying Litter Patient. 4. Looking for "Buddies" among the new arrivals.

service and had a tendency to reflect on the efficiency of the operators, who were in no way responsible for the antics of these after-dinner visitors.

The Patients' Clothing Issue Room was the place where the patients came when in need of new wearing apparel. This was where they had their old, worn-out uniforms exchanged for new ones, and here they got anything needful from a shoestring to an overcoat. It was under the management of Kauffman and Kelly, later under Kelly alone. For Kauffman and Kelly life was "one d— thing after another." Kelly even admitted that the job made a horrible grouch of him.

This Department was especially busy during the last few months of our stay in France. The discharged patients who were slated to go home had to be fully equipped with all the necessary clothing and ordnance. There was a great outflow of patients after the Armistice, due to the fact that the war being over convalescents were given precedence when the going home time arrived. Consequently, the duty of outfitting these lucky lads fell upon the Receiving Ward.

The Patients' Property Room was conducted by David Claude Wiley, and to him fell the duty of being the custodian of all the personal belongings of the officers and enlisted men who were patients in the hospital. Then, too, he took care of their clothes while they were bed patients. He received these clothes from the Sterilizing Room. A patient on entering the Hospital was ordered to turn all of his clothes over to the Sterilizer Room, where they were rid of any little bug that might be in hiding. The clothes were then carried to Wiley, and he checked them and stored them until the owners were ready for discharge. Wiley's place of business was on the fifth floor of the Main Building, and he often said that the hardest part of his day's labor was to climb to his office.

The Receiving Ward had charge of conducting and maintaining all Hospital ambulances. This in itself was quite a task and required the services of four men: Charlton, Bannon, Gibbs and Henry Little. These men were responsible for properly transporting all incoming and outgoing patients, both sick and wounded. They also took care of all emergency accident cases in or about Nantes, and were subject to call day and night. Their work was especially "interesting" at night, for it seemed that all accidents happened just at the time when a driver was peacefully slumbering between his warm blankets. One can easily see the "pleasure" that was attached to such work, and the boys can tell you how "delighted" they were when calls came at 2 A. M.

IN THE WORLD WAR

This resume' of the activities of the Receiving Ward is not exhaustive, but we trust that the gentle reader has at least been given some idea of the trials and tribulations of the men who there "did their bit" from April, 1918, to January 11th, 1919.



Inspecting a party of patients before discharge.

THE MESS DEPARTMENT



MOST of us have felt the pangs of hunger at one time or another.

It has been our duty in the S. O. S. to mete out the three "Squares" a day to all of the A. E. F. connected with Base Hospital 34. Coming from civilian life into the Army made it necessary for each man to be as nearly one hundred per cent. efficient as possible. We did our best, but on account of the hardships which are bound to be encountered in time of war, we had battles of our own to get results. In the first place, our original equipment called for only a five-hundred-bed hospital. We were ordered to increase our bed capacity to sixteen hundred, and soon found that extra equipment was next to impossible to secure. This will lead the reader to believe that possibly his or her own little boy was doing "some" hustling while "over there."

Our particular Mess Department contained various sub-departments, the three main ones being the Mess Office, the Commissary, and the Kitchens. The Mess Office consisted of two small rooms, where many mental and verbal battles were fought in getting out the paper work made necessary by the many hungry mouths during the late Spring, and the entire Summer, Fall and Winter of 1918. "Call up the Mess Office," the Adjutant or the Registrar would say, "there will be four hundred patients in at ten P. M.—feed them." At the end of each month every man was moving just a little faster than usual, for bills were being paid and collected, in order to get the data for that well-known sheet of paper called the Hospital Fund Statement. Many times we had to use that famous water cooling system, especially installed for Sgt. Canerdy's typewriter,

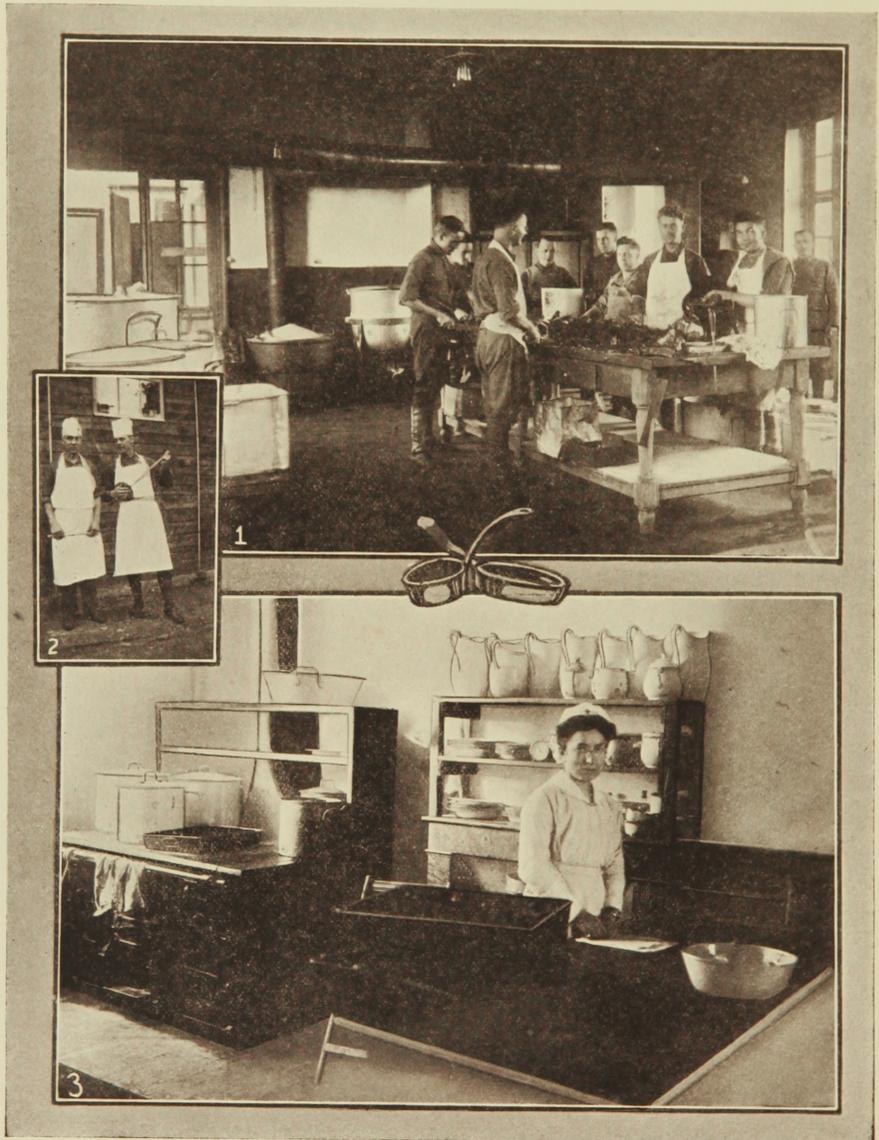
Above—Lt. Gamber, Doc Bauer, Canerdy, Carl Gates, Bonno, Young and Bacon



Above—Christmas Dinner in the Patients' Mess Hall. Below—Patients' Mess Line.

in order to keep him on the job, for we had but one "Underwood."

The word "Commissary" explains itself. Every day the door was open from early morning until supper time, with a little night



1. Mess Kitchen, Main Hospital Building. 2. Cooks Arnold and Morris. 3. "Millie" Osgood and Her Diet Kitchen.

IN THE WORLD WAR

work thrown in now and then. "Goldfish," "monkey meat," "spuds," beans, corn, rice, prunes, and the numerous other fillers for the Army stomach, were brought in by the truck load. Daily something new came in from the Quartermaster, the bakery, the docks or the freight yards. The cellar under the Hospital kitchen was the main storeroom, and from here the distribution, according to orders received, was made to the various kitchens either on a man's back or in the faithful Dodge truck.

Miss Millie Osgood, from the Diet Kitchen, and Miss Cora Elm, from the Nurses' Kitchen, made daily visits to the Commissary and Butcher Shop to find out what possibilities there were for effecting a change in their future menus. Whenever the number of patients permitted it, pie, doughnuts, corn fritters, corn pone or cake of some kind were thrown in as an "extra" to our regular bill of fare. Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day came each in its turn, and for dinner on those days the best that France and America combined had to offer was prepared and served in a way to make each one feel that he was a little nearer home than the average day of Army life brings him.

"Doc" Bauer had his troubles keeping the storeroom filled, attending to special wants of sick officers, talking a little French here and there, so that the farmers would sell him enough eggs and milk, pork, veal and chickens; seeing that M. Legris did not charge too much for his fresh vegetables, making out menus, and a hundred other things which every week demanded his attention.

The big thing, of course, was the taking care of the soldier patients in the Hospital. This was done through three channels; namely, the regular meals from the Main Kitchen, which went to the Wards and to the Mess Hall; the special light and liquid diets, all of which came from the Diet Kitchen and went to the various Wards; and the Mess at the Officers' Annex. The Nurses' and Personnel Kitchens required almost daily attention from the office to adjust one thing or another.

Another little problem in which we all had a hand was the overseeing of all the French civilians employed in the Wards, the Laundry, and the Kitchens. Until each was familiar with his or her work, there were many questions every day to be answered in French. Many a good laugh was had after a brief conversation of this kind, for there was no interpreter in the Mess Department, but a pocket dictionary, aided by our small knowledge of French, which we endeavored to increase when in town after a day's work. As time went on the Mess Office gradually became an Information Bureau, and any French man or woman who entered the gates,

not asking for any one person in particular, was sent to this office for advice.

During most of the administration Malcolm G. Douglas, 1st Lt. San. Cps., was Mess Officer, but, upon being transferred to Tours, he was succeeded by William V. Gamber, 2d Lt., San. Cps., who was the original Mess Sergeant of Base Hospital No. 34.

COMMISSARY

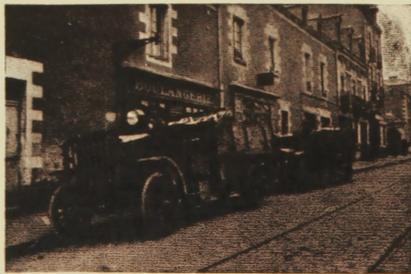
“EIGHTEEN more cans of cocoa for Miss Millie,” shouted “Doc” Bauer to his assistant, Carl Gates, who saw to it that the order was filled.

Lt. Douglas and Sgt. Gamber put these two energetic workers in charge of the Commissary, hoping, perhaps, that they would add a cubit to their statures. And “Doc” soon came up the scale by sporting three stripes. This helped considerably when it came to handling the daily supply of bread, which averaged twelve hundred pounds. Potatoes were not far in the rear with one thousand pounds.

After the installation of a large refrigerator, fresh meats and vegetables were added to the daily menu. On Christmas and New Year’s Day the Commissary spread itself and furnished royal meals.

In October, when some of the boys began to appear in gold bars, it was found that Bill Gamber was among them. To fill his place “Doc” Bauer was made Mess Sergeant with the rank of first sergeant, and “Lew” Rosser went into the cellar to give Carl a lift.

Very few of the men knew about this important department of the Hospital until the issue of candy and tobacco led them to this stronghold of food. Then they realized that providing 1,500 people with three meals a day was not quite the easy task that it appeared to be.



Daily Commissary Truck Detail Hauling Bread

BUTCHER SHOP

THE days of canned "Bully Beef" were numbered, so when the American product began to arrive in a frozen condition the Mess Department was confronted with an entirely new and somewhat difficult problem.

Search as they would, they found it impossible to locate among the personnel anyone who had ever been a butcher. Cooks were numerous and "K. P.'s" more so, but not a butcher was to be found.

Finally, after much questioning, it was discovered that "Sam" Espenshade had once inspected a slaughter house, and he was immediately elected to the responsible position of Chief of the Meat Department.

After the arrival of the first patients it was found that the kitchen table where the work was formerly done was quite inadequate to the needs of this Department. A bathroom in the basement of the Main Building was turned into a Butcher Shop. It was quite unsuitable and inconvenient, but with so many hungry mouths to be fed with fresh beef, no one could afford to bother about such a trivial matter.

It was here that "Sam" commenced work—and because of the warm weather and the conspicuous absence of an ice box it was essential that the meat be cut the preceding night, so from midnight on "Sam" labored faithfully with cleaver, knife and saw while his more fortunate companions slept.

With the second convoy of patients arose the need of an assistant in this Department, for the work was greatly increased. This new man, J. Spencer Halkett, appeared at twelve o'clock on a beautiful night in May. From that time on, every night for weeks "Sam" and his faithful aide worked until the "flu" epidemic laid them low and sent them to the hospital.

Shortly after their recovery the time for working was changed to the daylight hours, and from then on Sam and Spud, with the assistance of a few patients, kept this important branch of the Commissary on the map.

PERSONNEL MESS

THE Personnel Mess, which to most of the men was the most important part of the Mess Department, went through various changes in its twelve months' service with "34." The quality of the food was always pretty good, but there seemed to be some disagreement as to the best way to cook it. Some experiments were successful, others were not. Thanks to the blackberry, pineapple and loganberry crops, which provided jam, and to the plentiful supply of beans and "goldfish," there was a certain uniformity about the evening meal, which made it less of a puzzle than the other two.

Just when someone was ready to fix the blame for a particularly atrocious piece of cooking, there came a series of perfect days in the culinary art and all would become peaceful again. Fred Morris, George Arnold, Frank Stoffel and Bob Whiteside, with "Jim" Langton as temporary Mess Sergeant, divided the blame and praise among them. It was only when a few new cooks began to meddle with the mess that the men realized how well—for the Army—they had been eating.

The old Mess Line and Mess Tins were abolished early in the game, to be replaced by waiters (one for each table) and tin dishes. This was a big advance in the eating proposition, and "34" can very well be proud of its "Personnel Mess." More than one visitor regretted the fact that he could not eat as well during every day of his Army service.

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. Personnel Mess Hall before the Christmas Attack.
2. Sleeping Quarters—Our happy home for many months.

LAUNDRY

THE Laundry, although it came under the supervision of the Medical Supply Department, was more or less a separate unit.

The problem of clean linen was one that presented itself at a very early date in the history of the Hospital. Nothing in the shape of laundry apparatus was brought over with the Hospital equipment. It was necessary, therefore, to find a civilian establishment that could handle this work. This task was difficult, indeed, owing to the fact that in Nantes laundries equipped with machinery modern enough to do the hospital work efficiently and within a reasonable time were conspicuous by their absence.

After some searching, however, the most modern one that could be found was selected. It was owned by Monsieur A. Martin, but due to his patriotic services at the front it was being run by his wife. A contract was immediately signed for ten thousand pieces per week.

Like all French laundries, this place was located along a river, which in this case happened to be the beautiful little Erde.

At the Hospital two rooms in the basement were allotted to this Department. The soiled linen was brought here from all the Wards every morning before 11.30 o'clock. It was then counted, sorted, and made ready for transportation to the laundry.

Monday and Thursday mornings were devoted to hauling the soiled linen to the laundry. The trip was made with a truck, and because of the location of the laundry a close approach was impossible. It was therefore necessary for half of the department to accompany the truck to take care of the unloading.

Every day after noon mess the truck made a trip to the laundry to get clean linen. It was handled in large baskets made especially for this purpose, and it usually required much patience to wait until the French women would have them packed. Even after nine months of continual requesting, it was impossible to have the baskets ready when the truck arrived.

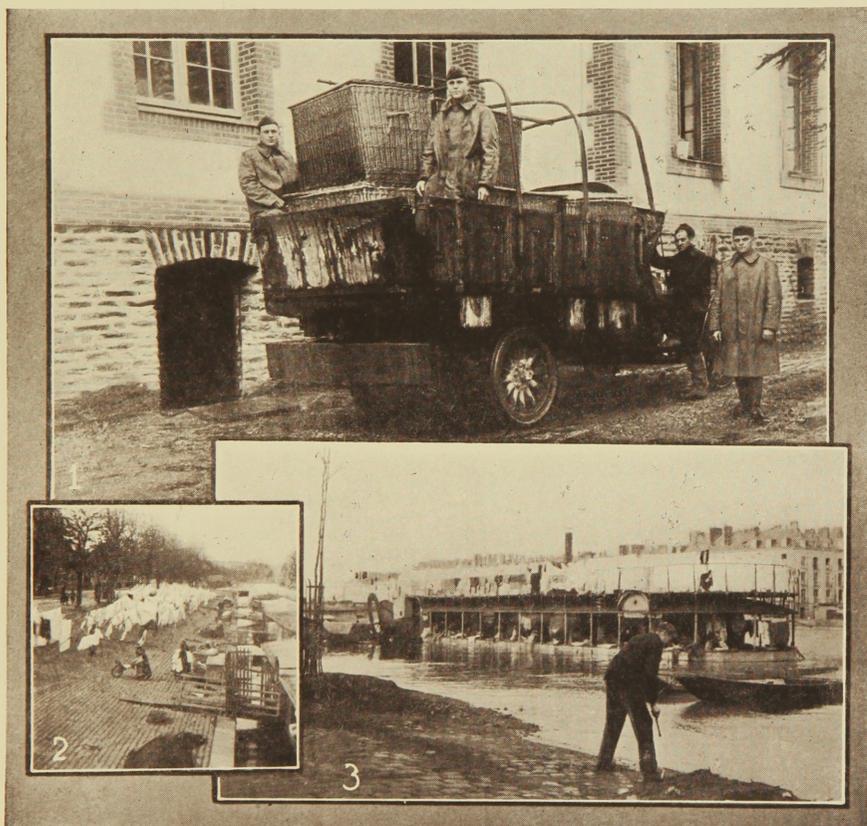
The men soon became acquainted with the laundry employees, who were French madamoiselles, and the hour or more of waiting was passed quite pleasantly and profitably by devoting it to French lessons. But it was necessary to return to the Hospital by three

IN THE WORLD WAR

o'clock, as at that time the clean linen was exchanged for that which had been turned in in the morning.

The Department saw its first real action about April 15th, but during the months of July, August and September the wounded arrived so fast and their wounds were so severe that the number of pieces per week exceeded the laundry contract.

It was at this time that the Red Cross came to the rescue and



1. Laundry Detail—A steady job. 2. Drying Clothes Along the Canal. 3. A Floating Laundry.

generously donated some laundry equipment which they had originally intended to use at their Canteen and Rest Rooms at the station. The machine and engine that drove it were of French design, and it was no small job to transplant it from its resting place

at the Red Cross Hut to the basement of the Hospital. The gasoline engine soon proved impractical, and it was replaced by an electric motor.

This equipment relieved the situation considerably. It took care of all the towels and pillow cases, which numbered about twenty-eight hundred and thirty-five hundred, respectively, per week, while the larger pieces were still sent to the French laundry. The machine was also used for bandages and patients' underwear.

By overcoming a few obstacles here and there, clean linen was always on hand when needed. Many thanks are due Madame Martin and her employees for their kind efforts in helping to make this possible.

TRANS- PORTATION



WATER COLOR SKETCH BY HOKE

TRANSPORTATION

THE story of transportation prior to the actual operation of Base Hospital No. 34 at their station at Nantes, France, is a meagre one. At Allentown our messing and supply conditions necessitated little or no motor transport of our own. We had our troubles en route to the land of war, mud and vin blanc, but they were mostly composed of trying to beg some Quartermaster Non-com. to move our stuff, and do not bulk large in our memory. When the outfit began to be assembled again in Nantes our real work began. Our kind friends at home had generously given four ambulances, two trucks and a small "cheese box" Ford and, as it happened, we were fortunate enough to get this equipment and more. The two great problems facing us at first were the moving of rations and Q. M. supplies and hospital equipment. We had brought a great many of the latter with us, and, fortunately, the majority were found by chance to be in storage in Nantes. Lt. Douglas, as soon as the first detachment of men arrived, took four men and set out for the Motor Reception Park at St. Nazaire by train. Here was found most of the motor equipment deep in the winter mud, but useable, lacking only all the ambulance bodies, which some "bright" Red Cross official had sent to Paris. After two or three trips, much argument over release orders and some wild night riding, this equipment was congregated at Nantes and work was begun on temporary truck bodies for the ambulance chassis.

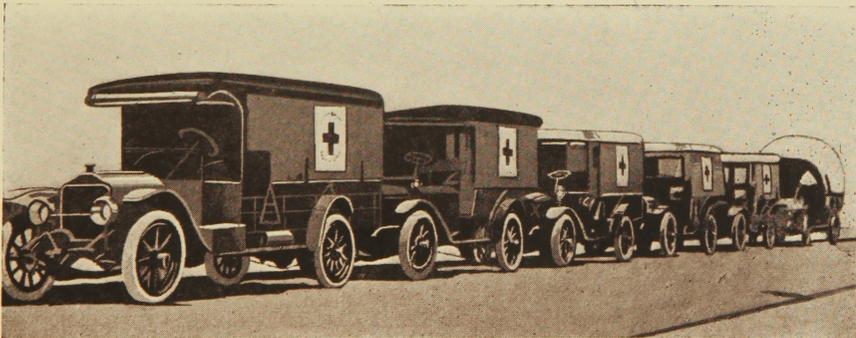
As there were no wounded to deal with then, and an infinite amount of hauling to be done, trucks were much more useful to us than ambulances. One could write pages about our battle with muddy roads, trading gasoline and oil with the French, our efforts to keep the cars in working order without tools and spare parts, and the thousand and one incidents that arose daily in a work like this. Too much cannot be said of the unflagging energy and loyalty of the men who conquered the difficulties and "carried on" with an intelligent interest that eventually gave us an efficient department which adequately took care of the needs of the outfit.

The next big step was the leasing of the garage and workshop on the Boulevard la Lasseur. This gave the men and machines a home, the gasoline and spare parts came along in better shape, the ambulance bodies arrived and were mounted, and for a time our big-

IN THE WORLD WAR

gest troubles were over. No one who stops to consider our position, two miles from a railroad station, can fail to see the absolute necessity of an efficient motor transport. Its failure for even a day meant a real hardship, and for a longer period would have made the operation of the Hospital impossible.

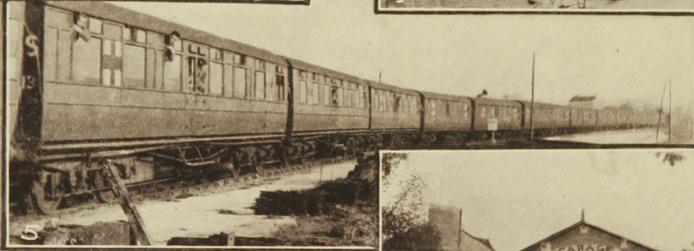
Shortly after the first of April, 1918, the trains of wounded began to arrive, and then it was that the Transportation Department was called on for its most important contribution to the hospital's work. The numbers to be handled varied from small detachments on French trains to five and six hundred on the American trains. The recollection of one day stands out in the writer's mind when we moved considerably over 1,000 sick and wounded. A system was worked out for the use of both trucks and ambulances in the movement of walking and lying cases so an average train of about 450 could be unloaded and the men transported two miles in about three hours. It is with great gratitude and pleasure that we remember the splendid and constant assistance given us by the French in this work. They were always there with as many cars as they could spare, and no word of complaint was ever heard, though the night was long and the rain fell constantly. It came to be a joke with us that most of the trains arrived shortly after midnight accompanied by rain. Then, just when things were being well worked out and the Inspector General's Department had told us we had the best running and most soldierly looking garage in France, we received the unwelcome news that the new Motor



"Ambulances of Episcopal Hospital Unit Ready for the Battle Front

"One of the best equipped Base Hospital Units in Philadelphia is No. 34, of the Episcopal Hospital. The vehicles shown above were contributed by the following persons and organizations: E. C. Hammond, of Ogontz; the Misses Bromley, Mr. Scott and party, St. Stephen's Church, Urquhart Auxiliary, No. 3, of Southeastern Pennsylvania Unit of the Red Cross Society, and Walter H. Thomas and St. Paul's Church, of Overbrook."—From a newspaper clipping of September, 1917.

BASE HOSPITAL 34



1 and 2. Some of the Ambulances. 3. "Bill," "Sam," "Mike" and "Jim." 4. The Red Cross Hut at Gare d'Orleans. 5. An American Hospital Train. 6. Our Garage. 7. Receiving Patients at the Station. 8. Ready to Unload—The train has just come in.

Page 188

IN THE WORLD WAR

Transport Corps was formed and would take over all our equipment and operate it for the general good.

This was a great disappointment to us, and we had to stand by and see our good equipment deteriorate and fail on account of ill usage. Of course, ours was an unusual case, and in general more good than evil came from the M. T. C. Some of our men continued to work as a detail under the new regime, but the arrangement was never very satisfactory locally. It is a pleasure to state at the end of this brief account of our work that if it was to be done again the same personnel, without exception, should have first choice. To them and to the unfailing co-operation of our commanding officer is due all the credit for our measure of success.

*Wonder who talked the most about that trip,
"Bill" Thielens or Elsie Janis.*

*That raincoat that "Doug" wore certainly was
worth while because it kept his clothes so neat and
nice.*



1. The Pass Gate—"All ye who enter here!" 2. A French War Loan Poster. 3. An Allentown Pass. 4 and 6. Nantes Tramway Receipts. 5. Bread Tickets. 7. Nantes Aerial Ferry Ticket. 8. The M. P.'s Permission to Leave Paris. 9. Ticket to the "34" Red Cross Show. 10. A Paper Quarter. 11. A Pass—up until 9 o'clock. 12. Looks like an Opera Party! 13. Baggage Tag—Blois to Nantes.

MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT



BEFORE "34" began to function as a fully equipped Base Hospital there were a great many alterations and additions to be made to the building equipment. This work was undertaken by the detachment of twenty enlisted personnel who arrived in Nantes from Blois on January 8th, 1918. They were placed under the supervision of Sam. Keller, and no better choice could have been made. Shortly after his arrival, Keller had a small fleet of motor trucks ready for action and commenced hauling the necessary building material from the docks and warehouses in town.

The "powers that be" decided that the time had arrived for staging a new act entitled, "Constructing Wooden Barracks in a Hurry." All hands were turned loose with hand axes and optimism, and almost paralyzed the French carpenters with an exhibition of American energy.

Following the completion of the "A" Barracks came the King of Indoor Sports—the tearing down of room partitions in the Main Building, in order that a number of small rooms might be converted into several large wards.

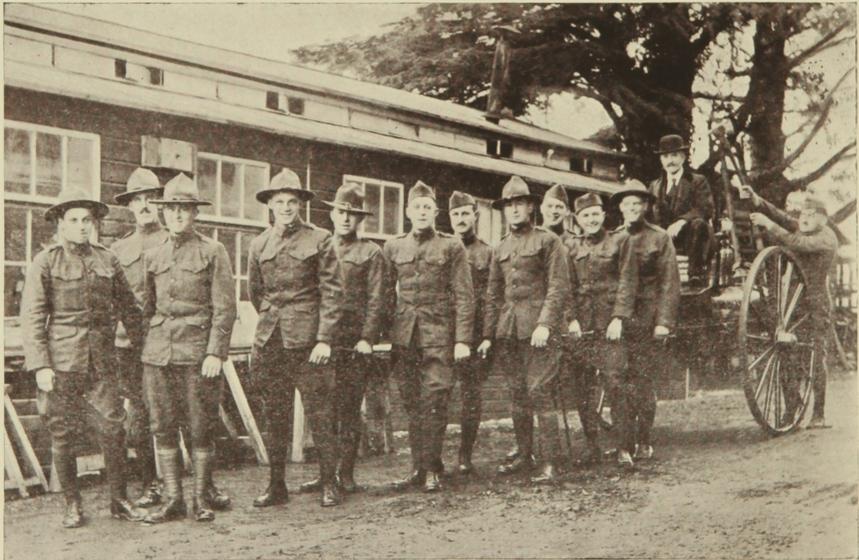
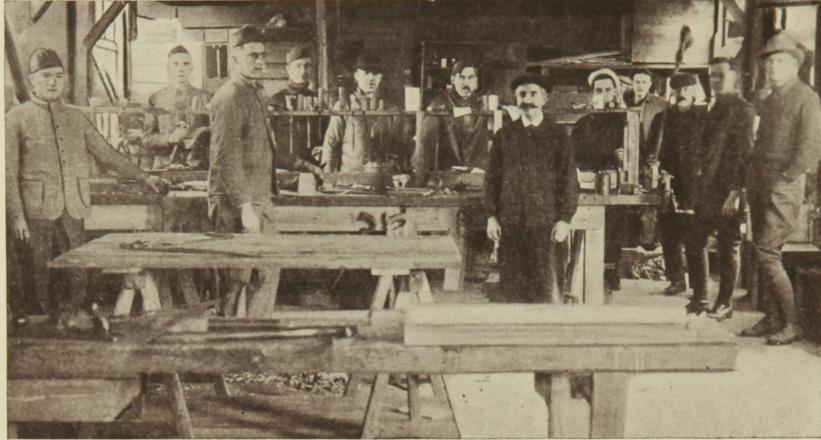
Pleasant recreation was also found in cement mixing, cinder hauling, road-building, electric wiring and plumbing. Speaking of a versatile outfit, "Handyman" was its middle name.

Patients' shower baths were installed in the Receiving Ward; a Personnel Wash House with hot showers was built, and a large boiler installed in the basement of the Main Building.

The later stages of the programme of alteration and construction was participated in by the men who had been on detached

Above—Sam Keller, Fred Spellissy, Rich, Loomis, Hannum
Carl Tell, Sullivan, McCormack, O'Donnell, Taylor and Patterson

BASE HOSPITAL 34



Above—The Maintenance Squad in the Shop
Below—The Same Crew as Fire Fighters on Parade Giving “Whisky” a Ride

IN THE WORLD WAR

service at Brest and Rennes. Beds and the various items of ward equipment were installed in the Main Building, and the rapid approach of the day when the initial convoy of patients could be expected made it compulsory to assign a great many men to duties connected with Wards, Transportation, Medical, Supply and Administrative Offices.

Sgt. 1st Cl. (afterwards Lieutenant) Keller now selected what afterwards came to be known as "The Maintenance Gang," which was composed of Hannum, Hayes, Loomis, Maier, McCormack, O'Donnell, Patterson, Rich, Spellissy, Stout, Sullivan, and A. M. Taylor.

These men made their headquarters in a small dormitory erected in one end of the Maintenance Shop and were under the direct supervision of Lieut. Keller, who was responsible for maintaining the Hospital buildings and their equipment in a proper state of repair at all times.

It would be extremely interesting to possess a complete and detailed list of every job that was performed by Keller and his "gang." It would prove very instructive reading for those who regarded the "Shop" as a loafers' paradise.

There came a day when a Fire House was built adjacent to the Shop, and in that House there was soon installed a nice, new red Fire Engine. In addition to his duties as Maintenance and Personnel officer, Lieut. Keller was now designated as Chief of the Fire Department (with his "gang" as firemen) of Base Hospital No. 34. There was one famous hurry call, which was made to Doulon, the home of B. H. No. 38. For details ask anyone who was there. It is still remembered.

We might mention two things of which we are immensely proud: the beautiful office furniture which we produced by the ton, and the carload, more or less, of splints turned out by that genius, Carl Tell, a welcome addition to our Staff from the 40 Casuals.

A word in closing about our boss. We worked for a man who wore the same sized hat between September 8th, 1917, and April 29th, 1919. If you want to know what we all think of him, look at the inside of his watch cover.

A SENTIMENT

"The hardest job of my life will be to live up to what you men thought of me when you gave me that watch and chain and pencil."—"Sam" Keller at the First Reunion.

SANITATION

AMONG the many departments connected with an A. E. F. Base Hospital there was one known as the Sanitary Department. In the majority of hospitals (at least according to regulations) this department was only responsible for the sanitation of the hospital buildings and the surrounding grounds.

Cleaning in itself was a big job and required the services of many men and much time. One could readily see, where there were men weakened by wounds and sickness, and susceptible to all diseases, how necessary it was to have proper drainage and cleanliness in the grounds, and the importance of having the interior of all buildings, wash houses and latrines absolutely clean and in a perfect sanitary condition.

Base hospitals, like all other A. E. F. organizations, endured daily inspections, and in order to avoid any criticisms by the inspecting officer every place had to be kept spotless at all times.

The authorities realized how essential it was to maintain the highest standard of sanitation, and with this principle in mind the department was organized.

In the early days there was much work to be done. The grounds were in a horribly untidy and unsanitary condition, due to a lack of drainage and debris being strewn around the grounds in the hasty unpacking of hospital supplies. One soldier, who had just then returned from detached service, was heard to remark that the grounds resembled a city dump. Although this was somewhat exaggerated, there was some truth in the remark, and by referring to certain illustrations in this volume you can appreciate some of the improvements that were effected.

As for the interior of the building, one can easily imagine the condition of a newly altered building of this size with its plaster and paint splashed windows, walls and floors. Weeks were spent scrubbing, cleaning and hauling rubbish, and at last when the first patients arrived every inch of the grounds and buildings was spick and span.

As more patients came, more corps men were needed to care for them, and the Sanitary Department was continually losing many men who were taken for the wards. Soon the hospital became crowded with sick and wounded, and at this time the shortage of men became very apparent.

IN THE WORLD WAR

You will note that in the beginning this department had a large staff, but after the wards had been taken care of we found there were only three men left. Our work kept increasing each day with the arrival of additional patients, and our force was cut down to practically nothing. Aside from the usual routine work about the hospital, many difficult problems arose. The transportation and distribution of fuel were important and difficult duties. Coal and wood had to be brought from the docks $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, and distributed to the various departments, not only about the hospital, but to officers' and nurses' quarters some distance away.

In the early part of May it was found impossible to continue with only three men, and as there was no sign of our personnel being reinforced and as every other department was overworked, it became necessary to use convalescent patients to bring the work up to a proper standard. It fell to the Sanitary Department to first establish a system by which this could be carried out.

The department then ceased to be solely a Sanitary Department, but also became an Emergency Department, and most of the credit for its complete success along this new line is due to the efforts of the patients. The total enlisted personnel of B. H. 34 at that time comprised about 145 men, the regulation quota for 500 beds; but we were caring for nearly three times that number of patients. We had to have more men, but where were we to get them? The patients solved the problem.

Immediately a Detail Department, Pass Department, and Guard were organized from the patients. The Detail Department picked the men best fitted for work, and assigned them to the duties left open by the absence of corps men. The Pass Department regulated the passes of the patients. The only patients who were entitled to passes were those who worked, if able, while the Guard saw that no one left the hospital grounds without the proper authority. So, under these conditions, we were able to meet any emergency which arose in the hospital and at the same time carried out the sanitary work.

This system proved its worth at the time of the influenza epidemic in the spring of 1918, when nearly one hundred corps men, and several nurses and officers, were confined to the hospital with the disease.

Later, when the convalescents became more numerous, we also took over a large Red Cross farm, and with the aid of patients made it very successful. As there were soldiers familiar with all trades, we always tried to assign them to work in their own lines. However, our main object was proper sanitation and we believe that it was attained, all criticism to the contrary notwithstanding.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT



ALL of the Unit knew the "Q. M." more or less hazily as the department whose duty it was to have always on hand a supply of food, clothing, pay, everything, in fact, anyone could want at any time.

The nurses learned more about it when they found they could buy chocolate and have their shoes repaired; the officers became acquainted through Pay Vouchers, trench coats and cigarettes; and the men—well, everyone *had* to wear the things the Q. M. issued, and *nearly* everyone, at some time or another, worked—and worked *hard*—loading or unloading, sorting or piling, driving a truck or pushing one, listing or checking, typewriting or accounting, building or digging, painting or repairing, bossing a job or taking orders.

The Quartermaster's work began in July, 1917, in the home of Colonel Astley P. C. Ashhurst, No. 811 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, with the arrival of the Quartermaster himself, Captain Raphael I. Levin. His assistants were Durward Adams, Harold Bonno, James S. Halkett, and Edmund M. Pitts, all of whom had commenced "active service" during their first days of enlistment. There were names to be listed, requisitions to be made out, transportation orders to be arranged for the Moore boys, and innumerable telephone inquiries to be answered. Then the Unit's first uniforms were drawn from the Schuylkill Arsenal, and proudly hauled up Broad Street in our shining new White Truck. All of the hospital equipment had to be stenciled and numbered for shipment to France, and finally we left for Camp Crane, Allentown.

There, on the morning of Sunday, the ninth of September, everyone donned his first "O. D. Issue," and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these! The little storeroom was ever after a busy center, issuing, collecting, reissuing and exchanging. Who has forgotten the night before we were reviewed by a French

Above—The Commissary in the Early Days

IN THE WORLD WAR

General, when everyone rushed wildly back to camp with thoughts of sudden sailing—only to find that Ordnance was being issued to dress up the unit for parade? Our first army payday on October 8th was a great event. Then came the packing up and stenciling and painting of boxes for overseas transportation, and we moved to Camp Mills, L. I.

There the Q. M. carried on in one of the tents, drawing clothing and trench shoes from the camp warehouses far across the muddy fields. The time came when we had to cut short our big overcoats for “wading in the trenches,” and penknives and razor blades made quick work of the job. The barrack bags were marked, final overseas packing was finished, and on the afternoon of December fourteenth bags and baggage left the camp.

Much of it we found again in the swimming pool on board the “Leviathan.” From there it was moved to the officers’ and nurses’ staterooms, and finally dumped ashore in England. A detail stayed with it, of course, and when we met it again at Le Havre there had been added a great quantity of rations in cans, boxes and bags.

When we reached Blois all of the baggage had to be hauled to hotels and barracks in Ford ambulances; and as some of the boxes were heavy, the work progressed slowly. During the rest of our stay in Blois the Fords were kept busy hauling coal and wood for the nurses and officers—and big details worked daily chopping wood at the barracks and building fires at the hotels.

At last we reached Nantes and the real work began. The cellar of the hospital was cleared of rubbish, partitions and floors built, and food, clothing and gasoline came and went in a steady stream. Meanwhile, in the second floor office, leases and requisitions and orders were prepared, and one wondered how we should take care of all the things we asked for. When the freight came everyone learned what heavy work really was, and then, because there was so much of it, just got used to it.

Across the road from the hospital we found a big riding academy—“Ecole de Dressage et d’ Equitation”—and found it would make a splendid storehouse. We moved in February eighteenth, 1918, wheelbarrowing the tan-bark outside and laying down wooden flooring in its place. Around the walls had hung plates and trophies won by horses of the school, and in their place went up a protective wall-lining of galvanized iron. With the cellar stock and an incoming flood from the freight yards, the big building soon began to look like a real Q. M. storehouse. Eddie Mann and a meat-saw built the counter at the entrance, the Maintenance Gang completed a big ice-box outside, and with a ladder to a little upstairs

room, which the riding-master offered as living quarters, we were ready for business.

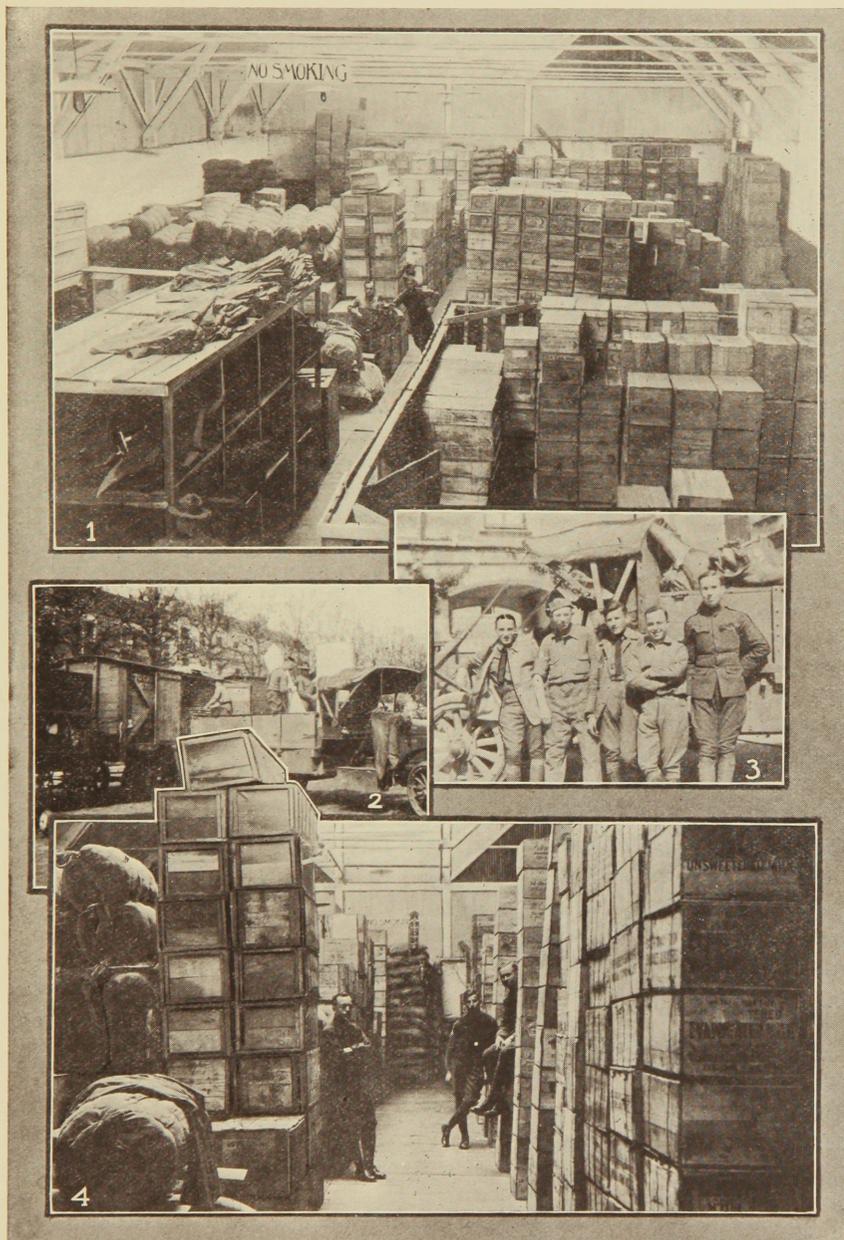
And *what* a business the Commissary did! Customers stood in line for hours to buy canned goods, candy, chewing gum, cigarettes, cigars, and soap. Everybody bought as much as they could carry and then wanted more. Canned goods "clubs" formed at each mess hall table, and Buck Moore asked for a *case* of peaches at a time. Later the variety increased and the allowance-per-customer decreased, and then the business grew so it was necessary to have separate hours for Nurses, Officers and Men.

Captain Levin was still in charge, and Miss Frances C. Byrne gave him secretarial help in the office. Later the Captain was given an assistant quartermaster in Lieutenant Malcolm MacArthur, who was soon followed by Lieutenant Joseph E. Moore. When Captain Levin was called to larger work at Mesves, Lieutenant Moore took charge and Lieutenant MacArthur went into field service. Then Lieutenant Moore was moved to Doulon, and Lieutenant Hugh V. Rooney took his place.

Each strenuous day began with morning roll call, and during Pitts's "Fall in! Right dress! Front! Attention to Roll! Dismissed!" would appear "Johnny" Taylor, "Eddie" Mann, Lawrence Evans, "Nat" Levin, and Strauss. The first three kept untangled the endless red tape of army finance and stores accounts, "Nat" took care of food supplies, Strauss kept things moving in the storehouse, and Pitts watched clothing stocks and tried to keep everything running smoothly—trucks and details, receipts and issues. At "Fatigue" call came "Tommy" Hedges and Fleming, Simpson and "Mat" Lukens, and a little later "Bob" Smith. When the casuals arrived we gained Tower, Ogden, and Wellenkamp. There were many others at various times, but these are the men who worked longest at the storehouse. Others came and went from the wards as the work changed, and the Q. M. became a sort of training school, where hard driving at heavy work probably gave rise to many a harsh thought against the ones in charge.

There were daily bread and meat trips to the station, when thirty to fifty quarters of beef and as many or more sacks of bread came by train from the coast. There were tons of ice to be hauled every other day and packed into the refrigerator and morgue. There were coal and stone and cinder details, when every truck team raced the others and every worker was as black as the soft coal itself. Every few days there would be freight cars to empty, and truckloads of supplies would go up on top of the mountains of sugar and flour, beans and syrup, bacon and bully beef, coats and shoes, socks and shirts. Truck trains going through Nantes to the front

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. The Quartermaster Storehouse from the Second Floor. 2. A Trainload of Knocked Down Coffins. 3. Some of the Storehouse Gang. 4. Mountains of Everything—from russet shoes to Lowney's.

brought up supplies from the coast, and had to be unloaded quickly so we would not delay their schedule. Sometimes trips were necessary all the way to St. Nazaire with two or three trucks, for supplies for which there was immediate need. Baggage at the stations was to be found only after long and vigorous searching among fish baskets and crates of local cheeses.

Sometimes supplies kept going out faster than we could bring them in. For several months all the troops of Nantes and vicinity came to us for food—Engineers, Quartermaster Corps Companies, Machine Gun Battalions and Labor Companies—whites, blacks and Chinese. For a long time ours was the only gasoline and oil supply station in the district. Carloads of onions and potatoes had to be sorted and weighed and sacked. When hospital trains came in the wee small hours everyone turned out to carry litters regardless of their day-time work—and sometimes the hospital trains had to be rationed for the return trip.

“Teddy” Marceaux was our Q. M. interpreter, and many were the arguments over rents and supplies and accounts with the French. Finance troubles were endless, and Officers’ Pay Vouchers and personnel paydays kept Taylor and Evans busy most of the time. Inventories and inspections and ration returns kept Levin with one eye continually on the calendar watching for the end of the month.

The never-ending clothing exchanges were a constant source of fun, for everyone was so carefully “fitted” and colors always “matched.” Sam Keller and Charlie Loomis (and others) will remember how they wanted the only pair of new russet shoes in stock—until they found both were “rights.” It took a large stock to supply sizes of all kinds of clothing just for a unit the size of ours, and to keep enough for all the patients (a total of some ten thousand) was quite a job. Many of them came on stretchers and in pajamas and had to be completely equipped, and most of the remainder needed a change after the mud and hard wear in the trenches.

All of the old clothing, after it had been sterilized, came over to the storehouse; and uniforms, shoes, underwear, rifles, ammunition, gas masks and other equipment had to be assorted, counted, packed and sent away to salvage depots. Later we received among our supplies great quantities of clothing and shoes that had been repaired at these plants. Nothing was wasted—the wards saved even the tin-foil from chocolates. Every tin can opened in the kitchens came back to the storehouse, had to be mashed flat and then shipped away. Personnel, patients, and German prisoners took turns at this, and it was by far *not* the most popular detail

IN THE WORLD WAR

around the hospital. All fats, greases, and bones were boiled down in great vats, and much valuable material saved. George Goddard took care of the salvage work.

In the hay loft of the stables was the coffin room, where coffins were put together and crosses painted and lettered. The cemetery was about twenty minutes' walk from the storehouse, in what had been a wheat field. Greek laborers did the grave digging and heavy work, and under the care of "Al" Gates the little cemetery became one of the A. E. F.'s finest.

In September, 1918, Taylor and Evans were moved to the Hospital Center at Doulon; in October Pitts left for Cosne; and in November Levin and Strauss also went to Doulon. This left Mann to run the office for Lieutenant Rooney, with "Tommy" Hedges in charge of the storehouse, aided by Simpson and Fleming. By January, 1919, the building had been turned into a Medical Supply Depot, and nothing but a small supply of clothing was left.

With the help of Fanning, the last few weeks were spent checking up and exchanging clothes and shoes for the home-bound unit, dressing up for Miss Liberty and Home.

Through all the Q. M. work a fine spirit of co-operation was shown at all times by everyone despite differences of opinion between the outfitters and their "customers" as to the quality of various articles of apparel. It is hoped that the majority were satisfied with the services rendered by this department.

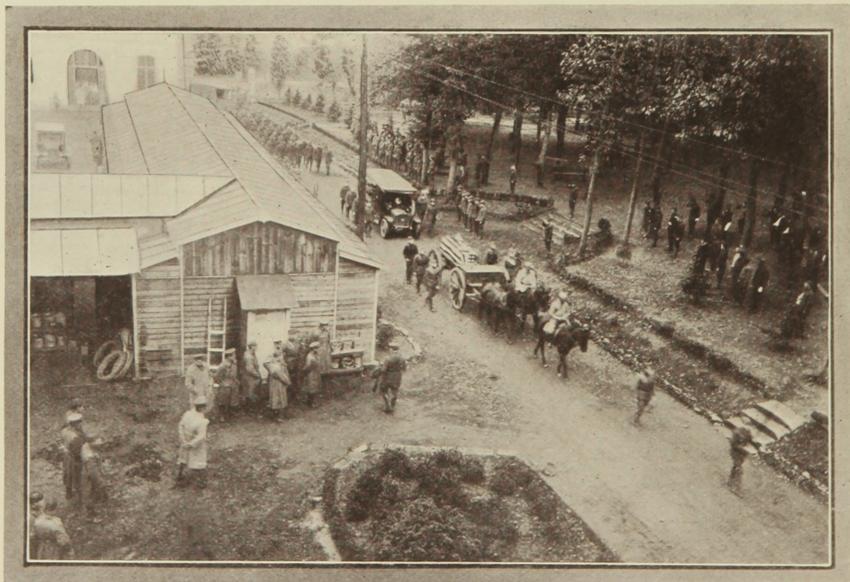
*Can you beat that Moo-Kluttz Klan trying to buy
Del Monte peaches by the case to eat at the midnight
lunches before the fireplace in the architectural
draughting room?*

*"Tommy" Hedges is in doubt as to whether those
"dough-boy" patients knew the difference between
an ice cream soda and the "Heppelwhite drawing
room" which Furbush told them his mother had.*

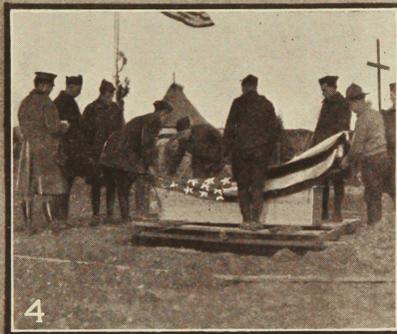
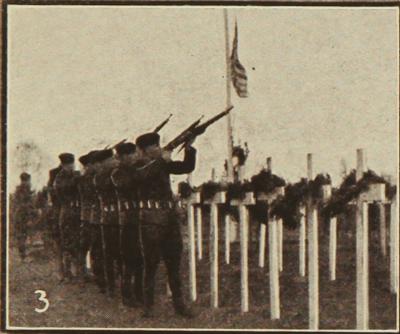
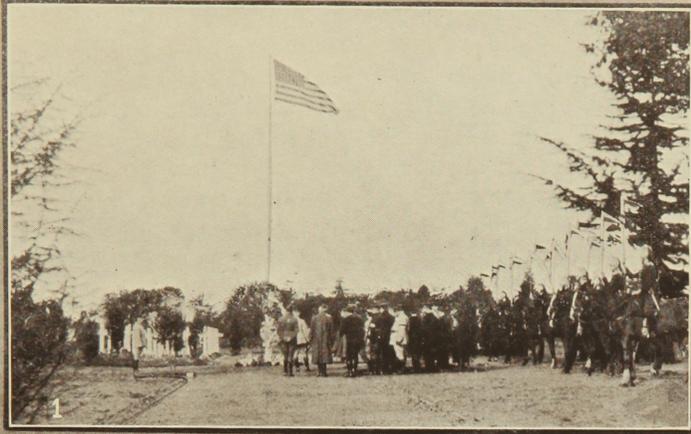
CEMETERY

UNITED States Army Cemetery No. 88, just off the Rue de Vannes, in the outskirts of Nantes, was about one acre in size with a cinder road running directly through it, cutting it in half, and exactly in the centre of this space there was a high white flag pole, around the base of which the cinder road turned. There was a narrow strip of nicely clipped grass, dotted at regular intervals with spruce trees, which followed the edge of both sides of the cinder road. To the left of this one could see a dozen or more rows of white crosses, each cross about five feet in height and having a number, a name and a date on it. Directly in front of these rows there was a narrow cinder path. The whole arrangement gave one the impression of exactness, symmetry and beauty.

Should we be interested in knowing what the names, numbers and dates on the crosses represented, we would proceed to the cross with No. 1 on it. Beginning at that point we read the names of



The Funeral of "Jim" Murray Leaving the Hospital



1. French honor American Dead on Memorial Day at 34's Cemetery. 2. General View of Cemetery of Base Hospital 34 (U. S. Army Cemetery No. 88). 3. Squad Firing Salute over Grave. 4. Paying Last Tribute.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

the first two: Private John W. Bresnihan, Co. H, 16th Infantry, June 20, 1918, and Private Clayton H. Baker, Co. H, 16th Inf., June 20, 1918. It is said that these two young men had been friends in civil life, had lived in the same town, worked together, enlisted in the army together, were assigned to the same fighting unit, were wounded in the same battle, brought to the same Hospital for treatment and had died on the same day. Now they occupy the first two graves of the cemetery. This is a most remarkable coincidence.

Passing along the path and noticing the names of the men who have given their all, would be found Cross No. 134, which had on it the following inscription:

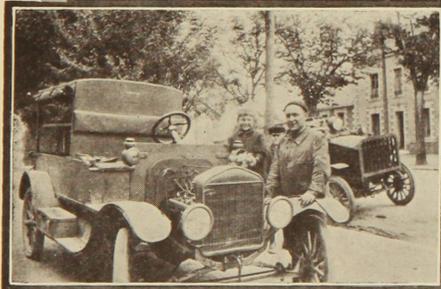
PVT. 1ST CLASS JAMES L. MURRAY,
B. H. 34, Med. Dept.
Died Oct. 20, 1918.

It marks the grave of a loyal friend and a good soldier, and the day of his funeral will always be remembered. The bugler sounded the church call, which announces the beginning of a military funeral. All of the personnel of B. H. No. 34 who could possibly be relieved from duty fell in line. At the head of the procession was the cross, carried by one of his most intimate friends, David Porterfield. Then came Chaplain Groton, and after him the French artillery caisson, upon which rested the casket wrapped in an American Flag. Behind the caisson came the officers, nurses and enlisted men in the order named. The procession was a long and impressive one as it wound its way from the hospital to the cemetery where the ceremony was held. The Chaplain conducted the service and a quartette rendered appropriate vocal selections. A firing squad performed its duty and the "last post" was sounded. The grave was covered with wreaths from his comrades. It was an event that will always be remembered.

Proceeding down the line of crosses, No. 233 marked the end of our journey. Two hundred and thirty-three seemed to us a high number, but when one considers that of the thousands of patients treated in the Base Hospitals comprising the Nantes Hospital Centre (Nos. 11, 34, 38, and 216) there were only 233 deaths, the number does not seem so large. All together they scarcely fill one-half of the cemetery. On the opposite side of the plot there is a much smaller group of white crosses, which represented a few German prisoners who died while in our charge.

We believe that an inspection of the numerous cemeteries maintained by the A. E. F. would result in the conviction that No. 88 was second to none in general appearance and arrangement.

IN THE WORLD WAR



AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

These envelopes authorized by Paragraph 10, G.O. No. 10

Must not be used for money or valuables. Cannot be registered. Not to be returned repeatedly but liable to cancellation at the base.

I declare that the enclosed forms or letters refer to personal or family matters only, and that they contain no information in violation of other military regulations by reasonable regulations.

(Name)

Rank

COUNTRY ORIGIN

Rank

U.S. No.

SOLDIER'S LETTER.

More than one letter may be sent in this envelope. In the case it should be addressed, "Base Command."

Address only

.....

1. The Post Office. 2. The "Cheese Box," the Ford that brought the Mail. 3. The only Letters Our Censors Left Alone.

POST OFFICE

THE arrival of mail always put the Post Office in a state of siege. Every patient who was able to move, and every member of the personnel who could tear himself away from duty came to demand his several letters; nurses entered to help in the distributing, and if their letters were not forthcoming they remained until the frantic postmaster bowed them out. Rapping upon the door during rush periods availed nothing. One morning the rapping increased in spite of discouragement until it shook the wall. The Postmaster shouted, "Well, then, knock the door down and come in!" In stamped a Colonel.

The average day brought a thousand letters and three or four sacks of second-class matter. Sorting and distributing were not our only duties, for there were outgoing censored letters to prepare and bundles of patients' mail to be readdressed and forwarded, which process made searching through the Hospital files a popular pastime. When envelopes were illegible or bore misspelled directions, such as "Bass Hospitol, Nantz, Frans," our task became interesting. The prize piece of second-class mail came in a specially tagged sack holding splintered remnants of a lone box suspended in the wreckage of preserved fruits.

Mail to Overseas Troops had a tremendous meaning—it was the link with home. The more numerous the links the better, and nowhere could the benefits be better seen than among the patients.

DOUBTFUL

Wonder if it would have been possible for his folks to send letters long enough to satisfy Alker.

OFFICERS' ANNEX

THE Officers' Annex was located several blocks away from the Main Hospital on the Rue de Rennes, and was formerly a Girls' Normal School, built in 1861, the lower floor being used for school purposes and the second and third floors for the accommodation of the boarding students. The private rooms and dormitories proved ideal for the officers.

When the building was taken over for hospital purposes, in October, 1918, hospital beds were placed on the first floor, while on the other floors the original French beds with their high spring box and soft feather mattresses were retained. White spreads, comforters, and eiderdown foot warmers,—all relics of the French occupation—added to the comfort and ease of the latest occupants.

In the basement was the kitchen, whose antiquated stove had been replaced by an army field range, which easily supplied food for the two hundred patients and personnel. Nick Zinni, after his apprenticeship at Brest, seemed to have the edge on all the cooks for this job. But he had to be boss or he would not work; this meant that he was arguing most of the time with Bonno, Mess Sergeant Pro Tem. It was no unusual scene, at noon, to find Nick in "blues" telling Adams that Bonno had to go or he would quit the job.

But peace and quiet reigned serenely in the dining room above, where the food was brought by means of a dumb-waiter from the kitchen. The quality of the food was never in doubt—as was evidenced by the fact that the personnel working there never once came up to the regular personnel mess hall for their meals. French help did the more menial work.

The personnel, living on the third floor, managed to smuggle most of the furniture to their quarters. Some were fortunate to have private rooms, while others had to live in the studio. In this latter room were rehearsed many of the poses which were formerly seen there.

The Conservatory of Music lived up to its name, for here the personnel ate their meals (not mess). It was a delight to hear these representative American soldiers eat their meals. Some poor souls added to the chaos by trying out their vocal chords, but a shower of knives, spoons and plates soon "Q'd" them down.

The officers, too, had their music. They could not kid the



The Mess Hall at the Villa where Patient Officers were Cared For

nurses all the time, especially Miss Grimke, so they started Dinty's Band, composed of all sorts of instruments, from a piano to a tin flute, and played by all sorts of musicians from a Colonel to a Second Lieutenant. This band met an untimely death after the armistice was signed. The history of that day and night at the "Ecole Normale" will have to remain a closed page.

From music the officers turned to the click of the dice and the whirr of the roulette wheel. A miniature Monte Carlo was supposed to be the reason why so many of the officers were slow in convalescing, both in health and pocket. But the orderlies were always on the job and never failed to call an officer in time for his meals.

Not far from this "Little Hell" dwelt Livolsi, king of barbers. The telephone booth, where he plied his trade, proved to be very convenient, for when business was dull he could call his Mademoiselle and shoot her a little soft stuff until some unsentimental Second Lieutenant interrupted him with "Haircut."

The Annex was officially opened October 18, 1918, when the first patients (thirty in number) were transferred from the Main Hospital. Major Ostheimer, in his opening address, impressed the officers with the fact that they were there to get well and to get out as soon as possible. Sgt. Adams took charge of the personnel. Weinert began his duties as night man and later Joe Delaney came to help him. These two, with Miss Grimke, composed the night

IN THE WORLD WAR

force. This thoughtful nurse made coffee early in the morning to keep the staff awake, but Joe found that there was something better than coffee, so he often took a little stroll. The nurses worked on schedule. They arranged their engagements the first thing in the morning, then arranged for time off with Miss Sickles (the head nurse). After that they dispensed a few medicines and the rest of the day they amused the officers.

Teas and dances made life more "endurable" for the officers and nurses, and all the corps men had to do was to clean up the mess after the affairs were over.

The grounds surrounding the building were artistically kept in shape by a French gardener, the hot house supplied flowers for interior decoration, the large truck patch fresh vegetables for the table, and the grove, with its winding lanes and shady nooks, the means of much happiness that is lost when "two" are separated. Villa Maria was truly one of the best officers' Hospitals in the A. E. F.

With a bed capacity of 150 there were never more than 130 officers as patients; but everybody from the Lieutenant to the buck orderlies had to work hard. Lt. Tousey, it was rumored, spent many hours in a neighboring house "learning French," Sgt. Adams spent his time hunting for the orderlies, and any time between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning one could find Miss Sickles in her office marking out hours-off for her understudies: "Miss Owens, this is your P. M., and Miss Fellows this is your A. M. Miss Grimke, you are off from 1 to 4 P. M., and Miss Buchanan from 4 P. M. on, while I'll take from 2 on and all day tomorrow. I think I'll go in and see the Sergeant, for I don't believe there is any need of a night nurse. I'll have him put on another corps man instead."



Carlton
Furbush -

The Nurse

FROM A WATER COLOR BY FURBUSH



Katharine Brown

THE CHIEF NURSE

MISS KATHERINE BROWN, Chief Nurse of B. H. "34," is a graduate of the Presbyterian Hospital, Philadelphia, Class of 1897. For the past nine years she has been Directress of Nurses of the Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia. Prior to that time she had filled executive positions with many leading Hospitals throughout the United States. Deeply interested in all work concerning the nursing profession, she has held offices in the Nurses' National League of Education and is a member of the Red Cross Committee in Philadelphia. Miss Brown has worked with untiring energy in the Nursing Service of the Unit, and to her unselfish devotion to duty and splendid leadership is due great credit for its success.

CHIEF NURSE'S OFFICE

THE nursing personnel was surprised to find that after resting in the charmingly interesting town of Blois for ten mid-winter days they were not to begin their service with their own organization, but were to be scattered over France until such time as Base Hospital No. 34 should be ready to receive patients. Six nurses were sent to A. R. C. No. 2, Paris, thirty-two to Camp Coetquidan, near Rennes, and twenty-seven to Base Hospital No. 101, at St. Nazaire. This was a great disappointment to them. However, the various groups took up their duties in these hospitals with an admirable spirit, and made an enviable reputation for themselves and for B. H. No. 34.

Late in March preparations reached the point where it was possible to have sixteen nurses assigned to Base Hospital No. 34 for duty, six coming from camp and ten from St. Nazaire. The month closed without any patients having been received. A near neighbor, Base Hospital No. 8, at Savenay, was preparing to receive large convoys of wounded and gassed patients, so the sixteen nurses were sent there for a few days to help, and incidentally to learn something of the way a large convoy is handled. After having spent two days in a very interesting institution, the nurses were ordered back to their original station, where, on April 2nd, the first patients had arrived. There were thirty-seven patients admitted; the nurses were engaged in getting the few furnished wards ready for occupation.



Miss Brown and Her Adjutant, Miss Leader
Page 214

Before the first large assignment of patients reached the hospital the first surgical team, including three nurses, was sent to the front. On April 16th the first hospital train reached Nantes, and as Thirty-four was at that time the only American hospital in the town, it received the entire convoy, which included one hundred and fifty medical and one hundred and ninety-one

IN THE WORLD WAR

surgical patients, eighty-six of the entire number being stretcher cases. The Red Cross hospital train service was very well organized, and transportation of wounded was not too difficult. The nurses had been on duty in hospitals where the medical cases from incoming transports and near-by camps had been cared for, so it was a great satisfaction to know that Thirty-four was in splendid location to receive patients from the front, and to have some medical work in addition.

Never did nurses go to work with more zeal and spirit, and the many difficulties and discomforts which always come in the beginning were entirely overlooked. The laundry question was very serious, as the scarcity of fuel made it impossible to keep the necessary amount of linen on hand. The hot water supply was inadequate and the small oil stoves which were provided for heating water, etc., were most of the time "out of order." There were many other trying problems, such as would be found in a hospital organization reaching its capacity so soon after its doors were opened. The handling of such large numbers of patients was a matter of interest and surprise to all. With the assurance of real need, the nurses began their duties with the most intense interest.

The operating rooms were not quite finished when the first groups of nurses arrived, but the installation of sterilizers and quite modern equipment in the way of lavatories, etc., was hurried along. Supplies of linen, instruments and all other necessities of a well organized operating room were requisitioned, and work began April 17th. The operating rooms were the scene of greatest activity during the months of June, July and August.

Most of the nursing during this period was surgical in character, and the work grew more interesting from week to week as seriously wounded men were arriving from the front. April 26th, twelve more nurses returned from Camp Coetquidan; May 17th, six from Paris; and June 1st, fourteen from St. Nazaire. At this time all the nurses had been returned except four remaining at Camp Coetquidan. Number of patients, 1,000.

During April and May the nurses who were on duty were kept very busy, and until June there was but one night nurse assigned to an entire floor, with approximately three hundred patients each. By June 5th the census had increased to 1,128, and the second surgical team, including two nurses, was ordered to the front. On the same date orders came through to get ready to house the nursing personnel of Base Hospital No. 38, Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia—a group of one hundred and five women. They were sent out from Base Hospital No. 34 during the first few days of their stay to various stations over France for duty, and on June 11th,

twenty-one of these nurses were assigned to Thirty-four, and were a great help for a few days. Then all except seven of these were transferred to other posts. These seven nurses helped in a most creditable manner through the busy months of June and July, and left for their own hospital upon its completion, August 5th.

During June and July the shortage of surgical supplies caused a great deal of anxiety. It was impossible to carry on surgical work without them. It was just as impossible to take nurses away from wards when patients already had far too little attention, to make and keep up the requisite number of supplies. Some hold-up in the amount received from America brought the problem to a crisis. Outside help had to be resorted to. French women under the supervision of one nurse cut and folded gauze all day, and the packages were pinned and gotten ready for the sterilizer by convalescent patients. Never before was the work of the Red Cross overseas so thoroughly appreciated. To cut and fold clean white gauze into neat little bundles, pin them up and send them to the war zone may have seemed like a mere drop in the mighty ocean to those who did the work, but had it not been for these same apparently trifling bits of assistance the condition at Thirty-four would have been not a problem, but a disaster. The outside help tidied over the difficulty until the supplies again came to the rescue.

During the summer, in addition to the surgical work, the medical department added variety to the daily tasks. The pneumonia barracks taxed the skill of the best nursing force. The contagious work included diphtheria, scarlet fever, and some cases in spinal meningitis. Practically no cases of typhoid were received.

The compound fracture cases were perhaps the most interesting group in the surgical department. They were patients in the hospital for a longer period than most others, and they afforded an opportunity to learn the manipulation of all the latest devices for the comfortable and safe handling of arms and legs shattered by high explosives, shells, etc.

Most of the difficulties and inconveniences were lessened as time went on, even during the period of greatest activity. The one difficulty which did not lessen was the unsatisfactory handling of over-crowded space. It was almost impossible to move about among the beds, or to discharge duties satisfactorily.

In late September the influenza epidemic recurred. Although the second epidemic was by far the more serious, with the higher mortality, the spring epidemic was in a way more difficult, as the hospital personnel was very much crippled, so many being off duty at the same time.

During October and November the medical work increased in



THE NURSES AT NANTES

Left to Right—Top: Bahn, Sprague, Kandle, Andrews, Lehman, Olive Brown, London, Elda Griffin, Buchanan, Wright, Leader, Wise, Kaufmann, Cora Elm, Bonawitz, Heistand, Bahner, Anthony, Gemberlin, Horton, Kee, Grace Calvert, Geisinger, Alice Dow, Hummell, Haney, Turner, Grimke, Sickels, Lotz, Lewis, Mowery, Cook, Clark. Front Row: Elda Graybill, Robinson, Owens, Henneberger, Hay, Fellows, Hess, Edna Graybill, Whiteman, Shun, Winslow, Mills, Holler, Echternach, Rolph, Behman, K. Brown, Chief Nurse, Wentzel, Stevens, Tattershall, Comly, Nicholson, Brookes, Rabaugh, Kelsey, Lavin, Hassler, MacCracken.

IN THE WORLD WAR

interest, with influenza and pneumonia, the milder contagious diseases being in the lead, and the surgical work constantly decreased.

After the signing of the Armistice the whole personnel was very much disturbed to know whether Base Hospital 34 was to continue as a Base Hospital, change to an Evacuation Hospital, or close, or perhaps be a permanent army Base Hospital. After one and a half months filled with many and various rumors, on Christmas Eve the entire personnel was informed that Base Hospital No. 34 would be relieved from duty, and that the original personnel would have the privilege of returning to the States. On January 1st, seventeen nurses, members of Evacuation Hospital No. 36, arrived as relief for Base 34. When it was found necessary to increase the number assigned to Evacuation Hospital 36 during the reconstruction period, twenty nurses expressed their willingness to make the additional sacrifice and remain in the service from four to six months longer.

In order to enable the new personnel to become familiar with the cases and the routine, some of the nurses remained on duty, and the schedule was divided, with half-day time. After a year of hard work, it was like a wonderful vacation, especially as the incoming patients were no longer the newly wounded.

Through January, February and the beginning of March, rumors were many and varied. Everybody was very anxious to get back to America.

The 34 departing members of the Unit left Nantes on the morning of the 2nd of March for La Baule, where they were very comfortably taken care of till the morning of the 8th. They moved on from there on the 9 A. M. train for Brest, arriving about midnight and getting into their cots in the barracks at two A. M. at Camp Kerhuon, after a lunch of one cruller and one cup of army cocoa. It was a blow not to find the transport waiting at the dock at once, as had been the expectation.

On the 14th, twenty minutes' notice was received to be ready to leave, and by two P. M. all were aboard the S. S. George Washington. The trip home was remarkably smooth, and uneventful. The ship docked in New York on the 25th. The nurses put up at the Albert Hotel, where for five days necessary details as to physical examinations, re-enlistment papers, and transportation were regulated, and on the 31st the general exodus began that was to split up the little band. Needless to say, it was a great joy to be really home. Though the work of the year had not been phenomenal in any way, all felt that a great deal had been accomplished. The completion of it brought much regret at the breaking up of many shared friendships and pleasures, but also a great relief at the ending of responsibility.

NURSES' MESS HALL AND BARRACKS

TO feed a number of people is quite a proposition at best, but in France it reached far beyond the proposition mark. It meant first getting the food, and what was almost as difficult, sufficient dishes and a place to serve it in.

At first the nurses shared the common Mess Hall with officers and corps men. Those were the chrysalis days, before a separate Mess Hall was built. The first third of the building was separated from the second by burlap sacking and was consecrated to the daily serving of afternoon tea from 3 to 5.

The middle part, the largest third, accommodated many tables with benches seating six or eight, as the need might be, while clean oilcloth, white agate dishes, deep bowls for soup, soup plates for vegetables, and black handled forks and knives (napkins being an unheard-of luxury), made attractive food accessories.

As there is nothing stationary in the Army, except red tape, the dishes were variable, the number decreasing until there was a dish famine, but if one had to spoon the sugar with a fork or attack the butter with a spoon, there was no redress. The dishes were for the Mess Hall, and if carried to the Nurses' Home or elsewhere were not replaced. Matters evened up, however, as the variety in the supply of food never overtaxed the capacity of the utensils.

All through the summer days yellow jackets buzzed into the jam pots, bees sat in the sugar bowls and flies crowded in through the screenless windows. Many a meal was interrupted by these pests, who were truly appreciative of the Army chow.

In the third part of the building the masters of the cook pots stewed the beans. It was a convenient kitchen, and under the nurses' supervision sent forth many good meals. The bean, the "goldfish" and the prune were fixtures in the A. E. F. Other articles and compositions being built around them.

Beside the Mess Hall were the sleeping barracks, models of disorder. Forty cots, forty trunks, forty carryalls, forty suitcases, tables, chairs and forty nails for forty hats, no cupboards, one stove and a creaking floor! All the windows were open, shadeless, screenless—inviting the insect. There were some close contacts with the bees, and one might open an early morning eye upon a centipede five inches from the nose.

There were showers and stationary wash bowls and plenty of

IN THE WORLD WAR



Christmas Dinner in the Nurses' Mess Hall

cold water, with the privilege of carrying hot water from the kitchen. Each evening saw the hot water pilgrimage between quarters and the Hospital building.

Electricity was one of the luxuries "tapped" off at 10 P. M. Reveille was an unwished for necessity at six in the morning.

It was unfortunate that night nurses had to sleep in the same building with the day marauders. It was not restful to them to have the board floor creaking to their sleep or voices of other nurses waken them most of the day. But all unpleasant things do not forever last, and this condition was changed by the move to the Chateau.

Under the trees in the long twilight, one could sit and knit or chat. Sometimes there were visiting speakers or entertainers and the Mess Hall benches were taken out into the open. Old Glory hung full and wide in an open space, the great emblem of the open air entertainments, the great inspiration of the open air church.

So whatever the subsequent improvements might have been, the first quarters were a pleasant memory with fewer actual privations than had been expected in so new a system as barracks life in France.

THE CHATEAU

IT was with some "unwillingness" that the nurses changed quarters from the wooden barracks on the hospital grounds to a beautiful stone chateau fifteen minutes' walk away.

It meant that the pet board would no longer sag beneath each army cot; that the invading spider would no longer creep over them under the covers at night; no more would rain be a signal for a rush to the tar-papered shack to push out the bed from under the deluge; nor would it any longer be an eye-opener, if an eye should happen to be closed just under the leak. On the other hand, there would be the distance to think about. One would have to begin the day earlier, and hours off would be curtailed by the walk to and from the new home; but the rain would play just as important a part in the daily routine. It would be a change merely from leaks and a drop in the eye to mud and boots on the feet. However, the nurses' slogan had already become "move on," so in the heat of June, 1918, each rolled up her three-piece house, mattress, pillows and covers, and with carryall, suitcase, and trunk left the comforts and discomforts of shack life for the conveniences and inconveniences of the pretentious chateau.

There was an air of grandeur about the great gray house. With its little corner turrets, and Virgin Mary niche, coat-of-arms on the doorway, and high peaked, black-gray roofs, it rose serene and quiet out of a beautiful garden of green. The boxwood hedge, variegated holly trees, wonderful blue spruce, huge dahlias, great camelia bushes, fantastically cut poplar trees and riot of roses; the shaded walk in and about the grounds, the seclusion behind the high enclosing walls—this did not seem a part of war. In the hollow of the lawn, as one looked down from the yellow-bricked porch walk that led to the heavy oak doors, one enjoyed by day the unruffled little pond shadowed by magnolia and maple, and by night rued the existence of this most prolific incubator of the songless mosquito that stung all into wondering with it, "what hath night to do with sleep?"

It was wonderful to come to in the hot July sun, cool and restful, but thirst producing. There was a great water tank in an attic room and a notice, "This water unfit for drinking purposes." Even that was empty a short while after being filled from a basement pump by one of the soldiers each morning. For a tank meant



THE NURSES' CHATEAU
FROM A WATER COLOR STUDY
PAINTED IN FRANCE BY STERN

IN THE WORLD WAR

for the use of ten or twelve people could hardly be expected to meet the needs of sixty-five.

Bath facilities were one tub, one cold water pipe, and a notice, "No baths to be taken in tub until city water is installed." Also a notice, "Baths not to be taken on Saturday, as there will not be sufficient water to go around," thus compelling the discontinuance of a time-honored custom. As there had been showers and tubs and many spigotted bowls in the barracks on the hospital grounds, it was a sudden privation to limit oneself to one eye-cup dip a week, or to run down to the basement pump at 6.30 A. M. for a few spurts of water in an agate basin, the tank having gone dry over night. Kegs or milk cans of drinking water were motored down each morning from the hospital, and often in the hot weather were empty before night. So there were days in the begin-



1 and 4. The Chateau—Home of 34's Nurses. 2. The Entrance. 3. The Lake in the Garden Behind the Chateau

ning when the luxury of polished hardwood floors, beautiful tapestried walls, great gold framed mirrors and spacious rooms was overlooked in moments of unrefreshed weariness.

Still, with a salon all blue and white and gold, with hanging crystal chandelier and a ceiling all done in the blue and white of a summer sky, with beautiful ornate gold-framed mirrors each opposite the other, reflecting the lights into a long vista like the ball room of the Palace at Versailles, one forgot the fireless, tile-floored kitchen in the rear, and admired the beauties of the Louis XV reception room.

The walnut-panelled dining room was a crowded barrack. Ten black iron cots gave little space to move about in. A deep, wide, very large fire place filled one end. There was little closet space, and a notice, "No nails to be driven in any part of walls," so the ends of each cot served as useful though untidy over-night ward-robos. Chairs there were for those who got them first, but when there were too few to go round chairs became itinerant, to the annoyance of the first possessor. It was like the game, "Button, button, who has the button?"

The Chapel Room, Billiard Room, Tower Room and other smaller bedrooms, were strange to the eye, panelled or tapestried in somber or cheerful style. A tenement aspect was lent to them by army furnishings; kahki rolls and trunks under beds, a community ten-inch mirror hanging to a chandelier, cap, collar or cuffs pinned to a cloth on the wall, pitchers and basins under the tables and tins of beef, evaporated milk, or coffee on the window ledge.

The gray marble fireplace mantle in the Green Room was an altar of donations and was worked on the "give and take" system. From the outside heat after the day's work, one and then another of the Green Room tenants dragged limply in and placed a melon, or tomatoes, or a tin of jam, or grapes upon this family cafeteria. Purloined hospital bread and butter were always to be found here. After a little rest the hungry horde bit into the juicy fruit or chewed out the melon from the rind—there were no spoons—and topped off the evening's gorge with citronade or sour cider. Taps was a not unwelcome signal for retirement, for a full stomach maketh a satisfied nurse.

Comforts came gradually. After long waiting the tub was removed. One corner of the stone floored serving pantry was marked off by an eight-inch high cement partition, a rubber blanket was strung on a transverse pipe near the ceiling, and a shower bath was installed. A piece of rough board served as bath mat. It was like trying out a nonskid game to keep in the middle of the impromptu mat, for great was the slush and shock to those who

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. "The Gim'me Club." 2. "Somebody's taking pictures!" 3. Waiting at the Gate. 4. Patient Officers and the Patient Nurses. 5. Posing.

slipped to the cold stone floor. When scarcity of fuel drafted the mat into fireplace service, wads of newspaper filled the bill. It was an innovation hailed with much joy, and while the warm weather lasted it passed the censor. It was quite another matter when the cold of fall and winter made the unheated pantry a refrigerator, and "back to the basin plunge" was the cry. Then there was always the possibility of being cooked or congealed, as the instantaneous heating arrangement in the basement worked like the French railway system—on for five minutes and off for ten, so that the bath became a progressive get out and get under. Water drove thoughts a good deal from the shower to the stomach

and the kitchen. Food was the most important item. A two-burner gas stove served forty appetites. Well, it frizzled many a slice of bacon, toasted bread, boiled coffee; and no kitchen six by ten ever turned out more smoke or smells to the cubic inch than that of the grand chateau. But, as time off was the only accessory unburdened by army tape, laundry and cuisine hours often bumped so that while potatoes boiled, clothes bubbled and the cook knocked elbows with the laundress. It was up to the army to pay for uniforms and caps, collars and cuffs, but even army life requires a much larger wardrobe than that; and as after the first two weeks, the force did not enjoy the "Stick-the-Americans,—they're-rich" bills of the French Blanchisseuses, the rooms began to be festooned with lines, carryall ropes, trunk ropes, and even bath robe ropes. There were whatnots in the pantry and more up near the roof, but the only spot where anything dried in less than a week was in the furnace room; so that one had to avoid the hanging linen while shoveling in the coal.

Every room had a fireplace. That promised a cheerful winter—until winter came. The chimney draughts were perfect, if there had been fuel. The central heating in the basement drove out the absolute chill of the air, but it was not hard to realize why people in shops and unheated houses worked in fingerless mittens, and the A. N.'s soon learned the use of bed socks and sleeping bags. Smashed up packing boxes and bits of coal "filched" from the family heap in the cellar helped make the damp rooms habitable through many a cheerless hour. Then came a notice, "Fuel for central furnace only. No more to be carried to rooms."

There were others beside the regular inmates of the chateau who found out the warming qualities of the basement. The wooden gate in the street wall was sometimes overlooked at night, and drunken sabots were not too unsteady to amble in by the back door and lead the vin-rouged gentleman out of the rain next to the cosy heat. More than once when the "lock-up" nurse made rounds to close doors and windows at night—it was an alphabetical lock-up system—she would stumble on to a heap and call for help. Other brave A. N.'s would fly to the scene of action, and push and shove old bibulous sabots out into the cold, cold rain, for sabots do not form a part of the nursing personnel.

When the increase in work brought an increase in personnel, the chateau was no longer large enough to accommodate the full number, and the Villa was opened. Many had to move again. This was another occasion for notices.

While the sun shone it was not unpleasant walking up to duty in the early mornings. When the weather vane stuck at rain, all

IN THE WORLD WAR

of November, December, and January, it was a spirit-dampener. It was then that the Colonel's car came to the rescue, so that one did not dread the day's beginning. It was a luxury to sit dry and comfortable on a few minutes' ride to the mess hall at seven in the morning. Without this appreciated kindness, one would have had to splash through mud and rain day after day for fifteen minutes in rubbers, trench coat and "sou'wester."

The New Year dance was a gorgeous success. Three rooms and the hall gave an ample floor space. Holly and mistletoe and bowls of red and white roses, and gay little lanterns of odd design shaded the lights. No one knew that the corner seats so attractively draped were boxes and sleeping-pillows, and that those who retired early went pillowless to bed. There were strings of greens from chandelier to corners, and vari-colored tissue paper decorations swayed gently in the breeze.

Sometimes there were card parties in the salon, with tables attractively arranged, and refreshment, and sometimes the birthday parties added interest. Once there was ice cream and chocolate cake,—ice cream of Eagle Brand evaporated flavor, but cold and sweet and of two servings.

After all, when petty hardships are a thing of the past, they are forgotten in the memories of enjoyed moments; and, the Nurses of 34, knowing that some days are dark, and some days are dreary, took them all in the shuffle with the chateau joys at the top.

Many there were who were glad that such agreeable persons as Haney and Cook were in charge of the Nurses' Mess—God bless 'em!

It's doubtful whether taking down a railroad gate the way Spellissy did it with Sam's "White" on the night of the Nurses' Farewell to 34 could be considered "in line of duty."

It's doubtful whether anybody ever made as good an "egg-nog" as did Margaret Hummel.

THE VILLA

EARLY in October the Chateau was considered too small to accommodate all of the nurses through the winter and "B. H. 34" was given the use of the Villa St. Michel. Before the war it had been used as a pension. It stood high in a big green garden, down on the Rue des Rennes, but one had to enter by the back door, so to speak. French houses so often are shut in and one has to hunt a side avenue, because the front is given over to unfriendly and gateless stone walls.

The street that passed the house was a pretty one, with acacia trees and walks and an occasional stepping stone, but dark on a rainy night. Iron gates locked the avenue at each end. Artistic gates do add to the beauty of old mossed stone walls, overhung with roses, ferns and camelias, but when the gatekeeper, too much bewined, muddles the keys it means that one is in when one should be out, and out when one should be in. More than once the response to roll call was hampered by the belated prune in the late comer's mouth, and occasionally the tired nurse coming home at night found the gate locked and had to walk a long way round to get in at the other end of the street. In the Villa wall was a plain green wooden door. It made one think of a secret garden—and just within stood St. Michel, gray and ugly, a statue of moss-grown faithfulness. He was not ornamental, but then he was discreet and would have been interesting, had he been less silent.

The nurses were billeted two in a room. Only those who had lived the Chateau life of nine cots in a room, nine suit cases, nine trunks, nine tables, a few chairs and no wall hooks could appreciate what this meant to the twenty-nine fortunates who were dubbed by the left-behinds the T. T. T.'s—tried, trusted and true.

One entered the living room directly from a concrete terrace. Great bursting chestnut burrs and grape leaves jumped at one from a wall of bilious green, but what is wall paper in war time, when there is a fireplace and a fire, and a tea table and friendly old arm-chairs and a cushioned sofa? And there was a piano, and there were five cats, friendly cats that purred by day and meowed and spat by night, and shed the flea.

It was a homey house, the Villa, with a kitchen complete, and a gas range, and many were the feasts prepared thereon. Sunday was an afternoon of open house from 3 to 5, when nurses or officers

IN THE WORLD WAR

might drop in for a cup of tea and a sandwich, and sometimes even a Nabisco wafer.

The Reconstruction Aides were billeted here in December, filling every room, and adding to the general contentment and genial atmosphere.

It was a happy place, this house, as, however present the war seemed in the Hospital itself, one could forget petty troubles in the satisfaction of such unhoped-for luxuries.



The "Rue" Behind the Nurses' Villa

WARD No. 130

IN May, 1918, a Ward on the first floor of the Main Building was opened, which was officially known as Ward No. 130, but later became known to doctors, nurses, orderlies and patients as "No-man's Land," "Hell's Half-acre" and "The Balkans."

This Ward was originally intended for convalescent patients, and it was equipped with seventy-five beds, one nurse and one corps man orderly being assigned to duty.

It was an easily managed and comfortable Ward, until a surprise train load of wounded at 2.00 A. M. changed it to a bedlam of confusion. There were fifty empty beds, and as all the incoming patients were litter cases, fifty fractured spines and femurs were tucked in. When 8.00 A. M. came, everyone protested that such cases could not be taken care of with no supplies on hand. However, the C. O. thought it could be very easily done by leaving the patients as they were and moving down equipment from the Medical Supply Department. So necessities were begged, borrowed or stolen from all the other Wards in the Hospital.

As many nurses as could be spared (and about half as many as were needed) were sent to the Ward. Two more corps men reported for duty by 9.00 A. M. When they were yet a great way off they heard a chorus of "Orderly! Orderly! Orderly!" They heard it then and for a great many days to come. Consequently, there were many changes. In two weeks nine different orderlies were on duty on the floor.

Too much cannot be said about the work of the corps men of this Ward. The character of the wounds tried the endurance of nurses and doctors, and it was difficult to remember that the orderlies had had no former hospital training. In the midst of dressings they would suddenly disappear. A few puffs of a cigarette in the linen closet and they would be back again.

The Surgical Chief would say, "Get another dressing carriage rigged up by ten o'clock," which meant more begging and borrowing. There were three "agony wagons" in use. Two of them were camouflaged, one was a litter and the other a mess car.

It was not easy to divide the sterile towels and dressings. As each nurse started on her weary way with her "agony wagon" she

IN THE WORLD WAR

would declare she had not half enough, nor was there enough, but it had to go around, and it did.

Each bed had a Balkan frame erected over it, from which was suspended an arm or a leg, and sometimes both. There were three rows of beds, and it was not easy to steer the dressing carts in and out between them.

The work was nerve-racking one minute and mirth provoking the next. Who would forget "Kentucky" with his profanity and his constant cry, "Doctor, you're a-ruinin' of me, you're a-ruinin' of me. Why don't you cut that leg off?"

Everyone thought the work could not possibly be any harder, and then came the Chateau-Thierry drive. Orders were given to put up twenty-three more beds, but where to put them was the question. One patient with a hip amputation suggested putting another patient also minus a leg in the same bed, one at the head and one at the foot. Finally, after moving all the beds, eleven were placed on the porch and twelve in the ward and they were quickly filled.

During the Chateau-Thierry drive the nurses and corps men were on duty from 7.30 A. M. until 10 P. M., and if a hospital train came in during the night the corps men had to report for duty. Trains were always late, so that the already tired boys got what sleep they could until the ambulances arrived.

On July 29th there was a rumor that General Pershing would visit the Hospital soon. No one thought any more about it until 10.00 A. M. July 30th, when an order came from the office which had to be read and signed by all nurses-in-charge and wardmasters. They read, signed and sighed. Everybody wanted to see the Commander-in-Chief, but his visit necessitated extra cleaning and polishing and there was no time for frills. They hit the high spots and the corners, put clean sheets on the beds, until there were no more clean sheets to be had, and were ready when General Pershing arrived at 5.00 P. M. He had not time to walk through every part of the Hospital, so he visited two floors. He spoke to the men and told them that they had turned the tide of the war from the defensive to the offensive. By the middle of August the work was systematized, and while there were the same flies to fight and the same shortage of supplies to contend with, things moved more easily. Train loads of wounded came in without creating chaos, and the last convoy arrived at 11.00 P. M. November 11, 1918. From that time on, it was a question merely of getting the severe cases into condition so that they could be transferred as soon as possible to the United States.

ST. NAZAIRE

BLOIS was cold. It was cold outside and inside, and so were the nurses—therefore, due perhaps to that very frigidity, they were doubly ready after ten days' sojourn to leave. The old adage says that "all things come to him who waits"—so, since they waited, they also hoped. When it was learned that the Unit was to be separated to go in groups to divers places, all watched the bulletin board with impatience on January the 8th to learn the names of those who were to venture forth in the direction of St. Nazaire, the next day. Bulletin Boards, by the way, just like General Orders, became more than familiar to all who were incorporated into the Army. In fact, they were almost equal in importance to rumors. The thirty nurses who were selected for this particular place entrained on January 8th, a day ever after to be a memorable one in their lives. Though they looked forward to the journey with foreboding, with the help of numerous francs' worth of French pastry it passed quickly. St. Nazaire, with all its horrors and joys, was upon them—or to be exact they were upon St. Nazaire.

The detached "34's" were met at the Station by the Chief Nurse of Base 101, Miss Hunt, and greeted with the pleasant news that she had been expecting them for some days and that there was a great quantity of work awaiting them. Mentally, they girded up their loins, set arms akimbo, and prepared to attack the ogre of Army Hospitals.

Base Hospital No. 101 was quartered in a former Boys' School. As the building was not large enough to accommodate the number of patients that the increasing number of troop ships brought in, several barracks were provided. In the main building were the Surgical Wards and the Operating Rooms, the patients and personnel mess and kitchen, and the executive and receiving offices. In the barracks were contagious diseases and convalescents. But the most popular building of all was the Red Cross Hut, in one end of which Miss Gordon presided over the Y. W. C. A. Here was found the only home-like place, and it carried a truly cheerful atmosphere of comfortable chairs, new magazines and afternoon tea, though without Miss Gordon the effect would have been sadly diminished. Friday night became famous for the delightful dances which were held there. Ever pleasant shall be the memories of the Regimental

IN THE WORLD WAR

Bands of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Engineers. Vieing with these however, for popularity was the Boulevard de l'Océan, which on moonlight nights offered a stretch of white beach and great dark rocks, with a background of tree-shadowed paths and stone walls.

But life was not all a thing of moonlight strolls and merry dances. War was in progress, and war brings in its wake disease. Most of the boys had not yet been nearer the front than St. Nazaire—with its mud and damp, chill winds, which brought many of them to the Hospital. Mumps, measles and rheumatism seemed to be their chief troubles. Of course, scarlet fever and diphtheria were present, and spinal meningitis had a small hut all its own. Surgical work consisted of the usual operations for appendicitis and hernia, and then, too, men always seemed to be dropping themselves from high positions to others some distance below, thus fracturing their different bones; or a Ford truck, running amuck in St. Nazaire, would bring one or more patients to the Surgical Wards, where, with the assistance of the Staff, he was put together as good as new. The Pneumonia Wards were not always so successful; it was not so easy to put together the picture puzzle entitled, "Complete involvement of both lobes." It is with deepest sorrow that we recall the death of our sister-nurse, Alice Ireland, who died of pneumonia on February 2, 1918, and who was so sincerely ministered to by all.

Of course, all this time rumors of the completion of Base "34" came to us at intervals, and on March 2d there was a wild upheaval. Ten of the nurses and all of the civilian employees were ordered to evacuate to Nantes, leaving the rest of the group feeling like the proverbial "red-headed stepchildren."

If one should ask for a composite picture of the nurses' stay in St. Nazaire, it would be more or less on the cubist order: a base of deep, typically French mud, a layer of blue sky, dazzling sunshine charged with dull rain and sleet, excited groups hurrying to the docks to watch the boats arrive, occasional journeys to nearby watering places; while here and there all over the picture would be Base Hospital No. 101 with its manifold duties.

COETQUIDAN

JANUARY tenth found the nurses detached to Camp Coetquidan, under the supervision of Miss Echternach, en route. With no idea of the language of the realm sans man, but with staunch hearts, they fared forth.

Railroad traveling in France is divided into three classes, first, second and third. One was impressed with the appearance of the first and second class coaches—beautiful tapestried seats, all more imposing than comfortable. In them is found the privacy of an American drawing-room car, the occupants of a compartment being limited to six or eight. The windows were heavily curtained, and to distinguish between a first and second class carriage, there is in the former a huge piece of filet lace across the back of the seats. This, and the enormous difference in fare, is the only distinction. One can be very comfortable traveling either way.

But to the victim of a third-class railroad carriage is due all the sympathy of an understanding public. The discomfort of this mode of travel is more marked by the contrast. To the aesthetic sense, to the sense of luxury, it has no appeal; but to the sense of the ridiculous, the ludicrous—Ah, therein lies its appeal.

The hard straight benches made of wood, the ever present odor of garlic, the absence of heat and ventilation, and the unlimited number of occupants who pile themselves upon your lap if you have been unfortunate enough to get a seat, or anchor themselves upon your pet corn if you have been unfortunate enough not to get one—these are the trifling things which go to make the word comfort a mockery and traveling a nightmare. It was in such a coach that the Nurses had reservation for their trip.

Leaving Blois at 10.30 A. M., the monotony of the trip was broken only by a lunch which had been prepared at the hotel, consisting of war bread, cheese and apples. Rennes was duly reached at 8.30 P. M., in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. Travel orders had stated that they were there to be met by an officer to take them in charge. This officer was painfully conspicuous by his absence. With hearts no longer staunch, for zero weather has no tendency to encourage hope, they endeavored to get into communication with the Camp by 'phone. After many vain efforts this was finally successful, and the splendid advice was wafted over the wire to find some place to stay for the night, and proceed on their journey on

IN THE WORLD WAR

the first train in the morning. Good advice, but impracticable, since all the hotels were filled, and it was impossible to find accommodations of any kind. The snow still continuing to fall heavily, it became obvious to the group that some shelter should have to be found lest in the morning they be mistaken for baggage. While debating among themselves the possibility, the baggage master approached and learning the predicament, kindly placed a small room in the station at the disposal of the travelers for the night. Although it was small, about ten by twelve, it looked most promising. Joy was unparalleled upon entering the room to find the most prominent fixture was a stove. Ardor waned, however, when it was brought to the attention of the well nigh frozen group that the stove was presumably there for ornament only. Perhaps it would also have been useful had it not been for the absence of fuel, without which a stove is not a stove.

The only other article which the room contained was one chair, which, it might be added, was occupied by the baggage master, who swathed in many blankets was invulnerable to the bitter cold. To the nurses, who happened not to be of the baggage force, there were, of course, no blankets supplied. Did they spend a comfortable night? That shall be left to the imagination of the reader. When at last dawn broke, twenty-four nurses could give convincing evidence of the peaceful night's sleep the baggage master enjoyed.

At six o'clock the train was boarded for Guer. Many hours previous were the first pangs of hunger felt. A former experience taught that after eighteen hours' continuous travel the train stopped for a few moments and the passengers could order sandwiches. Habit being a strange factor in human nature, is it to be wondered that when four hours later the train stopped, the conductor opened the door, and called out something in French, that one of the nurses, handicapped by her ignorance of the language, should order twenty-four sandwiches! This opportunity shall be taken to apologize to that kind-hearted man that his message was not understood, making it necessary for him to remove forcibly from the train one of the number before all realized that they had at length reached their destination. At Guer a truck was waiting to finish the last lap of the journey to the nurses' first home in France.

Arriving at Camp Hospital 15, they were welcomed by Miss Blanchfield, the Chief Nurse, and the nurses whose good fortune it was to come under her supervision will long remember her kindness. To the Adjutant's inquiry as to "why did they not send some good looking nurses" came the quick response that "competence and good looks not always travel hand in hand."

As they thawed out around real fires, their sense of humor

came to their rescue, and they could smile at things which only a few hours before seemed so tragic.

Camp Coetquidan is the oldest and largest Artillery Camp in France. It is beautifully situated near the coast of Brittany and is of great historic interest. From this camp Joan of Arc led her victorious army. Some of the old buildings which were occupied by troops of Napoleon are still standing, as well as some of the huts with iron grated doors and windows which were used as prisons. This camp was taken over by the Americans in 1917.

Aside from the beautiful scenery, the thing which most impressed itself upon one was the mud. Never before had there been such mud—of such abundance and consistency! This is a feature ever present, ever prominent in Brittany.

The hospital, situated right in the midst of the camp, comprised three concrete buildings and several wooden barracks. These latter were used for the contagious wards. The main buildings were used for Medical, Surgical and Operating Room and Administration Building respectively. In the latter building were also the living quarters of the officers and nurses, consisting of two large dormitories for the day nurses and two smaller ones for the night nurses, one for the Nurses' Infirmary and an immense living room. These rooms were comfortably furnished, and each one contained a stove. To the heat emanating from that stove shall we be ever grateful to Mrs. Griffen—for it was ever her deepest interest that there should be always burning a welcome fire that gave warmth and comfort during the cold, cold days. This was no simple task, for she it was who also supplied the fuel—who braved the challenge of the lone faithful guard who so loyally walked his post and guarded with such solicitude that huge coal pile, which in spite of the hard winter seemed never to diminish. It probably is standing there still intact as a monument to the deep sense of economy of the Quartermaster Department.

The day after arrival, the nurses were assigned to duty in the various departments of the hospital. This was the first experience in a Military Hospital, which under the able command of Major Casper, since Lieutenant Colonel Casper, was truly military—as were the daily inspections.

The surgical work was under the direction of Capt. Arnett and his capable assistant, Lt. Cramner. The medical work was under the direction of Dr. Lohman, U. S. N. The Army and Navy were splendidly represented in these men, whose skill, energy, and untiring devotion to duty were ever an inspiration to those of the nurses who were privileged to work with them.

It was at this hospital they learned to see the American soldier

IN THE WORLD WAR

at his best, and in this training camp, where there were soldiers in the making, was displayed that splendid spirit which made one so proud to be their countrywomen.

Days fled swiftly by. Interest in the work deepened. Everyone was kept fairly busy, for the camp accommodated forty-five thousand troops; and out of such a number there were always generous quotas in the hospital to attest first hand the skill of army doctors and nurses. It was at this camp we first learned the call of the bugle, and spirits first rebelled at reveille. Each day when the weather permitted, through the courtesy of the C. O. of the different regiments, a band concert was given in the court of the hospital, which went far to strengthen the morale of the patients, doctors, nurses and men.

Social life at the camp was an unknown quantity—beaux, dances, dinners were taboo. After weeks of strict obedience to this law, Dame Rumor became busy. It was whispered that some one had braved the anger of the Powers that Were and so far forgot themselves as to be found promenading—avec a man! Horrified, we awaited details, and at last more rumors arrived. One of the officers at the hospital, whose interest in the nurses was always the most generous, had also heard the awful scandal. With no motive but the kindest, he wished to put all such gossip at an end. It was with great zeal he prepared his campaign—ascending in a balloon, using to great advantage his field glasses, he found what he sought. Far from the maddening crowds, protected from the eyes of prying gossips, were found a maid and a man, both in the uniform of the U. S. Army. Having ready his camera, he hastily pushed the button and descended to terra firma with the incriminating evidence. Quickly was the film developed, but by some unfortunate occurrence, though the officer showed up plainly, the nurse was doubtful. Not to be defeated in his plan, which was, of course, most kindly intentioned, he again ascended in the balloon the next day. In the meantime somebody blundered,—there was a leak, and when the picture snapped this day was developed, there was shown—an open umbrella. Incidentally the daring ones found another rendezvous.

For some time afterwards things were uneventful, till suddenly a change was noticed amongst them. Faces began to look strange—appearances altered so that closest friends scarcely recognized one another. What had happened? The mumps had fallen upon them. Miss Anthony, with ever thoughtful generosity, had passed around the little bug. Few escaped—few proved immune. With heads growing larger and larger, even the most modest were placed under quarantine. Each morning one was certain to hear upon awaken-

ing, "You've got them! You sure have!" ring out in the room, and then another was ushered into the Infirmary, to be waited upon with loving kindness by all.

The orders for the nurses to return to their Base was received with mixed emotions,—grief at leaving a home they had learned to love and at severing friendships which had become most dear, joy at being permanently located in their own home in France, at seeing again old friends from whom they had long been separated; and mostly joy that they would at last be doing the thing which seemed to them most important—taking care of American wounded.

"Hard Boiled Smith" can certainly feel honored to have had such fine young fellows among those present at "Farm Two" Hokey, "Bob" Smith and Shetter—34's quota.

PARIS

TWO weeks after the arrival of the Unit in France and while it was still in Blois, six of the nurses were sentenced to Paris. It was the first break and confirmed everyone's fears that the personnel was to be divided and scattered. The assurance that every effort would be made to have the skeptical six returned to the fold at the earliest possible moment cheered them on. With some misgivings and the lost feeling of a stranger in a strange land, they set out consoled that Paris was the goal.

On the morning of January 6th, snowy Blois was left to the other sixty nurses, and at one P. M. the bewildered six stood in a great gray noisy station in a busy city. No one was there to meet them. No one knew where Red Cross Military Hospital No. 2 was located. A telegram had been sent ahead; so they huddled together, cold and famished, amidst the omnipresent suitcase and carryall and asked themselves whether they should await an ambulance or trust themselves to the swindling taxi autocrat. A French official gesticulated in good French and broken English, "Telephone the hospital!" No one was willing to take a chance on a system that did not speak good American, so, in desperation, ladies and luggage were crowded into taxis and stopped at the Red Cross, where baggage was piled in a corner. A welcome suggestion of lunch was acted upon and much enjoyed, after which the belated, but well fed six taxied to the Hospital and at six P. M., with other nurses and doctors, sat down to stew and beans and butterless French bread in a pleasant triangular dining room. That night they slept in borrowed beds, went on duty in the morning, and slept in other beds the following night, and on the evening of the third day were moved to a hotel near by.

In the beginning of the war the Hospital under Dr. Blake was not under Army control, the personnel was varied, and among the nurses were women from Canada, England, Australia, America and one from Jamaica. Some very efficient aides, French and American, rendered valuable service. When the Hospital became militarized many signed up with the American Army Nurse Corps, the aides still remaining.

Part of the building was used for the French wounded, the rest for American sick, as no Americans at that time had been brought in from the front. When they came the feeling was one of mingled distress and relief—the sorrow at seeing one's own

BASE HOSPITAL 34

people suffer, the satisfaction of knowing that America was doing her part.

The Hospital was small, excellently equipped, and divided into small rooms accommodating from three to eight patients each on the surgical side. French and Italian soldiers and Spanish laborers might be found in the same room. The work did not differ greatly from that in a well managed civilian hospital in the States. Balkan frames and Dakin treatments were used a great deal and there was a time when nasal sprays were much in vogue.

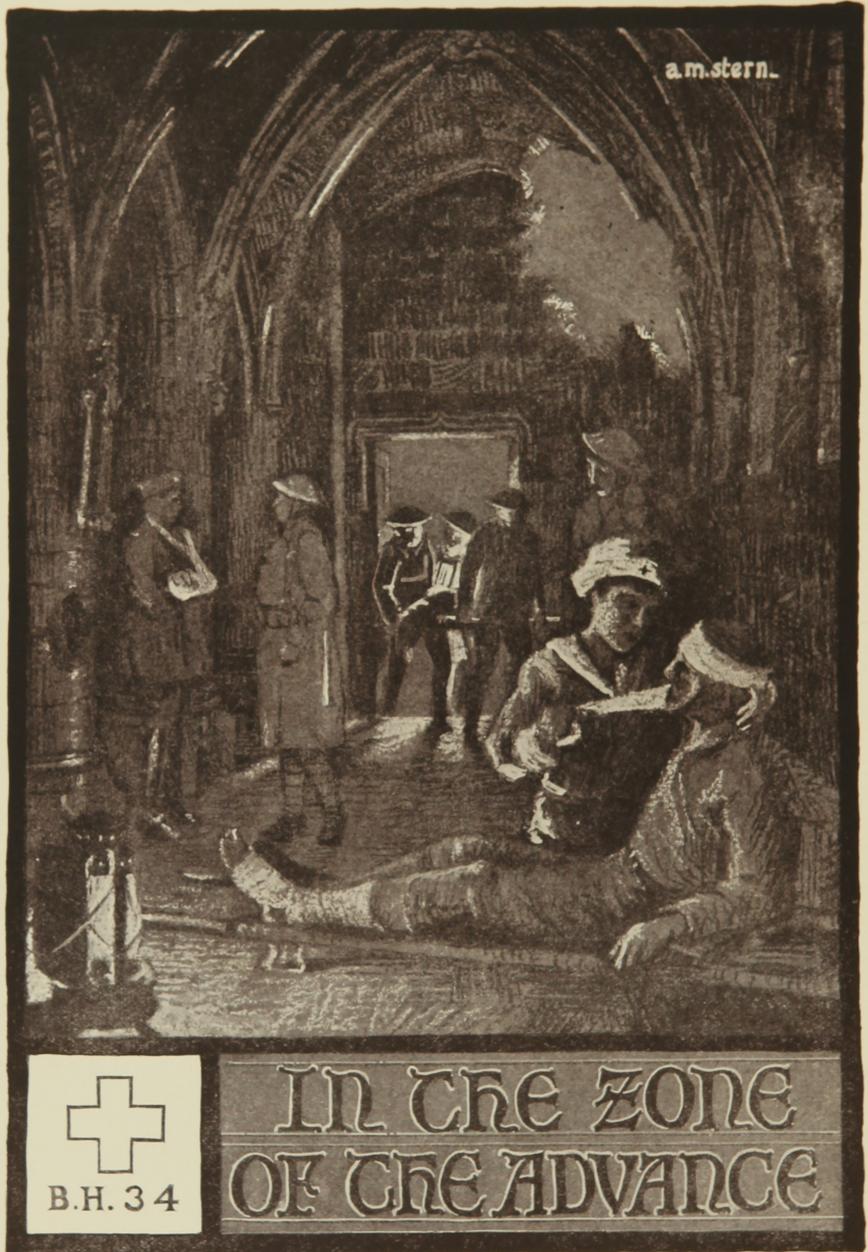
It was unpleasant at times not living in the house—not to have one's own place to rest in during time off, but very soon it was time to move again. Hotel life ended and the six began again in a comfortable house on the Bois de Bologne, which, because of its attractiveness, compensated for the distance it was from the Hospital.

Night duty offered entirely new features, as none of the six had specialized on the care of patients during an air raid. All was darkness, and flashlights were dangerous. The walking cases grumblingly shuffled, in bath robes and slippers, to the lower floor and slept or sat about in cramped positions sometimes for two or three hours. Bed cases were moved from the windows and very ill cases were taken down on stretchers to a safer place. Day nurses rooming on the sixth floor dressed and repaired to their wards. There was no disorder—all was calm and quiet. Even when bombs destroyed property three minutes' walk away and there was the almost sure conviction that Number Two would be the next victim, the systematic and unruffled Night Superintendent would ask in the dark, "What is the census, please?" "Great presence of mind, great presence of mind," came the answering voice of the Doctor, and, "Wait a moment, you may not need the census."

A new duty, never before a part of nurses' training, was to help paste slips of paper in accurate diamond design on the long French windows as a protection from raids. The Hospital had the effect of the Italian latticed villa. Although the result was pleasing, the paste-pot and brush had many enemies. It was very tiring to reach up and paste strip after strip on the endless glass. No Hospital ever seemed to have so many windows.

The nurses felt a deep sense of appreciation to Miss Leonard, the nurse in charge, for the warm reception tendered them on their arrival; and also to Miss Eadie, who succeeded Miss Leonard, for her ever great kindness. About this place there was such a general atmosphere of quiet "good-willed" happiness accompanied by a lively interest displayed by those in charge, that the regret at leaving Paris with its congenial surroundings, its interesting life, was exceeded only by the pleasure of having had the opportunity of seeing it.

On the evening of May 6th the group of six departed for their future home at Base Hospital Thirty-four, at Nantes.



B.H. 34

IN THE ZONE
OF THE ADVANCE

FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY STERN

SURGICAL TEAM No. 23

THESE had been rumors and more rumors of the recall to "34" of the first members of Surgical Team No. 23. On October 19th a telephone message came from Tours that Mrs. Griffen and Miss Cook were to replace Miss Stevens and Miss Kandle at the front. Two carryalls and two suitcases had waited at the Chateau in spasmodic stages of readiness and unreadiness for the final packing. But written orders had to be waited for before the uncertain members could make any definite plans or give the last tug to the packing strap.

In six days the orders arrived and on the night of October 25th the relief team left Nantes, reached Paris on October 26th, met the parles-vous-ing baggage man at 7.30 A. M., struggled with the auto-crats of the A. E. F. alphabet, the M. P.'s and R. T. O.'s, and at last tasted civilization again in the dining room of the Hotel Petrograd at 9.00 A. M. Then came two days' wait for necessary equipment.

On the morning of October 28th they left Paris for Bar-le-Duc, arriving there at 2.00 P. M., leaving again by a narrow-gauge road for Souilly and arriving at Evacuation Hospital No. 6 at 10 P. M.

The first two days at Evacuation Hospital No. 6 were spent in observation. A visit was made to Evacuation Hospital No. 8 and the work of Gas and Shock Team 130 gone over. Regular duty began on October 30th. Duty periods were divided into six hours one day and eighteen hours the other. On the night of November 11th there were three hundred men waiting to be operated upon with just eight surgical teams to do the work.

For the next few days following the 11th, cases straggled in by twos and threes, mainly accidents from motor cycles and cars. The last two weeks of the stay at Evacuation Hospital No. 6 were uneventful, and orders came on November 28th to return to "34." The entire team proceeded by rail to Bar-le-duc and from there to Paris by express, reaching Nantes on the 1st of December.

SURGICAL TEAM No. 24

ELEVEN o'clock Friday, June 7th, 1918, found Surgical Team No. 24, composed of Captain Boykin, Miss Holler and Miss Behman, Privates Austin and Bostick, ready to leave Nantes for Base Hospital No. 15. Major Lockwood, who was to be in charge of the team, and Lieutenant Frank, both on detached service, were ordered to join the others at Base Hospital No. 15.

Upon arrival at No. 15 it was disappointing not to find the other members of the team. Also, there were no orders to move on to the front.

After waiting a week, Captain Boykin was sent on to Evacuation Hospital No. 1, and the long awaited Major arrived, only to be sent on also to Evacuation No. 1, leaving the others wondering what would become of them.

One week later, orders were received to join the officers at No. 1. Toul was reached at 9.30 P. M., and the three-mile trip to the Hospital was made in a large truck. The A. N.'s, both being very tired after a day's travel, decided to go to sleep. Suddenly, noise and confusion broke on their ears, but as air raids meant nothing to these novices, they dug into their pillows in indifferent weariness. A voice from below stairs shouted, "Get on your helmets and bring your gas masks, and get into the open." The Hun had arrived. The rest of the night the bewildered A. N.'s kept their little tin helmets close at hand, and slept with one eye open.

After spending a busy week at Evacuation Hospital No. 1, they were ordered to Headquarters of the 42nd Division. Here Lieutenant Frank joined them, and Surgical Team 24 was finally complete.

On July 4th the Team left Toul. No one knew where the 42nd Division was, but at last the destination was found to be Bussy le Chateau. Here were found orders to join Mobile Hospital No. 2. This was a barracks hospital formerly occupied by the French. There was gas mask drill for fifteen minutes each day, and in a very short time everyone was able to adjust their masks very quickly. To be found at any time without a mask hanging over the shoulder meant arrest.

Everything was kept in readiness for an expected attack, but nothing happened until Sunday, July 14th. At midnight heavy artillery and bursting shells shook the air. The lights were turned

IN THE WORLD WAR

off, and after a great scramble preparations were completed to go to the abri. Wounded began to come in thick and fast, and were taken to the abri. About 2 A. M. the nurses were called to the operating room. The shelling ceased for a while, but after two hours' work they again heard shells falling all around them. Part of the hospital was demolished, and there was a run to the dugouts, the patients being taken from the tables and looked after as well as possible. Orders came to remain there until trucks could be gotten together to evacuate both nurses and patients. Breakfast was served by the corps men. Of course, all wished to go back to the tent to gather up their belongings, but there was only enough time to get into uniform. At 9 A. M. trucks were ready and evacuation began to a little village called Ecuray, about five miles south of Chalons. Here Evacuation Hospital No. 4 took in the tired, sleepy and dishevelled nurses.

Evacuation 4 was new, not ready for the great rush, so all helped get the hospital ready. In the afternoon came word that one could go over to a field near by and pick out articles of clothing that had been collected at the barracks and heaped there,—suit cases, blankets, hats, shoes, uniforms, irons, wet clothes, shoe polish, and everything else was jumbled together. "Take your choice," was the glad word.

Oh, the tears at sight of a well-cared-for uniform at the bottom of the heap, and the new straw hat all smeared with shoe polish and talcum powder! How could anyone laugh to see thirty-five francs' worth of stylish straw so defaced? Ah, me, 'twas a bitter pill.

In the operating room work went on steadily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Light was forbidden in the sleeping tent. Each night about 10 P. M. two tired nurses dragged over their field blankets and pillows to the wheat fields, where sleeping in the open in all of one's clothes made the team feel that it was a bad, bad war. Would Robert Louis Stevenson have lauded so highly the joys of the open road and the starry sky if he had had to rise at five A. M., pick up his blanket and tramp back to a long day's work, stiff of knee and cricked of neck? Still, forty winks on a regular cot back in the tent gave them a new start each day.

As the hospital was bombed every night for a week, it was decided to move on, so the nurses were again packed up and moved in trucks about forty miles farther ahead. At the end of this time Major Lockwood dubbed 24 the Circus Team. It moved about for three months, changing stations eleven times in ten weeks. Frequently they had to sit in trenches along the road all night, eating a

cold midnight lunch of canned beans and tomatoes with only one spoon.

After three months of service with Mobile Hospital No. 2, the team returned to Chaumont, where it was hoped orders to return to 34 would be received; but the Chaumont news was a blow. The team was to be split up, the Major and one nurse in one team, and the Captain and the other nurse in the other, each to be sent to a different destination. A sad four days followed. However, the Major's team was ordered to Evacuation Hospital No. 14, and Captain Boykin's team was ordered to the same place four days later. Both remained for three months with Evacuation No. 14, and the circus moved about less than in the previous three months. The fly and bee season by this time was well over and mess could be eaten in peace.

Evacuation Hospital No. 14 was at Toul, ready for wounded from the St. Mihiel drive, and work piled high. After this rush was over, the hospital had to move on, and the nurses were transferred to Base Hospital No. 51, close by. As this was a new organization, it had no equipment and was not prepared for work. The nurses were put on duty doing dressings on the ward for one week. As there were at least seventy-five dressings a day, it was pathetic to see the handicaps under which the work was done,—one pair of scissors, one pair of forceps, one hemostat, a few dressings and one pitcher of Dakin's Solution. The boys were made as comfortable as possible for the few hours they remained in this hospital. The beds were wooden frames with old straw ticks, and whenever one shook up the tick, out hopped the flea. There was a flea hunt for any idle moment.

Orders next came to join Red Cross Hospital No. 110. The ground was very muddy; it rained every day, and the air was cold and raw. A stove was found, but one had to see the stove before believing it was there. Two busy weeks passed, and work went on day and night, but the fascination of it compensated for the labor.

Then came orders to go back again to Evacuation Hospital No. 14. Upon arrival, it was found that the nurses and officers lived in a chateau, the enlisted men having tents. Living conditions were so much better here that everyone would have been content to stay for the rest of the war. This comfort, however, lasted only four weeks, and a change was again made to the "mud hole of France,"—Verennes, where it was the old story of arriving at 6 P. M.; no tents, no place to sleep. Field Hospital No. 27, near by, took in the wanderers and supplied a tent for the night. Some of the cots had mattresses, others had none. The blankets were dirty, blood spotted and inhabited. So the cootie-fearing A. N.'s slept in

IN THE WORLD WAR

their clothes, and one risked the blankets, and one did not; thereby almost freezing to death. At 3 A. M. both tried one cot, and every time either one wanted to turn, it necessitated the other's standing up. Both arose at 5 A. M. to look for a fire, but the kitchen had not yet been put up, hence no heat. So they explored the mud till breakfast time. At 7.30 officers and nurses lined up for mess. At noon once more the mess line. There stood the dignified, tall, and disconsolate A. N., little tin pannikin in hand, waiting for the beans—and having been dished out her portion, with thoughts far away, slumped back to the tent to find that every bean had slid to the mud. It was a lesson in holding the bean plate on a level, and though beans may be uninteresting, they are filling, at least. To those who have not stood in a mess line, all of this may be amusing, as it was to Miss Nicholson on her visit there; but from all other victims of the food procession, it will draw a tear of sympathy.

Finally a tent was erected and a stove put in, but it was still damp and cold.

Clothes enough for a six weeks' stay had to stretch over a period of six months (but they did not stretch), so behold the lady in men's hob-nailed boots and spiral puttees.

The work was not heavy here, and soon came the greatest of good news, Armistice Day, November 11th, and in a few days Surgical Team No. 24 received orders to return to Nantes.

GAS AND SHOCK TEAM No. 130

AFTER weeks of waiting and wondering, Gas and Shock Team No. 130 (consisting of Lieut. R. E. Durham, Jane D. Nicholson, A. N. C., and Pvt. 1st Class Wm. Vogel) received orders on August 27, 1918, to proceed without delay to Evacuation Hospital No. 8.

The Team left Base Hospital No. 34 on August 28th for Paris. There it was found that Evacuation Hospital No. 8 had received orders to move just a few days before, so that Paris was of little help except to advise the Team to go to Evacuation Hospital No. 1 at Toul. Here it was definitely stated that Petit Mavjouy was on the map and that Evacuation "8" would be found there.

On August 31st the Team climbed into an ambulance that happened to be going to Bar-Le-Duc, arriving about 11 A. M. Souilly was the next stop and the only train did not leave until 5.00 P. M. Time seemed to have no meaning to the trains in France. Orders read "without delay." As a stay of six hours in this dull little town with the prospect of a most uncomfortable ride did not appeal to any member of the Team, another ambulance was taken to reach Souilly. Evacuation "8" was then only six miles away. The tired travelers were indifferently told that soon a loaded truck would be going out to the Hospital and that they might form part of the load. As it was a case of Hobson's choice, the Team climbed on to the truck and arrived at the Hospital on August 31st at 6.00 P. M.

Petit Mavjouy is a muddy hillside in France about ten miles south of Verdun, on the famous road built by the French under shell fire in 1915, between Ancemont and Senecourt.

The Hospital was made up of tents and barracks. The tents had been put up to supplement the few wooden barracks, which had been at one time used by the French. There were tents for the officers, tents for the corps men and tents for some of the nurses. Some were large, some were small, a few had floors and many had none. In a few days all were camouflaged with branches as a protection against the nightly visits of airplanes. Around the buildings all was mud. The Nurses' Mess Hall Barracks was too large simply for the mess, so the building was used partly as a warehouse. One end was used as a dining hall, the other as a linen room (soiled and clean). However, the hours for receiving and distributing the linen did not conflict with the meal hours.

IN THE WORLD WAR

There were many days of preparation before patients were admitted on September 15th. A large tent had been set aside for the shock cases. As the authorities had decided that the gas cases were to be taken care of separately, a Gas Hospital was established about a half mile from the tent.

The shock cases were both interesting and depressing, as it was almost always a case of life or death. Heat was the first consideration. The tent was kept as warm as possible. This was not always easy. Poor stoves, little wood and less coal do not supply much warmth. The beds were made with blankets only, four thicknesses above and four thicknesses under the patient. Each blanket was so placed as to prevent cold air from reaching the body. Hot water bottles, which were often canteens from the salvage pile, were placed around the patient. A warm drink was given if the condition warranted it, and a narcotic. Many were so exhausted that they slept for hours if not disturbed. As it was found that they improved so much more rapidly with a sedative most of them were given the option of having it before being operated upon, in spite of the fact that it was to the patient's interest to have the operation as soon as possible, especially in the case of gas bacillus infection, which was so rampant in the wounds received around Verdun. The blood pressure was taken from time to time and if found to be extremely low saline was given either intramuscularly or intravenously. The extreme cases were given a blood transfusion, when possible to obtain the blood. As the blood pressure increased the pulse and general condition improved. The patient was then sent to the operating room. Because of the severe infections, many had to be operated upon before they had received the full benefit of the shock treatment. Statistics show that about 78% of the patients left the shock tent improved.

There was little variety in the work, but it was never monotonous.

November 11th brought a decrease in the number of shock patients. For two days following the signing of the armistice patients were admitted, but there was little need for shock treatment, and, on November 18th, Team "130" received orders to return to Base Hospital No. 34.

SURGICAL TEAM No. 23

ETHEL KANDLE, Margarita Andrews, and Grace Stephens were the three lucky nurses on Surgical Team No. 23.

It was a question in their minds just how and why they were fortunate enough to be chosen for the first trip to the front. It was a great goal, with Paris as a possible stopping place. The C. O. was all zeal. Paris was no magnet for him. Only financial arrangements that had to be made kept the hopeful three there over the night of April 8th, but it gave them no chance to forget their mission to the sick and suffering. On the morning of the 9th, before the great city even thought of being awake, they were hurried out to start north, where they were to work with the French. Beauvais was reached very late in the day. The team was not expected, nor, so it seemed, was it wanted—which, after all, was one of the unfailing joys of travel in the A. E. F. One arrived at a station, looked about for an eager welcome, received only a casual glance of curiosity, and then sat cold and neglected on the top of a pile of luggage until rescued and sent on to a billet. Partially evacuated, Beauvais afforded plenty of billeting space and souvenirs.

For four days the team was on duty observing French methods in a large French hospital. Much that was new and interesting was learned, but the mess arrangements will never be forgotten. There were two musty rooms in the cellar where each one was given a bottle of wine and a chunk of war bread and a cloth to tie it up in. These had to last a week. After meals the chunks of bread were thrown in a general heap, and as there were no names attached, no doubt the bread changed hands many times before it was finally consumed. No knives were supplied—each had to buy her own. No one paid the least attention to the newcomers; no one understood English, and the forlorn nurses spoke no French. They sat down at a little table and waited for the food to be served, but as it was not forthcoming, finally went in search of it to a table in the adjoining room. A few spoons of beans badly cooked, salt meat, wine and a chunk of bread were not sufficient inducement to the hungry three to visit the cuisine three times a day, and at the end of four days they had not yet become willing or greedy partakers of the promiscuous bread.

It was a relief to go on by truck to another unknown destination. The railroads were not safely available. The Huns had special designs on the railroads in that section. Grandvillers did

IN THE WORLD WAR

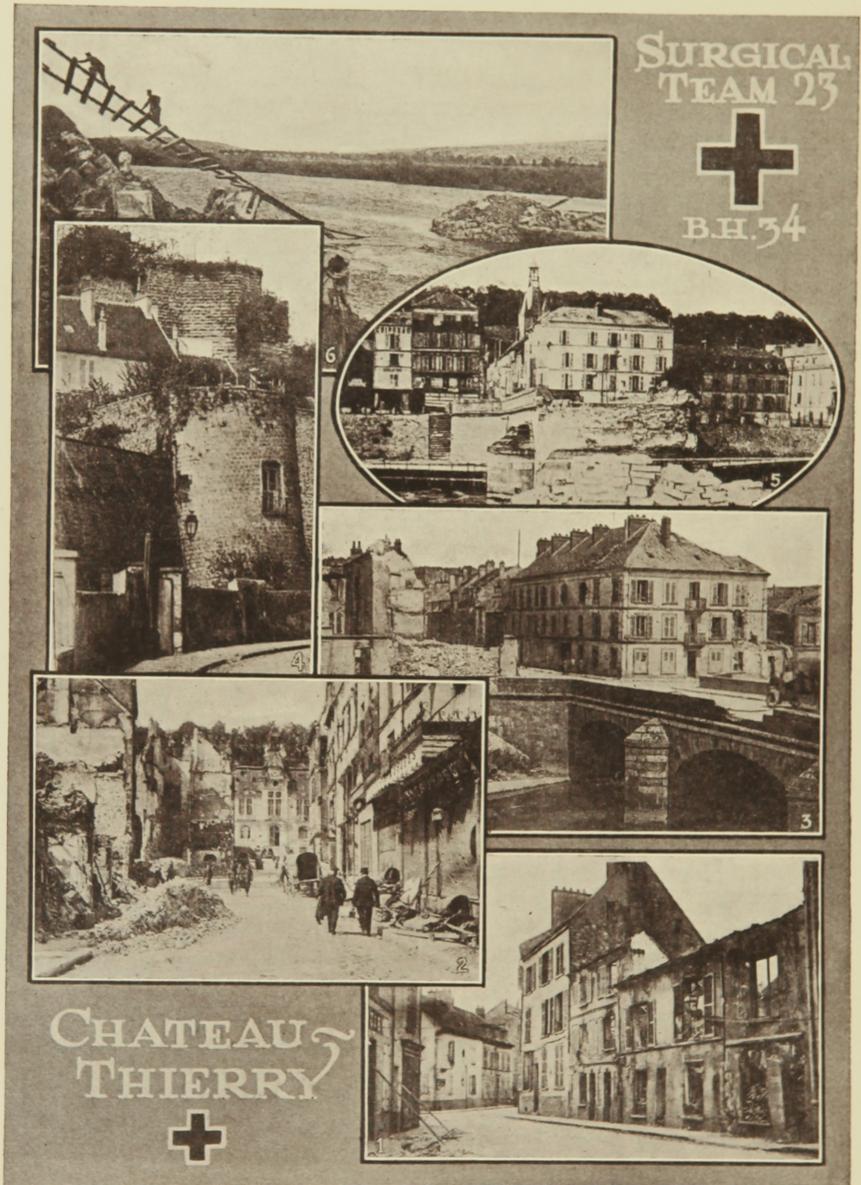
not expect the new arrivals, and had no barracks to offer. The old ladies' home very graciously took in the unwanted and apparently useless travelers. The mess differed little from the one in the cellar except that the rag did not envelop the bread. However, work here began in earnest so that minor details were forgotten. The French seemed to regard the Americans more or less as curiosities, and seldom permitted them even to enter the operating room.

Grandvillers was a busy little place, with continuous lines of trucks and troops going to the front. For the first time one realized, as never before, what the work was to be, for wounded were coming back in a constant stream. However, this location was not permanent, and, with a few minutes' notice, one morning the team was packed into a camion and hurried to Automobile Chirurgicale Ambulance No. 6, at Crevecoeur le Grande. It seemed that the French Army made as many changes as the American Army. As these were the first Americans in this section, their appearance caused a great deal of amusement, especially the army shoes worn by the nurses. The quarters here were very comfortable, though small, three nurses living in a space nine feet by nine feet. The French served only two meals a day, and a little French breakfast which did not prove sufficient for hungry Americans. Therefore, all spare time was spent hunting extra food.

Duty was divided into eight-hour shifts, two French teams and the American team working at the same time. The patients were all French, and the nurses' French being very limited, a great many complications, professional and social, were constantly arising. A. C. A. No. 6 was in charge of M. Clemenceau's daughter, and through her there were opportunities of meeting interesting French people. The work was never monotonous, the management was excellent. There was always an abundance of supplies.

The patients were sent back directly from the first aid stations. During the busiest time the wards, corridors, and every available space was filled with patients waiting to be operated upon. Sleep was impossible in those days. Fritz took pictures by day, and bombed by night. Trench parties were very much in vogue. Dates could not be made from night to night, but only from hour to hour, because sometimes Fritz came over three times before morning and bombs flew all around, digging holes six feet deep. A great many of the old people who had decided to hold the fort until the last would go to the country to sleep. A certain Captain followed their example, but after five bombs had picked out his apple tree he decided the trenches were the best place for him.

Operations were never discontinued during air raids. Two French Countesses received the Croix de Guerre for working under very trying conditions, and the American nurses received a letter of felicitation written in French, a bon souvenir, which, however,



CHATEAU THIERRY

1. La Rue des Filoires. 2. La Rue du Pont. 3. La Rue de la Fausse Marne. 4. A Tower of the Old Ramparts. 5. The Marne Bridge Destroyed. 6. Railway Bridge Destroyed.

IN THE WORLD WAR

could not be worn conspicuously nor proudly on the blue army uniform.

The team had to get ready to leave in great haste a number of times, as Fritz came very close occasionally. When finally orders were received to move to a new destination, everyone felt sorry to bring to an end their service with the French.

As all roads lead to Paris, the team was ordered back there, where they were requested to report to Casual Station, Base Hospital No. 15, at Chaumont. Three days were spent in the capital, pictures were taken, gas drills filled in some of the time, and some new equipment was assembled. It was thought that the next stop would be the front line trenches, but to everyone's amazement they found themselves in Paris. Big Bertha was much in evidence at that time, and air raids were very frequent. Surgical Team No. 23 was assigned to American Ambulance Hospital No. 1. A month was spent in very hard work. What little spare time could be found was given to visiting interesting places in the city.

From Paris the team proceeded to Chateau-Thierry. At the station, or what was left of it, ambulances were waiting to take them to a point farther on, where they were attached to Evacuation Hospital No. 6. Here the nurses lived in tents, and rabbits nibbled the grass under the beds.

The patients were evacuated very quickly. After the big battles were over one had an opportunity to visit all of the places of interest and see the condition of the recaptured territory. Trips were made to Belleau Wood, Hill 204, and Quentin Roosevelt's grave. When the work in this section was finished tents were taken down and the circus moved on. As the railroads were destroyed, transportation was made by truck to La Ferte, where all were packed into freight trains. The journey lasted all night and the next day. The French engineer left the car without warning on a siding at Chatenois. This not being the proper station, in a few days the team was moved on to Bazailles-Sur-Marne, to rest and wait for further orders. Once more the team started out by ambulance on a long day's journey, stopped off to see the birthplace of Joan of Arc and several old churches, and finally arrived at Souilly, where they were located in a French barracks. Preparations were begun at once for the last big drive in the Argonne. Operating rooms were placed in working order, and were soon in use. Sometimes the nurses were on day duty, sometimes on night duty, often on both. Wounded were brought in in every available manner and evacuated as quickly as possible. Great numbers were brought back, and it was here that many Pennsylvania boys of the 28th Division were taken care of.

Surgical Team No. 23 had undergone seven months of many discomforts, great and never monotonous experiences with much

that was amusing. The nurses would not have exchanged their worst moments for a tranquil stay back of the front, but, when orders came on November 2nd to return to Nantes, it was with a feeling of satisfaction that they packed their luggage and set out for Base Hospital No. 34.

HISTORY

THERE was always much speculation on the part of Miles as to how he came to be selected as a surgical assistant on Surgical Team 23. After returning to the base he was very much enlightened to know that it was because they were looking for a big, dumb, strong man who could stand the hardships of life at the front, and that at the very time they were looking for such a beast, Miles happened to stroll past the Adjutant's Office with a considerable amount of lumber on his shoulder. Unluckily for Miles, the Adjutant happened to be looking out of the door, and he immediately decided that there was his man.

The question as to the selection of Josselyn was never fully settled, but he firmly believes that it was because he bothered them in the office so much about a transfer.

The team cruised away from la Ville de Nantes at high noon of the 9th of April, after one hour's notice. The Adjutant informed them that they would only be gone a short time, to take very little clothing with them, and for the bucks to take but two blankets in their rolls. The bucks, thinking that they would live in nice comfortable dugouts, and also being new at the army game, and not wishing to disregard orders, did as instructed and took nothing but soap, towel, and tooth brush, which had to serve for a period of about 10 weeks until they could get a supply sent to them. It might also be stated here that they became so familiar with cooties that it was necessary to draw on the officers for underwear and shirts.

They left under the ever watchful care of Major Ashhurst, who later returned a full Colonel, he being the only one of the outfit that received any recognition, the others returning with the same rank. There were close to 600 surgical teams on the front, but Base Hospital No. 34 had the "honor" of having the only team out with two buck privates, the others having Sergeants or Surgical Assistants.

The team left under orders to report to a French Hospital at Beauvais, and after a day's travel and a one-night stay in Paris, it finally arrived at the station and waited there all day trying to find

IN THE WORLD WAR

out where it was to report. The French were undecided just where to send them, and after three different moves they were ordered to Crevecoeur le Grande with a French Mobile Hospital, where they stayed for three long, lonesome, night bombed months, with no one around but Frenchmen.

The name of this unit was Automobile Chirurgical Ambulance No. 6. The American Mobile Hospital was an exact duplication of this type of French hospital. In fact, the American Government bought the equipment of some of these units from the French and called them Mobile Hospitals. As a rule they were tent hospitals, but team 23 was lucky enough to strike one that had taken over a civilian hospital that was unfinished when the war broke out. The French A. C. A. worked practically on the same plan as American Evacuating Hospitals. The patients were operated on immediately, and those that were able to stand the trip were evacuated in a day or two, while the very serious ones were held for a few weeks. All of the operating was done by surgical teams, which were composed of a surgeon, an assistant, two nurses and two orderlies. They worked on a rotating schedule of four, six and eight-hour shifts.

From A. C. A. No. 6 the team went to American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1 in Paris. This hospital was sort of an evacuating base. The slightly wounded were evacuated immediately to the bases further back, while the serious cases were held. Red Cross No. 1 had a capacity of about 1,500 patients, and was one of the best known American Hospitals. It was formerly run for the French for three years by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, of New York. Owing to the shortage of American Hospitals during the Chateau-Thierry drive, these Red Cross hospitals in Paris were immediately taken over. After a month at Paris Surgical Team No. 23 finally got orders to report to the Commanding Officer of Evacuation Hospital No. 6 at Chateau-Thierry for duty. Upon arriving at No. 6 they found it all packed and ready to move. No. 23 was there for five days before it finally moved, and this gave them just enough time to visit the scenes of the recent fighting and to collect a number of German souvenirs.

The next stop that Evacuation No. 6 made was at a small town called Souilly, which was about 20 kilometers south of Verdun. This was in the last part of August and just before the big American drive started. At Souilly, Evacuation No. 6 and No. 7 took over a French hospital, which consisted entirely of barracks, and had a capacity of about one thousand patients. Here also all of the operating was done by surgical teams, while the officers and men of the organization took care of the receiving and evacuating of patients, cared for them, and did all of the dressings.

BASE HOSPITAL 34

It was no small job to run an Evacuation Hospital, and it required a great many officers and men. No. 6 had a personnel of about 275 Medical Department men, and about 150 Class "B" men that were assigned six months' light duty behind the lines.

In the three months at Souilly, E. H. No. 6 received 36,000 patients and had about 6,000 operative cases.

Surgical Team No. 23 in its seven and a half months' absence was attached to five different organizations, three French and two American, and performed over 800 operations. The team was composed of Colonel Ashhurst, Lieut. Kershner, Miss Stevens, Miss Andrews, Miss Kandle, and Privates Miles and Josselyn. Miss Andrews, after five months of faithful service was taken sick and had to be left behind. She was later returned to the base. Miss Stevens and Miss Kandle after about six months were relieved by Miss Cook and Mrs. Griffin. Colonel Ashhurst after seven months was relieved by Major Alexander. Lieut. Kershner, after a period of sickness, was supposed to be relieved, but his substitute never arrived, so he had to stick it out.

The hardships of the team were far from being what rumor made them at the base, nor were any of the members decorated with the Croix de Guerre. The only hard part was getting used to carrying amputated legs, and also trying, but never succeeding, to get used to the air raids and the big Bertha shells in Paris.

None of the members regret the experience, and the privates especially feel proud of the fact that they are entitled to wear the letter "A" on their left sleeves. This is the insignia of the First Army, to which Evacuation Hospital No. 6 was attached.



A Happy Quartet Back from the Front.
Austin, Vogel, Josselyn, Miles

SURGICAL TEAM No. 24

WHEN a man enlists in the army, he soon becomes a confirmed pessimist and fault-finder. Any work he is assigned to is "bum," his quarters are awful, the food is rotten, and he has an overwhelming desire to be somewhere else than where he is. So after Surgical Team No. 23 left the Base for a six weeks' trip to the front, the Adjutant's office was filled with a mob of volunteers for the next team which was, supposedly, to relieve them. Several weeks later, after word was received that Surgical Team No. 23 had been cited by the French for working under shell fire, the situation became tense. Everyone at the Base was filled with a great desire to go to the front for a few weeks and return with his breast covered with medals.

Surgical Team No. 23 was not relieved after six weeks' service, however. Seven weeks passed and another team was organized and sent on its way. While many were disappointed when the make-up of the team was announced, there was never a question as to the good judgment shown in the selection of the personnel. Private 1/Cl. Horace B. Austin, with his wonderful personality, and his contemptuous disregard of danger night after night when entering the barracks after taps, and Pvt. 1/Cl. Harry G. Bostick, with his commanding voice and great intellectual power (demonstrated by playing jazz stuff on the piano by air), were undoubtedly the two men best fitted by nature for the work in hand. There were also Major Lockwood, Capt. Boykin, Lt. Frank, and two nurses, Miss Holler and Miss Behman, on the team. Why they were sent along is a mystery, as they were ever the cause of the two corps men degrading themselves by hustling baggage, carrying water, emptying slop pails, and doing innumerable other menial chores.

The first destination was Chaumont, where they were to await orders. It was necessary to change trains at Tours in order to get there. When it was learned that the train for Chaumont did not leave for four hours, the two corps men decided to go out and look the town over, but the M. P.'s decided otherwise. Not being allowed to leave the station by the front way, they went out the back way, which was unguarded. They strolled around the town, had supper, and returned to the station in plenty of time to hustle the baggage again. That baggage was so heavy that it took an express

train seventeen hours to go a distance of about three hundred miles hauling it.

Arriving at Chaumont the team was taken to Base Hospital No. 15 to wait for orders to proceed. Bostick and Austin were ordered to report for duty the next morning, but when it was found that duty consisted of picking up paper and cigarette butts around the grounds, they decided to take a walk. Many walks were taken and many books were read during the next two weeks and a half. Then orders came to proceed to Evacuation Hospital No. 1, at Sebastopol, near Toul.

The hospital was reached about 10.00 P. M. About 11.00 P. M. there was a commotion outside and, getting up, the men enjoyed their first air raid. "Enjoyed" is the correct word, as the nearest bomb was dropped two miles away and they did not realize the dangerous possibilities.

The next morning they were given bunks in a large tent with a lot of casuals, who had been attached to the hospital, and were assigned to duty. That was the great drawback in this work,—one was always being assigned to duty. The surgeons were never happy unless they could get some fellow unconscious and carve him up. They took beautifully sharp knives and hacked at pieces of steel with them until they were too dull for use even as butter-spreaders. And the corps men had to keep them sharp. Buckets were provided to receive the soiled gauze, but did they use them? They did not! They threw the gauze on the floor, and the nurses encouraged them in it. And the corps men had to pick it up and dispose of it.

After five days orders came to report to the Headquarters of the 42nd Division for duty, and the next morning the team left Toul. They arrived in Paris that evening, and had the pleasure of spending the night of the Fourth of July, all day the 5th of July, and every sou they could beg or borrow in that wonderful city. Leaving Paris the evening of the 5th of July, Chalons was reached about 2.00 A. M. the next day. The nurses and officers went to a hotel for the balance of the night, and the corps men were told that the Croix Rouge would put them up. They preferred to sleep on benches outside, as the bunk-house was full of Algerians and the air was foul. About 9.00 A. M. a truck came and carried the team to Bussy-le-Chateau, where the 42nd Division was using a French hospital, H. O. E. 10/13, with Field Hospitals No. 165 and No. 166, Mobile Hospital No. 2, and several surgical teams, to make up the personnel.

The next day the corps men were again assigned to "duty," Pvt. Bostick to the Receiving Ward for day duty, and Pvt.

IN THE WORLD WAR

Austin, for night duty. Everything was very quiet here, but the Germans were expected to start a big drive shortly. Ambulances brought men, mostly ill, from the regimental infirmaries every night. By midnight the last ambulance had returned to its station, and after finishing the report for the day, everybody turned in on litters and went to sleep.

Every evening, and once in a while during the day, artillery could be heard, and after dark the flashes of the big guns could be seen from the hospital. On the night of the 14th of July the bombardment increased in intensity until the whole sky was ablaze. One could not distinguish the individual sounds of the different guns as at other times. There was just one continuous roar. We knew that the expected German drive was on.

About 11.00 P. M. the gas signal was given at the hospital and masks were donned. Men asleep in the barracks were awakened and, bewildered by the sounds of the terrific bombardment and the unusual summons, struggled with their gas masks and their clothes.

An ambulance drove up. Then another, and still another until a steady stream of wounded were pouring in. Pvt. Austin was at his post in the Receiving Ward; and, although he had been on duty all day, Pvt. Bostick came over and offered his services. They were sorely needed. The wounded came in so rapidly that it required the greatest effort on the part of everyone to take care of them.

Shortly after midnight a German shell came over and wrecked the railroad station back of the hospital. Later, after a shell struck one of the surgical wards, killing two men and wounding others, the patients were carried to a large dugout near by. The ambulances made trip after trip, bringing wounded from the trenches and going back into that hell for more. The dugout was filled with patients and more were put along the side of buildings near it. A shell struck a building between the operating rooms and the surgical wards, completely demolishing it.

When daylight came orders were given to evacuate the hospital. The patients were sent to Evacuation Hospital No. 4, at Ecury, and later the surgical teams followed. Here in four days 1,400 cases were received, about 1,100 of which were operative.

A German aviator came over every night, flew over the hospital for several hours, and made things interesting. One night he dropped a bomb in a field about forty rods from the officers' quarters, without doing any damage. Many of the personnel of the hospital and some of the patients started for somewhere,—anywhere away from the vicinity of that "Fritzie." One patient, in

spite of a fractured femur and a Thomas splint, was found the next day in a wheat field about three hundred rods from the hospital.

The next night "Fritzie" fired his machine gun at every group he could see in the moonlight in the hospital streets. That was his last trip, however, as an anti-aircraft gun brought him down as he was on his way back.

After Ecury, the surgical team joined Mobile Hospital No. 2 at a chateau just outside of Lizy-sur-Ourcq. The stay here was short, as the surgical department of Mobile Hospital No. 2 moved to La Ferte-Milon, where the first glimpses of real trenches and a real battlefield were had.

After three days here, just enough time to set up the operating and sterilizing rooms in connection with Evacuation Hospital No. 3, another move was ordered, this time to Crezancy, a town occupied by the Germans shortly before.

Three days later the surgical teams, together with the detachment from Mobile Hospital No. 2, were ordered to Coincy, where the remainder of the Mobile Hospital joined them.

Here they were near the actual fighting once more. The French had just taken Fere-en-Tardenois and Allied troops were pushing on toward Fismes. A large deserted German camp was near by, as was also the foundations of one of the big "Berthas" which shelled Paris. Fere-en-Tardenois was within easy reach of the German guns, and as it was being shelled continually, it was a favorite place to visit when off duty.

After several weeks at Coincy the team was recalled to Chaumont. The train was taken at Chateau-Thierry, so recently recovered from the Germans, and two more days were spent in Paris, where a train was taken direct to Chaumont.

Perhaps it might be well to explain the functions of the different organizations that care for the sick and wounded men. When a man is wounded he is taken as soon as possible to the Regimental Infirmary. In extended engagements men will often lie for days between the lines before it is possible to bring them in. In the Regimental Infirmary the patient is given "First-Aid" and an injection of Anti-Tetanus Serum, and sent back to the Field Hospital with a tag bearing his name, number, organization, diagnosis, whether or not A. T. S. was given, and the signature of the officer in charge of the Infirmary. At the Field Hospital he is operated on and cared for until he can be evacuated to a Base Hospital. When the wounded come in in such numbers that the Field Hospitals cannot handle them all, they are taken back to Mobile or Evacuation Hospitals. Mobile Hospitals and Evacuation Hospitals are movable units operating behind the Field Hospitals. The

IN THE WORLD WAR

Mobile Hospital is the smaller of the two, having two hundred beds, while the Evacuation Hospital has six hundred, and can therefore be moved less quickly. In these hospitals patients are operated on and cared for until such time as they can safely be sent back to a Base Hospital.

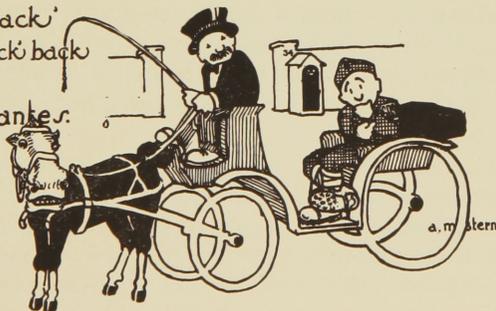
At Chaumont the team was divided, with Major Charles D. Lockwood in charge of one section which retained the original number, and Captain I. M. Boykin in charge of the other, which was called Casual Team No. 551. Major Lockwood's team was ordered to report to Evacuation Hospital No. 14, near Toul, for duty, and three days later Captain Boykin's team joined the same organization. At Toul Pvt. Bostick was taken ill and was sent to a Base Hospital, from which he was finally sent to Base Hospital No. 34.

From Toul, after the Saint Mihiel drive, to Villers-Daucourt in the Argonne, from there to Les Ilettes, and finally to Varennes, back of the old Hindenburg line, was simply a story of hard work, poor food, and a longing to return to the base.

When, on the 7th of November, the German envoys came over the lines, officers and men joined in a celebration that was kept up until morning and was continued every night until some time after the armistice was signed. Rifles, revolvers, machine guns, and hand grenades were fired, and signal rockets and flares were set off. It was very much like the unsafe and insane Fourth of July celebrations at home, only more so.

Orders came on November 21st for Surgical Team No. 24 to return to the base, and on the 28th Casual Team No. 551 followed them home. The anxiety to get back was so great that even Paris had no attractions on the return trip; a thing that has been a source of regret since, for no sooner were they settled at the base than they were once more "assigned to duty!"

The 'Sea-going Hack'
Would haul the 'Buck' back
To the Barracks
In the Battle of Nanter.



AN AMERICAN SURGEON WITH THE B. E. F.

WHEN war broke out between the United States and Germany on April 6th, 1917, I was engaged in the practice of medicine in Los Angeles, California. It being my desire to be of some service to the Government, I volunteered for overseas duty as a surgeon on April 8th, 1917, and on the 6th of June following I was granted a commission as First Lieutenant in the United States Army Medical Corps. I was ordered to report to the Commanding Officer of the Army Medical School, Washington, D. C., for instructions and shortly after my arrival I was directed to report to the United States Army Liaison Officer in London, England, for assignment to duty with the British Army.

In July, 1917, in company with thirty-two other Casual Medical Officers, I sailed for England on the S. S. "Lapland." Following a five-day stop at Halifax, Nova Scotia, the "Lapland" played hide-and-seek with U-Boats on the Atlantic Ocean for nineteen days and was finally chased into Milford Haven by a persistent submarine early in August.

A special train carried us to London and our party of thirty-two was soon split into several detachments. Eight brother officers and myself were ordered to report to Headquarters, Northern District, British Army, York, where I was assigned to duty at the Northumberland War Hospital, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Commanding Officer of the Northern District happened to be Sir John Maxwell, whom I had met some years previously in California. While calling upon him news was received of a German naval attack upon Scarborough on the Yorkshire Coast, which resulted in the destruction of the railway station and the death of fifteen persons.

The Northumberland War Hospital was a model of its kind. It possessed a competent Medical and Surgical Staff; strict discipline was maintained at all times, sanitation was practically perfect and every hospital improvement known to modern science had been installed. My duties were arduous and the working hours were long, but perfect co-operation made one forget fatigue. After two months spent in reconstruction and general surgical work I

IN THE WORLD WAR

was ordered to Southampton for passage to France. The trans-Channel steamer "Viper" carried me to Le Havre on a stormy night of wind and rain.

After spending a few days in the British Rest Camp at Le Havre I was sent by rail to Savy in the Arras Sector. Upon the morning following my arrival at Savy I was ordered to report for duty with the 10th Field Ambulance of the British Expeditionary Force. After three weeks of hard unremitting work I was placed in charge of the 29th Casualty Clearing Station at Greliers just back of Baupaume. In November, 1917, three weeks subsequent to my new assignment, the Battle of Cambrai began. During this offensive I worked as Team Surgeon and was kept busy day and night. Casualties were extremely heavy, but the arrangement and equipment of the station was excellent; patients being admitted, operated upon and evacuated very rapidly. Surgical patients were placed in a steam-heated ward, supplied with dry clothes and blankets and in all except abdominal cases were given hot soup, coffee or chocolate.

As soon as possible they were operated upon, classified, placed in an ambulance train and transferred to a Base Hospital. The entire system ran like clock-work at all times.

In December, 1917, I was ordered to proceed to Dans Camiers, between Etaples and Boulogne, and report for duty to the Commanding Officer of General Hospital No. 20, B. E. F. This Hospital accommodated 400 officers and 1600 enlisted men and took care of all American officers attached to the British Expeditionary Force. The Hospital plant was composed of wooden barracks and tents all laid out in an orderly manner and connected by walks and streets of cinders which were bordered by grass and flowers; colored draperies were at every window and flowers and ferns were to be found in every ward. The discipline was first-class and the sanitation beyond criticism; the beds, floors and walls being kept spotlessly clean. The diet was correctly balanced and the food was of good quality, well cooked and served piping hot. The surgical patients were segregated and placed in wards especially equipped for various types of cases, such as wounds of the head, chest and abdomen, fractures of the femur and jaw, etc.

Four other hospitals were located in the immediate vicinity of General Hospital No. 20: No. 4, English; No. 11, Canadian; No. 18, American (Chicago); No. 22, American (Harvard University). The total bed capacity of this group was 10,000. During the course of the great German offensive of March, 1918, against the Amiens Sector these hospitals underwent a terrific test. Shortly after the offensive opened a large portion of the Sector was cap-

tured by the Boche and it became necessary for the Hospital Group in question to function as Operating, Evacuating and Base Hospitals at one and the same time. This remarkable transformation took place over night, as it were, and when it is remembered that over 29,000 casualties passed through the Group between March 21st and March 26th, inclusive, an idea can be gathered of the absolutely perfect organization of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The most thorough co-operation among the five units existed during this trying period. I desire to take this opportunity of voicing my sincere admiration for those loyal and devoted women, the British Nursing Sisters, who by their untiring efforts and remarkably efficient service have created for themselves a tradition and left memories that will never be forgotten by the great host of sick and wounded who passed through their hands.

During what afterwards proved to be the last break-through of the Boche on the Western Front, I collapsed from overwork and nervous strain and after a long convalescence in hospital I was transferred to the American Expeditionary Forces, passing through the military channels—Paris, St. Aignan, Blois, St. Nazaire, Savenay—and terminating my war service with Base Hospital No. 34 at Nantes, in Brittany, part of the time as Ward Surgeon and part as Chief of Surgical Service.

THE CHAPLAINS

THE record of the Chaplain's work must be very largely a record of the labors of others, upon whose help he learned constantly to depend. I shall not hesitate, therefore, to refer frequently to those voluntary agencies of service which ministered faithfully and efficiently to the sick and wounded in the hospital, and without whose co-operation we should have been greatly the losers.

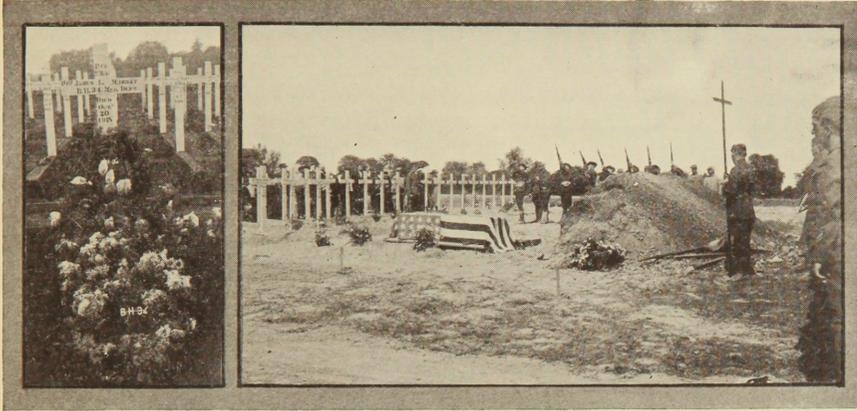
My period of service with Base Hospital 34 began on September 15, 1917, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, where the Unit had been mobilized a few days before. It continued with the exception of two months' detached service at St. Nazaire until October 1st, 1918, when I was sent to Headquarters, District of Paris, for duty. It was a year full of interest and activity, and of the greatest happiness.



Chaplain Groton

The opening chapter must begin with the arrival of our first patients in April. They came very largely from the First and Second Divisions. When I was with the First Division I again and again met men who were among the earliest to come to us and who were firmly convinced that no other hospital in the A. E. F. was quite the equal of 34. Be that as it may, we were at once confronted with the problem of furnishing recreational facilities and entertainment for men who had spent the winter in the cold of northern France. On a Saturday morning I called at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters at St. Nazaire and asked their help. That afternoon one of their secretaries, Mr. Hamilton, returned to Nantes with me; on Monday a truck load of cigarettes, tobacco, and chocolate arrived; on Tuesday a canteen was under way in the wooden hospital barrack which Colonel DeVoe kindly placed at our disposal. From then on, supplies varied in abundance

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. "Jim" Murray's Grave. 2. Burial Salute.

and scarcity, but there was always something on hand. The same barrack was used for entertainments and services. Here I celebrated the Holy Communion at 6 o'clock on Easter morning. I shall never forget how the light broke through the heavy clouds and flooded the little place with sunshine. Each Sunday we had a service at 10 o'clock in the morning and another in the evening. On week-days we had concerts by our French friends and improvised shows of local talent.

With the arrival of Captain Petrie, A. R. C., the further resources of the Red Cross were thrown open to us. It meant cigarettes and chocolate for those who could not buy, shaving brushes and razors, phonographs, moving pictures, daily newspapers and comfort kits. It meant also baseball, tennis, and croquet. Captain Petrie's problem was nevertheless one of making a little go a long way. When we returned home we looked back with amusement at the exceptional value of a single safety razor blade in a ward of sick men. The Red Cross also sent us two capable workers in Mrs. Appo and Miss Strode, who were tireless in their search for information about the missing and in corresponding with the families in America. Miss Corbett, from the Y. W. C. A., came to us to keep "Hostess House" in one end of the nurses' mess hall. The little corner that she had was narrow enough, but her hospitality was unflinching.

With all these agencies I had the most cordial and happy relations. My own distinctive work as Chaplain took me daily into the wards, to talk with the men, to pray with them, to know them, to claim their friendship, to lead them, so far as I was able through

my own experiences, into the realm of things unseen. I could only imagine what they had been through, but in spite of that handicap I found them eager, responsive, accessible. I shall always be grateful to the surgeons and nurses for their willingness to let me enter the wards at all times, night or day, and for their constant co-operation and courtesy. At no time was I denied the opportunity of visiting the sick, and frequently the nurses prepared the way for my coming.

Of the dead I speak with no shadow of regret. They died as brave men die, without fear and without complaint. Their bodies have been laid at rest with all military honors in the beautiful American Cemetery not far distant from the hospital. A white wooden cross, on which is inscribed the name, the organization to which the soldier belonged, and the date of death, marks the grave where the body lies. This record would be incomplete if I did not speak a word of tribute to the French military authorities. At each funeral they sent us artillery caissons to bear the bodies of our dead, and a guard of honor to accompany the procession.

With the increase in the work and with the prospect of my being transferred to other duties, Chaplain Clash, formerly Dean of the Cathedral in Manila, came to us at the end of July. For me it was the revival of a warm friendship and attachment, and I had the pleasure of staying on for two months after his assignment, working with him at the hospital. He became immediately a part of us, entering into all our activities, and carrying on the work after I had gone. The Chaplain's record belongs to him quite as much as to me.

Without the unfailing help and interest of the enlisted personnel I should have been at a loss to know where to turn. They, with the surgeons and nurses, formed that inner circle into which we had been drawn by a single aim and purpose,—namely, to minister to the best of our ability to the sick and wounded.

To see men brought in helpless, with the mud of the trenches caked on their bodies, to watch their strength come again, to wish them God-speed as they were sent back to the replacement camps and to their companies, or else home, to be with them during these days has been worth while. And the services in the wards, in the big mess hall, in the open out under the trees, seem also to have been worth while. For me I know they have been, and perhaps, God willing, for the many who came to them.

THE Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A. was the first of all "War Work Activities" to make its appearance in Nantes; it followed closely upon our arrival.

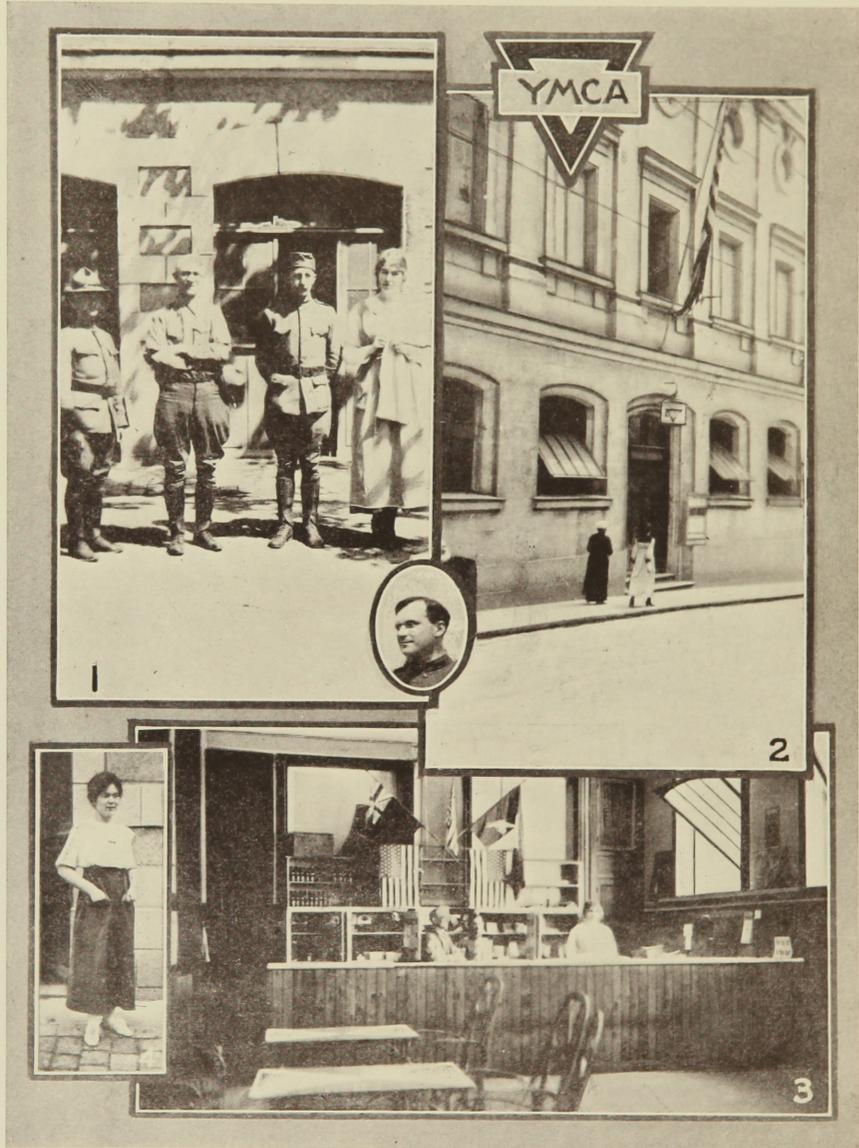
Rev. William Speicer, assisted by Miss Inga Ravndal, were the pioneers of the Nantes Branch. Both were ideally qualified for the positions that they filled. Dr. Speicer's personality embodied all the phases of activities for which the Y. M. C. A. stands, while Miss Ravndal's ever-smiling countenance disseminated sunshine to all the boys in general and caused fluctuation of the pulses of a few in particular.

We had the privilege of first meeting Dr. Speicer in February, 1918, when he came to the Hospital to conduct a religious service. He also gave us some idea at that time of the plans that were being made to supply us with American moving pictures and entertainments and such "soldiers' wants" as had up to that time been practically unobtainable. The Y. M. C. A. Headquarters were located at No. 1 Rue Gigant, some distance from the Hospital and close to the business section of the city. It may be of interest to note that this building was the only one in France that had been used as a Y. M. C. A. before the War. It consisted of a canteen, game room, reading and writing room, and a spacious auditorium. Later bathrooms and other facilities were added.

In the early part of March, 1918, a goodly number of us found our way to the Y. M. C. A. Building, to see the first American movies that we had looked upon for many a moon. Unfortunately the train that was to bring the films from St. Nazaire was wrecked and the show failed to materialize. This was followed by a series of mishaps that delayed the opening show for several weeks. In the meantime, however, the canteen opened and other forms of amusement were inaugurated. Finally, due to the untiring efforts of Dr. Speicer, the picture shows started and continued on a regular schedule throughout our stay in France.

Later in the spring Mr. Arthur Gordon was added to the Y. M. C. A. personnel to take care of athletic activities and several interesting contests were staged under his direction, noteworthy among them being the Field Day at Petite Port, July 14th, 1918, in which we swamped all competition.

Y. M. C. A. activities had reached such proportions by early summer that two new assistants were added to the staff in the persons of Miss Ethel Hyndman and Mr. C. W. Webb. A branch was



1. Left to Right—Arthur Gorden, Dr. Speicer, C. W. Webb, Inga B. Ravndal.
2. Down-town "Hut" No. 1 Rue Gigant. 3. Canteen No. 1 Rue Gigant. 4. Ethel Hyndman. 5. George Hammond, in charge of "Y" Tent on Hospital Grounds.

IN THE WORLD WAR

also opened at the Hospital, which consisted essentially of a canteen with Mr. George Hammond in charge.

In the latter part of July, Dr. Spicer's request for service at the front was granted, and with deep regret we were compelled to say good-bye. His place was ably filled by Mr. A. F. Witwer, who carried on the good work of his predecessor.

At this time the Nantes branch of the "Y" had succeeded in establishing supplemental canteens and entertainment centres at the following points in and around the city:

Motor Transport Corps Garage, No. 2 Rue Scribe.

Motor Transport Corps Reception Park, Pont Rousseau.

No. 1 Rue Gigant.

Cours St. Pierre.

St. Anne Barracks.

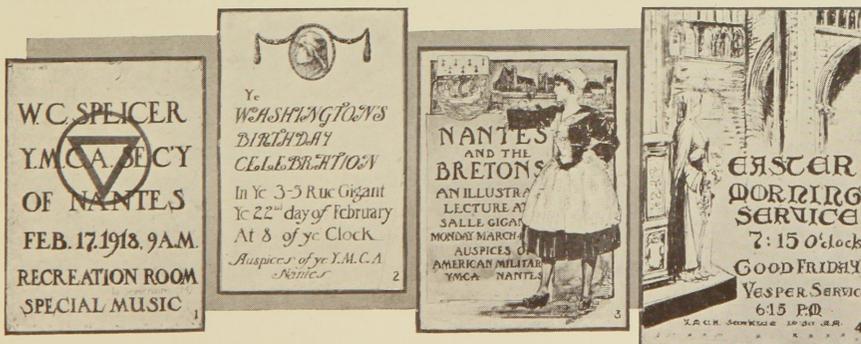
St. Luce.

Billeting Area, St. Sebastian.

Shortly afterwards the Hospital "Y" was closed, due to the absorption of its activities by the Red Cross. Naturally the proximity of the Red Cross Building diverted our interests from the Y. M. C. A., and during the remainder of our stay in Nantes we were not so closely associated with it.

Taking into consideration the difficulties which the Y. M. C. A. had to overcome in securing supplies of every description in the U. S., and having them transported to France and distributed over a great area, and the obstacles which it had to surmount in securing an efficient and conscientious personnel, we believe that it was a God-send to the Army and that much of the criticism which was heaped upon it was unfair in every respect. Were we to judge it by the service which it rendered in Nantes we would have little or no fault to find with it.

We shall always remember the "Y" as the organization that first brought a little bit of America into our lives in Nantes, and formed a connecting link for us between "Over There" and home.



Posters Announcing Various Activities. By Stern and Hoke.

Y. W. C. A.

IN the early days of the hospital, when all interests were devoted to the development of the patients' part in the organization, the gray army of the nursing force would have missed many agreeable breaks in the days' routine, so well thought out and looked after by the "Y" workers. It was Miss Corbett who turned four bare wooden walls and a cold empty floor into a room of cool restfulness on the hot days and warm coziness on cold days. Curtains on the windows, pictures on the walls, nails upon which to hang the always present raincoat, gay rugs of matting on the floor, many and comfortable lounging chairs, a table to write upon with pens, ink and paper, tables for cards or tea, and with it all, a smiling hostess to welcome one to cold lemonade and cookies, or hot tea and sugared toast—this was the beginning of the work of the "Y."

At the end of a day one might have seen, from time to time, a group of nurses with a picnic basket jogging along a country road to an inviting spot under the trees, where sandwiches, fruit and lemonade, prepared by the "Y" workers, made a pleasant break in routine army food.

Birthday parties became the vogue. There was a souvenir for the lucky birthday-ers and there were games and music. Sometimes there was dancing and some wore "real" pumps and "real" gowns and were great ladies—and best of all, the candles were very discreet, rather a safety in numbers, that told no tales of those whose birthdays had become stationary long before.

For those who liked discussion and study, there were Bible Classes once a week, with Miss Corbett as the capable teacher. Lectures on French History, arranged for by the "Y," were given by Miss Morris.

It was in the cold days that the real importance of a carefully watched fire was brought home to the often tired and wet and bedraggled nurse. It was a relief to relax in the sitting room of the mess shack, with a warm stove close by and feel that, after all, the rain did not matter so much. There one could find the tea table ready any day from three until five o'clock and feel like "Society" sipping from real china and nibbling at real toast, and chatting with the always kindly hostess.

If there were flowers to be sent to a sick nurse, it was Miss

IN THE WORLD WAR



Above—Capt. Petrie, A. R. C.
Left—Miss Corbett, Y. W. C. A.
Right—Chaplain Clash visiting
in the wards.

Corbett who saw to that. If one wished any little special tea arranged for, it was again the "Y" which helped. They could be called upon to help with holidays and it was not unusual to find the "Y" workers in the kitchen with sleeves up, turning out some cookies to add flavor to the tea.

On January 11th Miss Corbett left for further duty at Paris. The nurses tendered her a vote of thanks before her departure and her work at Base Hospital No. 34 will always be remembered with pleasure.

*Remember Captain Petrie's office hours? "11.00
A. M. till noon."*



The American
Red Cross

FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY CLAUDIA HANCOCK

RED CROSS

THE activities of the American Red Cross at Base Hospital 34 commenced April 23rd, 1918, when Captain Charles G. Petrie was appointed A. R. C. Representative. About June 19th, Mrs. Alice M. Appo arrived to take charge of the work of Visitor and Searcher, and about August 1st, Miss Mildred Strode became her assistant. On June 29th, Rev. Charles W. Clash became attached as Red Cross Chaplain. On October 8th, Judge Louis H. Fead succeeded Capt. Petrie as A. R. C. Representative, and about November 20th, Miss Edith T. Loux succeeded Miss Strode, and the Recreation Hut arrived: Miss Mattie E. Strickling as Directress and Miss Natalie V. Scott, Florence Kerr Wilson and Claudia Hancock as Hut Workers.

The work was divided along the usual Red Cross lines of individual help, general affairs, home communication service and hut activities. The individual help phase included the furnishing of needful toilet articles, tobacco and candy to the convalescent patients and delicacies to the sick. Hospital trains were met by the Red Cross personnel and the arriving patients given what articles could be procured. At one time, during the summer drives, the toothbrush might have been appropriate as a symbol of the Red Cross at 34, because it was the only article that could be procured in sufficient quantities to meet the needs. Even that supply finally became insufficient, as not more than half the patients in the hospital were supplied with toothbrushes in October. A little later, however, we were able to furnish handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, combs and soap to all the patients, so they had an opportunity to make their toilet like American citizens and soldiers.

The wounded were met in the Receiving Ward of the hospital and furnished with Red Cross bags, handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, tobacco, cigarettes, chocolate and stationery. At various times, usually in quantities to supply all needs, we gave out cigarettes and tobacco (bi-weekly distribution until the army included tobacco in rations in October), pipes, playing cards, razors, razor blades, shaving brushes, shaving soap, handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, dental cream, shoe polish, combs, sweaters, socks, mufflers, toilet soap, stationery, etc.

Delicacies furnished to the sick and wounded included, to cer-

tain patients, ice cream, beer and fruit daily, and on certain occasions or for special needs, cheese, chops, chicken, squabs, champagne, wine, lobster, shrimp, candy, cakes, eggs, fried cakes, pies, etc. The policy was, in a general way, to furnish to the patients whatever the doctor ordered, and to some extent, whatever the patient wanted and to which the doctor did not object.

The general activities consisted of providing and equipping three tennis courts and a golf course, leasing and operating a garden, which provided wholesome light work for an average of ten patients daily and furnish fresh vegetables of the value of about \$100 per week to the Hospital Diet Kitchen; running daily morning bulletins of the latest war news; distributing daily newspapers and weekly magazines; cashing checks and making loans to soldiers; reading to blind patients and writing letters for those unable to write; providing entertainments for the "blesse" wards; conducting moving picture shows; taking blind patients to the opera; providing trees and shrubs for the cemetery; furnishing mufflers; wrappings and bandages for bed-ridden patients; giving dances for the corps men and patients and for the nurses; drafting legal instruments; giving advice upon matters religious, political, legal, commercial, military and social.

As an illustration of the scope of the Red Cross advisory activities,—we predicted the collapse of Turkey and Austria and the surrender of Germany and also advised an anxious inquirer that if he married a French girl, he would not be free from the marital tie when the ship carrying him home crossed the three-mile maritime limit. Judge Fead was appointed Counsel for the Defense by a special court martial. All of his clients were convicted.

The Searcher and Home Communication Service was the medium between the soldier and the folks back home. The object was to relieve the soldier of his troubles and the people of their anxieties. In this department we handled such matters as searching for the missing, tracing friends or relatives in the service and reporting on their condition, and notifying relatives of the circumstances of wounds or death. Incidentally, there were also handled delayed allotments and mails, sickness and death news from home, tracing money and valuables lost at the front, and innumerable other matters of interest to the soldiers and their folks.

As an instance, a few days before Christmas, one of the patients in the hospital received a personal check from America, with a request that he purchase flowers and place them on the grave of the sender's husband, a Lieutenant, who was buried at Tours. It would have taken two months to realize on the check, but the

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. The B. H. 34 Minstrels at the Opening of the Red Cross Hut. 2. The Red Cross Hut—A warm spot on a wintry day. 3. View from the Men's Barracks. 4. The Library. 5. The Book Label. 6. War Poster. 7. The Red Cross Staff—Miss Scott, Miss Sickels, Miss Hancock, Judge Fead, Miss Loux, Miss Wilson and "Ma" Strickling.

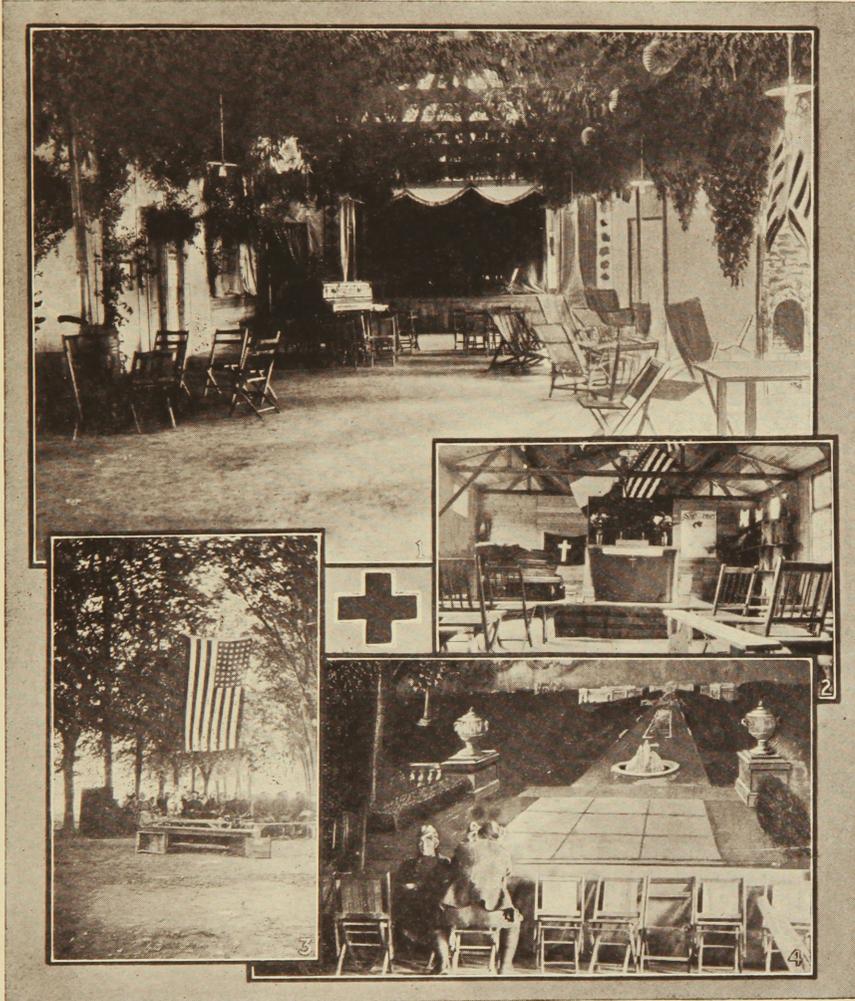
patient consulted our Searcher, who notified the A. R. C. Representative at Tours, and a beautiful bouquet of white and purple lilacs was placed on the grave at Christmas. The mortality letters written, upon the death of patients, were sources of great comfort to the bereaved relatives, as is attested by a large number of appreciative replies. The scope of the service is only generally indicated by the fact that the average number of letters and reports written per month was 330; each letter contained something of vital interest to some American.

About November 10, the Recreation Hut was opened and the fitting up process began. The Hut had an office, gift storeroom, canteen storeroom, canteen, kitchen, Directress' room, library, barber shop, Dormitory for patient personnel, writing room, and large assembly room and auditorium. In fitting up the Hut, the rough benches and tables and uncouth features of many huts were avoided. An imposing fireplace was constructed, and around the fire each day there was a constant half circle of soldiers. The stage was fitted with a full line of scenery, painted in artistic manner by volunteers from among the patients and corps men. Two hundred folding chairs were loaned by the army, and we purchased some fifty lounging chairs with extension foot rests, and installed a dozen painted and covered writing tables and a piano, whose voice was never still. The extent to which the room was used is indicated by the fact that, by actual count, 135 men were lounging, writing letters or playing games in the assembly room at ten o'clock on the morning of the count.

The library was equipped with about 650 well selected books, furnished by the American Library Association, of which about 350 were in constant circulation. Entertainments, both of local and imported talent, were frequent; the kitchen supplied delicacies for the sick and wounded and occasional parties were given. A canteen was operated, supplying some sixteen articles of ordinary use at army prices, the Red Cross bearing the loss by breakage or shortage, the sales amounting to approximately 8,000 francs per week, with an average deficit of about 60 francs.

The writing tables were in constant use. Before the Hut was opened, the soldiers used about 3,000 sheets of paper and envelopes per week for their letters; whereas, after our writing equipment was installed, they used 10,000. After the signing of the armistice and the beginning of the evacuation back home, the Recreation Hut became the most valuable part of the Red Cross activity at the hospital, and its importance and value have been stated a multitude of

IN THE WORLD WAR



1. Hut Interior at Christmastime. 2. The Chapel. 3. Church Service in the Grove.
4. Some of Charlton's and Stern's Camouflage—The stage scenery.

times, in unmeasured terms, by the soldiers who have had occasion to use it.

Special holidays were observed by the Red Cross in characteristic manner. Fourth of July was celebrated by making a general distribution of cigars, cakes and fruit, and by a general jubilee, impromptu, local talent show in the evening.

The Thanksgiving celebration was a memorable one. The Hut was beautifully decorated, and was the center of the activities. A band concert was held in the morning, a local talent vaudeville show in the afternoon, and a dance for enlisted personnel and nurses in the evening. The army provided an elaborate dinner, and the Red Cross made a distribution to everyone of chocolate bars and cigars, and, while the afternoon show was in progress, we gave apples to the bed patients who could not attend.

The Christmas season was also fittingly observed. Each soldier was given a pair of socks filled with candy, nuts, tobacco, cigars, 40 cigarettes, handkerchief and cards. Christmas trees and trimmings were furnished to each ward of the hospital, and some of the wards were decorated in a most artistic fashion. The Hut was decorated with a large and beautifully adorned Christmas tree in the corner, the character of the decorations being indicated by the remark of Mrs. Mary Roberts Rhinehart, just after Christmas, that it was the prettiest she had seen in France.

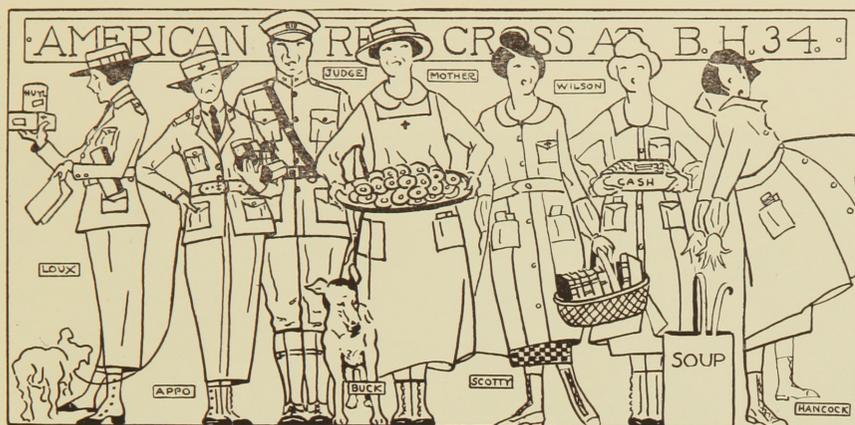
On Christmas Eve, a local talent show of genuine merit was staged. On Christmas Day, Divine services were held in the morning, a band concert in the afternoon, and in the evening a conglomerate, free-for-all, combination Fourth of July, College Field Day, Hallowe'en, Last Day of School Picnic, Country Fair, Circus Day affair was put on, which developed into one of the happiest functions imaginable.

And on Christmas Day, the head-cross of every soldier who had died at Base Hospital 34 bore a wreath of holly, placed there by the American Red Cross and consecrated with a prayer by the Chaplain.

Since its opening, the Hut was the center of social affairs for the enlisted men, and its influences were wide and strong in providing a substitute for the cafe life and its attendant possibilities.

The Red Cross ladies worked diligently, intelligently and with a self-sacrificing and abnegating spirit which cannot but challenge the admiration and respect of anyone who may have observed them. They are entitled to the continual gratitude of the soldiers and of all Americans, because they rendered real service to the country and its citizenship during the war and its aftermath.

IN THE WORLD WAR



PEN AND INK BY CLAUDIA HANCOCK

The Commanding Officer of the Hospital, Lieut. Col. R. G. De Voe, constantly gave us his active support, and was of inestimable assistance to us. Broad of mind and clear of vision, he realized, as many army officers did not, the value of the Red Cross work; and, keen in his care for the patients in his charge, he both used and aided our instrumentalities, to the benefit of his charges. The other officers, nurses and personnel granted practically every request we made. To name those to whom we are under obligations for assistance would be to practically include a roster of the Hospital. It is sufficient to say that Base Hospital 34 justly earned its enviable recognition among the American Hospitals in France by reason of the ability of its personnel, and that ability caused the personnel to recognize the Red Cross as a legitimate and valuable part of the army work, and to encourage and aid it as such. The result was of much good to the things America stood for in the war.

Wasn't it "Scotty" who was frequently heard to extend this good advice, "Observe all the social amenities"?

CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES



Front Row, Left to Right: Misses Kent, Franks, Osgood. Back Row: Krips, Byrne, Sutherland.

"Sing a Song of Six Civilians"

Six Civilians—very much alive—
The Dietitian went to work;
Then there were five.

Five Civilians—luckily no more—
The Laboratory claimed its Tech.;
Then there were four.

Four Civilians—entirely at sea—
Until the Q. M. took one;
Then there were three.

Three Civilians—wondering what to do—
The Registrar said, "I'll take one";
Then there were two.

IN THE WORLD WAR

Two Civilians—"beaucoup" to be done—
The Sick and Wounded needed help;
Then there was one.

One Civilian—work just lying thick—
The Major said, "She'll do the rest,
We hope the mule won't kick."

This, in short, is the tale of the Civilians at 34. But it leaves much unsaid.

Perhaps it was the starting off as *mules* on the "Leviathan" that set our pace; whatever the reason, we were always rather slow in beginning our work. Of course, we all left Philadelphia together; enjoyed the sea air at Ellis Island with the Nurses, and had the same trip in refrigerator cars to Blois, always bringing up the tail of the procession in the count off. But at Blois we were deserted by all of the Unit except a few of the officers, and being then in a casual camp, were treated accordingly. The heating of the rooms in the hotel was extremely casual, so we spent most of our time in bed, or making fudge—the latter an excellent excuse for borrowing a good fire. That lazy life lasted until an avalanche of Casual Officers slid on Blois and enveloped us all. They began to pick on us, and we did something neither they nor we understood at all—Army Paper Work. We helped embryo Q. M.'s check up on property at the Caserne of blessed memory; put in two days at the Chateau, then Headquarters, trying to pry the life history from each unsuspecting officer who dropped in—more paper work; sat by the Billeting Officer and watched him assign billets; and then, to mark our downfall, they all took us for French and approached us, phrase book in hand, hoping to make us understand what they meant. When these Casuals gave us a respite, we tried to help the 34 officers who were opening a hospital of their own, "little old 13." In fact, we had quite settled down for the rest of the winter, when orders came to go to St. Nazaire.

On January 30, we six and all of our baggage pulled up to Base Hospital No. 101 in one of St. Nazaire's most ancient hacks, and found we were unexpected, unheard of as adjuncts to a base hospital, and entirely *de trop*. Fortunately for us, we could slip into the night nurses' place in the ward, where the 34 nurses welcomed us with open arms. The next morning we sat like mourners around the C. O.'s office while he tried to dope out our *raisons d'etre*. Obviously the Dietitian and the Laboratory Technician had places in the sun, and were sent to their respective departments. Then the C. O. quite frankly admitted that he could see that the Adjutant

and Q. M. might have work for a stenographer in their offices; but for the other two, he had no use. So the Chief Nurse took the outcasts under her protection. Eventually, one found an outlet for her abilities in the Registrar's office, and the fourth became permanent furniture in the office of the Chief Nurse, where she chaperoned French maids to the dentist's or entertained visitors at tea, according to the needs of the case. In justice to the mules, it is only fair to say that they, each one, proved of real use, some even having to be replaced in kind on departure. So we stayed there, marking time and enjoying life until the rumors that 34 was ready came true.

On the 25th of March, the Civilians, in company with a picked crowd of Nurses,—the Civilians for once moving with the first of the procession—journeyed to Nantes and 34. We found there just about as vague ideas as to our proper use as existed at 101; but at least we were expected, and several departments were willing to take a chance on keeping us busy. Again the Dietitian and the Technician found their proper niches at once. The Dietitian promptly began to reign in her D. K., where her words (one cannot say word in this case; they came too fluently) were law. And the little lady not only fed the multitude of patients, but also was always ready to prepare "specials" and "extra specials" for hungry tramps wanting *something good*,—thus traveling by the quickest and shortest known route to their hearts.

The Technician began well by unpacking and cleaning test tubes and slides by the score. Afterward she changed her tactics, and began clogging up nice, clean tubes with various substances, most of which she let stand too long, and smearing bugs all over perfectly good slides.

The four secretaries were shuffled again and redealt, being nabbed by different offices as they were turned up. The one in the Q. M. office had the pleasure of writing little notes to the C. in C., asking him please to send us some more of the nourishing Corned Willie, and an extra ton of gold fish, as it didn't seem like Sunday without the fish for mess, and besides, it did come in so well on other days. Evidently she had pull there, for the supply never gave out. Of course, she had other duties, less pleasant, such as making out the Civilian pay roll, etc., but it was all in the day's work.

The two who found their way to the Registrar's office soon realized that it required a Medical Dictionary on one side and a carefully marked map of the front on the other, to prove that a man wounded in the "lumbar region" did not necessarily fall from a tree in Belleau Woods, but may have met up with some shrapnel

IN THE WORLD WAR

in the Argonne. It also took considerable perspicacity to discover that some one had made a mistake in Paper Work when a man wounded 8/5/18 was admitted 7/8/18. And those mistakes must be corrected, for it is not fair to keep a man from a scrap that way. And then those endless S. C. D. lists! Truly, that office was not entirely a bed of roses.

The jobs that came to the other mule, sitting in comfort in the warmest corner of the Seminaire, added spice to life. She did some work for the Director until he left her in the care of the skeleton; she did reports and pay rolls for the Chief Nurse; she carefully filed P. E. H. histories of nothing, with the help of the Medical Chief; wrote O. D. reports occasionally bright and early in the morning; kept a catalogue of the books and gave them out to the different departments, very impartially; and acted as chief guesser for the Medical Supply, juggling into alphabetical order lists of things neither the mule nor the Ward Masters had ever known of, and sending up to the fifth floor marvels of nomenclature which put the M. M. D. completely in the shade. During this time, there was occasional Laboratory work to be done; and after about a month, the mule was hitched by one trace to the Laboratory. Gradually this work increased, and there were too many hands on the reins, so the mule was permanently tied up to the Laboratory, the officer there having both reins and whip. There the mule kept records of bullets, or whatever was found in specimens, and talked French to the guinea pigs.

When the mules came to 34, they lived in the Hospital proper first, and then in the barracks. In June, when the Nurses moved to the Chateau, the mules were quartered in a little house, and lived in luxury with running water and a real kitchen (where delectable meals, not officially scheduled, were prepared). There was also a fireplace in each room. Here, too, three of the mules had separate stalls, the other three continuing the community life to a smaller degree. All summer we enjoyed the peace and quiet of our house, and in the fall we realized how cozy it was, with snapping fires and real chairs. It was a sad parting when in October the Laboratory team was driven to the suburbs to finish the war. That was the first break. Then, after orders came to prepare to leave for the States, others began to kick over the traces. So the team did not return as a whole, but wished 34 a bon voyage and said "au revoir" to their many friends in the Unit.

PHYSICAL THERAPY

IN spite of the fact that the signing of the armistice meant the ending of many things in connection with the war, it was just at that time, November 11, 1918, that the work of the Reconstruction Aides in Physical Therapy was organized under the Orthopedic Department of Base Hospital No. 34.

Miss Bell organized her work immediately at the Officers' Annex. Miss Archibald and Miss Evans began on a small number of cases at the Main Hospital. At first all the work was done in the different wards and ward dressing rooms, but later a room was assigned in which all cases that were reported able to come were treated, bed patients being treated in the ward.

The work at the Officers' Annex did not increase to a point where more than one aide could not handle it, but the growth of the work in the Main Hospital soon necessitated a call for three additional Reconstruction Aides. Unfortunately, their arrival was so much delayed by red tape at Headquarters that for some weeks the work had to be done in a more or less unsatisfactory way. No sooner had Miss Rader, Miss Acheson, and Miss Russell arrived than the number of cases and the need in the Hospital seemed to demand even more assistance. The demands of the work seemed somewhat like the widow's cruse in that, in spite of continual additions to the supply of help, the necessity for more assistance increased with them.

The method of the organization of work under the Orthopedic Department was very satisfactory. Captain John gave enough time for the cases to be taken personally in hand by the Aides so that they could be examined by them before going under treatment and also allowed the Aides to dismiss them when the cure was considered satisfactory. Moreover, there was granted the privilege of discussion of any cases that seemed doubtful. A change of treatment was also permitted. A feeling of assurance was thus established in a unified system of the aides orthopedic work.

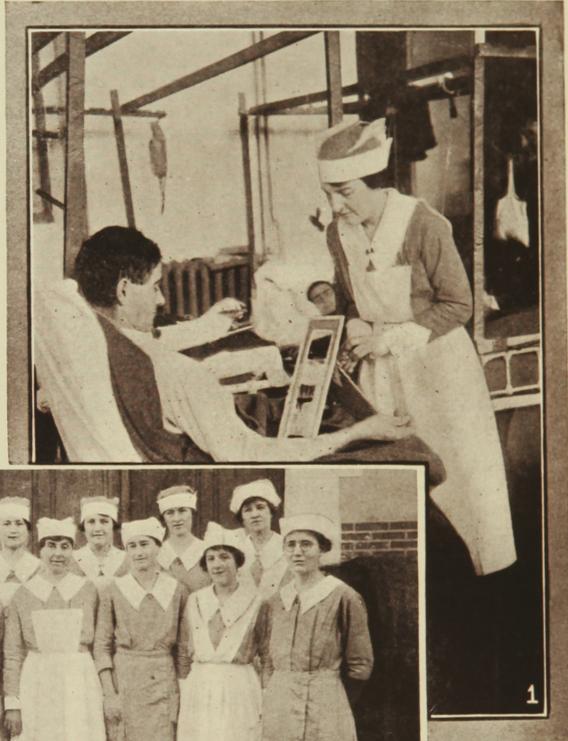
Any day a visitor to the work room might have found it a busy and interesting place. One patient might be having a hot paraffine foot bath, another a hand paraffine bath, another a hot and cold contrast foot bath. There might also be an electric treatment, or perhaps, if there were any sun, a heliotherapy on an open wound. A visitor would not have found monotony or repetition of cases, for

IN THE WORLD WAR

war orthopedic work could supply a great variety of types of treatment. The same sort of work was carried on in the wards where massage and exercises were given daily to keep muscles in good condition.

The work was, of course, exacting and would in many cases have been trying, but always there were the personalities of the men and constant diverting comment to lend color. The breaking up of a stiff joint called forth a bit of wit as to the strong arm of a perhaps not very big aide. When our patient daily walked the wall with his wounded hand and arm, which means in other words, the process of moving the fingers up the wall to loosen up a stiff arm at the elbow and shoulder, he always eyed the last day's mark like a dog taking the measure of a fence before the leap, and then went at it with a smile.

Although the aides of this Unit were not members of the original Hospital personnel, they were accepted with so much friendliness and kindness that they were made to feel as though they had always belonged to B. H. "34" and were thus given encouragement for a task that had only just begun when so many other divisions of the Hospital work had been brought to a finish.



1. Florence Cooper and a Patient
 2. Left to right: Louise Russell, P. T.; Josephine Bell, P. T.; Janette Acheson, P. T.; Bess Curtis, O. T.; Fanny Dudley, O. T., Head Aide; Florence Cooper, O. T.; Alice Evans, P. T., Head Aide; Grace Archibald, O. T.; Alice DeFord, O. T.; Lillian Burke, Buelah Raider, P. T.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

UPON a request from Colonel DeVoe, the first Reconstruction Aide for occupational work, Miss Dudley, arrived at Base Hospital No. 34 in November, 1918, followed shortly by Miss Cooper, Miss Burke and Miss De Ford.

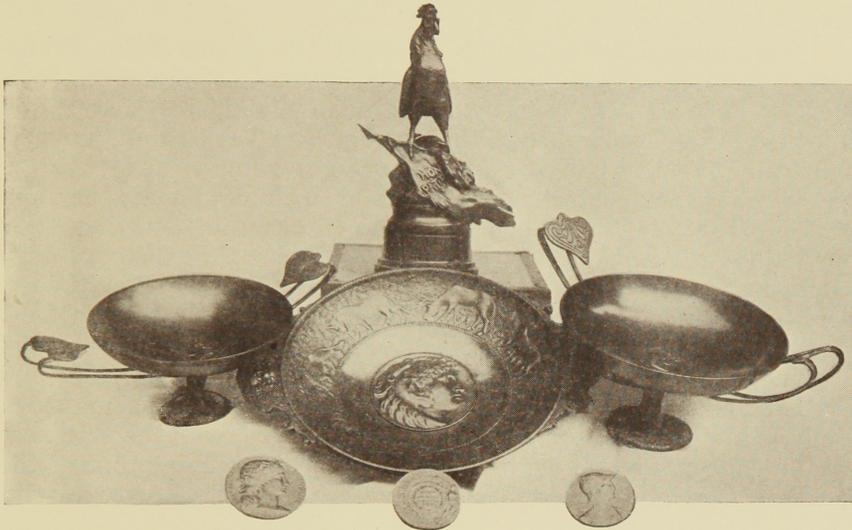
The armistice, which naturally placed a quietus on so much war work, only seemed one more stimulus to Reconstruction activity, though needless to say these belated people regretted not having been on hand to have lightened some of the burden for the nurses and men during the hard days that had gone before.

The first occupational therapy work was done in the therapy ward, where were to be found patients with arms or legs in casts, supported by splints and Balkan frames. It was both remarkable and touching to see the courage and interest with which these men took to their tasks, one with an embroidery frame propped up on his chest as he lay flat in bed, sewing in colored wools with his left hand, his right extended useless in its heavy brace; another who had just come out from under ether lying with his basin still beside him, but plying his needle steadily although weakly. Others almost as handicapped found that they could do block printing with the use of only one arm, some wanted to crochet caps or slippers or cut designs out of linoleum for block printing, some found they could do cross-stitching, paint post cards, or do tin beating. The results were often charming, always interesting, and the boys were as surprised as were their teachers at their latent possibilities in taste and execution.

In a short time a workshop was provided on the fourth floor of the hospital and that ever ready friend, the Red Cross, provided the financial support for the necessary running expenses through the kindness and interest of Captain Fead. The boy who made anything that he cared to take home with him could keep it by paying for the materials at cost or by making two articles, one for himself, the other to be turned in to the Reconstruction Aides. These were sold at a profit and the money used for more wool and paints and tools to supply the never ceasing calls. What with the desire on the part of the Officers, Nurses and Red Cross workers for things made by the boys, the demand far outran the supply. In December, 1918, more wards were at work, consisting for the most part in up-patients suffering from trouble with the eyes,

jaws, hands, or feet. Though embroidery was popular with these boys, another workshop was opened where they could do wood work and tin soldering. Among other things turned out were musical stringed instruments made from cigar boxes, a tin model of a Nieuport aeroplane, ash trays and tiny models of hospital beds. In the Main Shop the daily work for the wards was prepared, besides supplying the demand made by a continuous stream of boys from various wards demanding designs for service insignia, that they wished to embroider in wool and wear on their dark sweaters. Some men were found who had studied painting, so colors and water color paper were supplied to them to work with. One little colored artist, very proud of his work, remarked that "If I'd a-knowed you people was here, I'd a bin sick two months ago."

In a hospital of O. D. clad boys and O. D. blanketed beds of brown wainscoting and white walls, the desire for color amounts almost to hunger and the aim of the Reconstruction Aides was to supply this want as far as possible, trying to train the hand and taste, encouraging any mechanical, inventive or artistic bent and above all to give the bored or discouraged man who has nothing to do but lie and think of himself, his pain and the four walls that hold him prisoner, an occupation for his hand and brain, an outlet for unused energy and useless thoughts. The everyday results at Base Hospital No. 34 give the Reconstruction Aides courage to feel that they did not come too late after all.



BASEBALL

THE baseball team of Base Hospital No. 34 can be truly classed as one of the best in the A. E. F.

The prospects of getting out a winning team were not altogether encouraging in the beginning. The Germans had made up their minds in the early winter months that there would be no spring training of baseball clubs in the A. E. F. True to their intentions, they began their memorable spring drive, which resulted in filling the hospital with wounded. Thus time was devoted to duty, rather than pleasure. Soon, however, the days began to lengthen and as regular shifts were organized in the personnel of the Unit, opportunity for the first time was offered to those desiring to honor Base Hospital No. 34 with a winning team. In polling the members of the Unit it was found that only four men had played professional baseball and eight on High School teams. In spite of the gloomy outlook, these four men, with strong determination, held a meeting and elected "Shorty" Stirling Captain and

Above—Trophies of the Fourth of July Field Meet

Ed. White Manager. After several work-outs they felt the need of a coach. This need was soon supplied by Lieutenant Coleman, a former star player of the University of Pennsylvania.

Thus came about the beginning of a team that won a record second to none in the A. E. F.

They opened the season by defeating the strong Motor Transportation Corps Team, which included several college stars, by a score of 12 to 4. The team swept along in championship style and it looked for a time as though their rivals were bucking an "unbeatable" nine. After winning fifteen straight games, they were defeated in the final contest of the season by B. H. 38, a team they had beaten several days previous. True to tradition of old, they were due to lose this game, for it was on this occasion that the boys blossomed out for the first time in uniforms tailored by one of the experts of France. And now, let us look at the team on the field. The shining light was no less a person than Captain "Shorty" Stirling, formerly of the Philadelphia sand lots, whose work behind the bat and with the stick stamped him as Big League material. Kelly, better known to his comrades as "Boxer," was the star man on the rubber. Not only was he clever in his pitching, but at the bat he was able to clip off base hits with a great deal of regularity

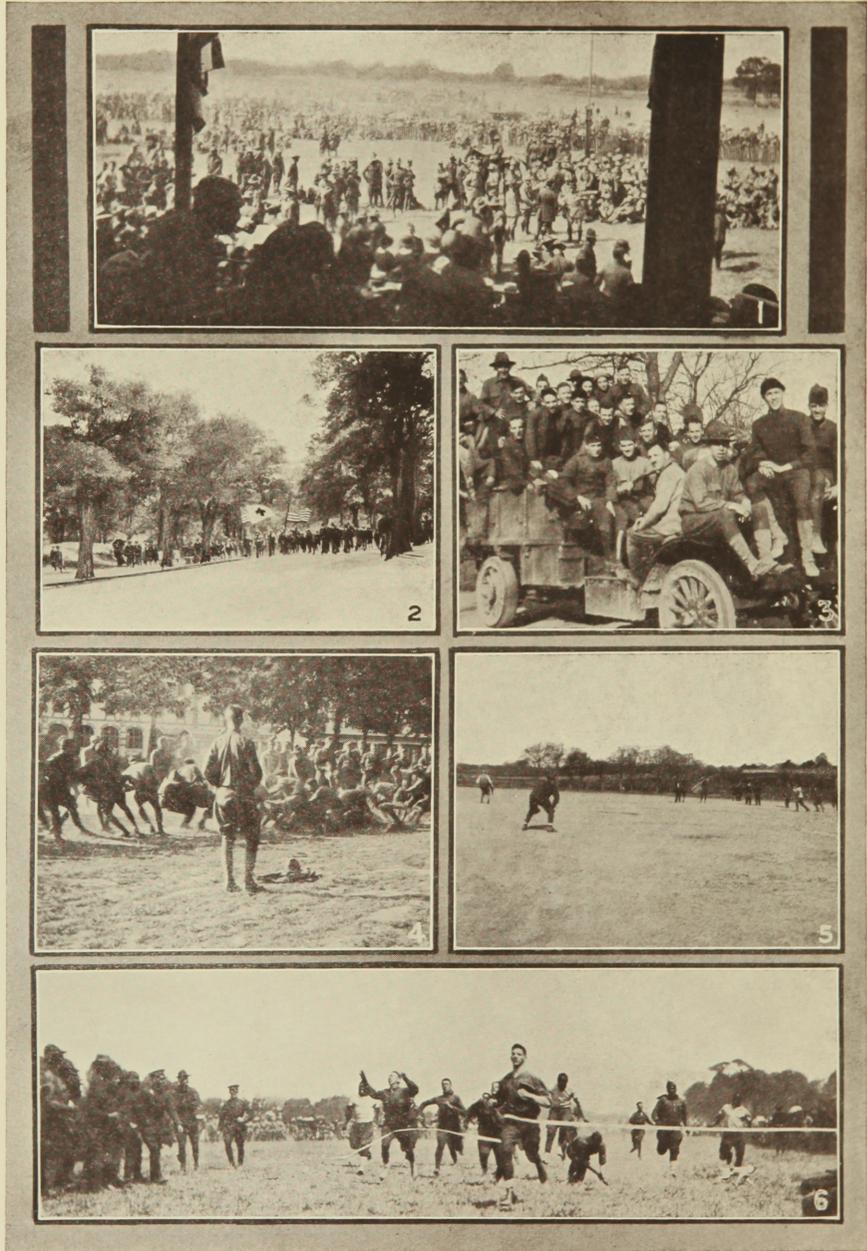


Our Wrecking Squad

IN THE WORLD WAR

and scored many runs for his team. Then there was White, the Manager, known to the boys as "Our Shavetail," who played in the left field when he did not pitch. He pulled numerous star plays in the field, was feared by opposing batsmen, and was the cause of many sure hits being placed in the "P. O." column of the score sheet. Ott Moore, a South Carolina University product, helped bear the burden of the infield by his playing at short-stop, and he earned a reputation among the boys as being an ever-consistent player. De Coursey at second base and Chandler at third base both did remarkable work in the positions which they covered. Bonno at the keystone sack proved to be a sensational player and some of his one-hand stops will long be remembered. In right field was Goddard, whose timely blows came at most unexpected and opportune times. Center field was patrolled by "Chick" McLaughlin, whose wonderful one-hand juggling catches were pronounced daylight robbery by the opposing team. Only because of confidence in the men in reserve (Bobby Martin, "Gumshoe" Walker, Lefty Patterson, Eddie Lukens and Business Manager "Rabbit" Felton) was Base Hospital "34" able to form a successful baseball team.

BASE HOSPITAL 34



1. Fourth of July, 1918, at Petit Port. 2. On the Way to the Meet. 3. Off to a Ball Game. 4. Proving the Second Team Had Some Pull. 5. Teaching the Frenchies the American Game. 6. Lex Breaking the Tape.

IN THE WORLD WAR

TRACK

THE word "clean-up" does not appear in Webster's best, but at the Fourth of July celebration at Petite Porte, Base "34" impressed on the minds of spectators and participants the meaning of that word. It was a great day, with French and American troops, French and American bands, officers galore, crowds, flags, cheers, and all the other makings of a real party. Lieut. Coleman had his men in excellent trim. For a week the tug-of-war team had been uprooting trees around the grounds, the track men had specialized in double time, and the novelty entrants had done a lot of thinking. Fresh from the training table the tracksters had taken the field and a slaughter resulted. There were other teams entered: the M. T. C., Sixth Cavalry, and two or three Labor Battalions,—but nobody paid much attention to them. For awhile the prizes were on exhibition, but when the meet was about half over, without waiting for the remaining events, the judges packed them all in John Turner's bag and sent them to the Seminaire.

Lex Klutz walked away with the "100" and "220." Jim Mac-Millan ran an "uphill" race in the quarter mile, and won easily, with "Chic" McLaughlin second, "hands down," but the judges said he should have been up, and handed second prize to the M. T. C. The relay race was soft, as the fourth man on the closest competing team was thinking about the Liberty Loan and forgot to run. There was a slight slip in the three-legged race, the only event not won by "34," when Ed Mann and Charlie Stout had a falling out. But the sack race went to Earl Dubois, and Jess Yeager showed his class in the obstacle race. Then to cap the climax, the tug-of-war team pulled a darkie labor company all over the field. Lieut. Keller, Charlie Loomis, Guildford, Henry Little and the rest of our huskies were there with the goods. While all this was going on the baseball team was putting the ice bags on the M. T. C., and when things were quieting down the Sixth Cavalry made a game effort to prove that they knew something about horsemanship, and almost got away with it. Then several French Generals thanked the U. S. through the U. S. Consul, Mr. Ravndal, for sending such an organization as B. H. "34" to France; and with the playing of the National Airs of the two nations, "34's" short but successful track season came to an end.

FOOTBALL

OUR football season lasted about three weeks. In spite of heavy casualties and lack of equipment, Captain Loomis and the esprit de corps of the candidates had kept the ball rolling,—to speak technically,—until it seemed a certainty that continuance would necessitate the calling of a replacement Unit. So the checkerboard was substituted for the pigskin. And to this day the Unit has regretted it, for the “Crack Eleven from Base 11” had been heralded to the four corners of Base Section No. 1, when it was even admitted by the “34” players themselves, that behind the Seminaire was gathered together a galaxy of stars representing the best in America. There was Captain Loomis, formerly of Lebanon, with “muscle” for his middle name; Matt Lukens, of the Usaacs, in fine trim after eight months of light duty; Dave Wiley, the “now you see it, now you don’t” centre, and leader of the scrub; Jo Delaney, Hartwell and many others. But it is useless and painful to continue. These fierce but costly scrimmages, that soul-rocking falling on the ball, the “we-should-worry-if-we-do-have-to-become-patients-in-Base No. 34” spirit will make that one futile effort for a football team last long in the annals of the Unit.



1. Almon N. Kidder, 2nd Lieut., Field Artillery Corps. 2. William Thielens, 1st Lieut., Sanitary Corps. 3. Edwin H. White, 2nd Lieut., Sanitary Corps. 4. William R. Clothier, 2nd Lieut., Corps of Engineers. 5. William V. Gamber, 2nd Lieut., Sanitary Corps. 6. Samuel H. Keller, 2nd Lieut., Sanitary Corps. 7. C. Kenneth Fuessle, 2nd Lieut., Sanitary Corps.

THOSE WHO WERE LUCKY

WILLIAM THIELENS

THE enlisted personnel of Base Hospital No. 34 were all carefully selected young men of good manners and irreproachable morals. Among the first was one William Thielens.

He came from the depths of obscurity; good-natured, shy and with an abject fear of all women. He was made Sergeant at Allentown and shortly after his arrival in France a Sgt. 1/Cl. This rapid promotion was due to aloofness and a profound respect for all his officers. After a few months in France, having been introduced to about seventy per cent. of all the officers in the A. E. F., he held a brief conversation with the Commander-in-Chief, who persuaded him to accept a commission as a First Lieutenant, Sanitary Corps. Bill became the only free-lance officer in the A. E. F., his whereabouts being known only to President Wilson and General Pershing. Our final opinion of the Lieutenant is that he is a good fellow and the world's champion manipulator of hot air.

WILLIAM R. CLOTHIER

Bill hadn't been at Allentown long before he showed by his belligerent nature and strong-arm methods that he ought to be in a more war-like branch of the service. From the very first he was embroiled in a continual rough-house that spared no one, great or small. Innumerable broken cots and broken shin bones testified to his prowess in battle. But certain oft-repeated visits to old Germantown had much to do with softening and influencing this otherwise vicious and irresistible gladiator, which was fortunate, indeed, for some of the weaker members of Section "A."

When "34" at last reached its destination, in France, Bill became one of the chief electricians, and it was rumored that he even showed "Sleepooka" a few tricks of the trade.

About the first of August he was appointed to the Army Candidate School for Engineers, and in six weeks he was sporting the cherished Sam Browne. Bill reached the front lines for a few days with the 102nd Engineers, but the armistice put an end to the excitement and No. 34's third commissioned officer began to look towards Germantown once more.

C. KENNETH FUESSELE

Just before B. H. 34 pulled out of Allentown, a famous newspaper man of the Western Coast, then serving with the Pasadena Section of the A. A. S., was persuaded to join it. This was C. Kenneth Fussele. On the way over he confided to the Commanding Officer that he held a permanent Sergeant's warrant direct from the President of the U. S., and that he could not possibly serve as a mere "buck." After a brief illness at Le Havre with that unsoldierly disease called "measles," he put in an appearance at Nantes, served a period with the Bull Gang and then went to work in the Registrar's Office. The C. O. soon realized that in order not to hurt the President's feelings he would be obliged to give him his stripes at once. This he did. Then thinking it might please the War Department still more, he soon added another one. Ken now bought, borrowed or stole a nice serge uniform on which to wear all of these stripes. He decided, however, that a Sam Browne would set it off to better advantage, so he applied for a commission. As soon as General Pershing recognized the name, he granted it at once, because not every non-com. had his warrant direct from the President. Ken thus became an officer. He did not have to get any new clothes, though, because he had that serge uniform and the leather puttees that he had saved from the days when everyone wore them. He did have to buy a cap (just a wee bit larger than heretofore) and a coat, to both of which he and everyone soon became accustomed. Had his commission only been in the Air Service instead of in the Sanitary Corps, that leather coat would have been of some use after all. For particulars concerning his career after he left B. H. 34 for duty at the Chief Surgeon's Office, see a volume by Charlie Chaplin, entitled, "Famous Officers of the A. E. F."

IN THE WORLD WAR

WILLIAM V. GAMBER

During the country-wide sensation caused by the announcement that the U. S. A. Camp at Allentown was \$47,000 ahead on the Mess, B. H. "34" quietly added another name to the list of those who were to blame. William Gamber was made Mess Sergeant of the Unit. Being more or less a part of a great system, he was given very little opportunity to show his real ability at Camp Crane, but when he arrived in France—Oh, boy! Such menus, such variety, such judgment on the part of the Mess Sgt. No one could order beans as well or as often as Bill. He could order them in French as well as in English. Furthermore, could anyone but Bill think of having corn and peas (canned) on alternate days? He never forgot that carrots and turnips were most plentiful in France, and everyone will always recall those minnows and goldfish with feelings that cannot be heralded in print. Bill was further called upon to select the "cooks." He did, and all agreed that his can openers were a howling success. As a reward for these services Bill was handed a shavetail's diploma, this license releasing him from the above duties and affording him more protection from his playful brothers in arms. Bill then sat at his desk and directed the Mess, but kindly referred all critics to the Mess Sergeant. However, Bill is a good fellow, and all were glad to see him get his bars. Besides, no one would have taken his job on a bet, and if he had he probably could not have done as well as Bill. His Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners will always be pleasantly remembered.

SAMUEL H. KELLER

When this Unit was assembled at Allentown, Pa., there was one man who drew the attention of all by his seeming desire to be left alone. This man was Sam Keller formerly of the U. S. Navy. Being of a quiet and serious nature, his "epitaph" will have to be treated accordingly. All that is known about Sam are his stories about his trip around the world and the Censor would not pass them here, so those who have not heard them are "out of luck." Sam retained this attitude until Camp Mills was reached, where

the men were forced to pitch their own camp. All were at a loss where and how to begin, when up stepped the "quiet one," producing papers of recommendation from Admirals, Captains and other officers of the Navy claiming that he was a most capable man. Therefore, he was at once placed in charge of the task and was most successful, bringing order out of chaos. Upon the arrival of the boys in France it was discovered that a lot of construction would be necessary in order to establish the Base, so Sam was put in charge of operations. It was rumored that this was due to the strong drag he had with the then Top Kicker. He was even put over all non-coms, and he sure made everybody "snap out of it." Having practically built the Hospital, he was then told to maintain it, which he did, as Sergeant of the famous Maintenance Gang. In recognition of his ability he was commissioned 2nd Lt. Sanitary Corps and made Detachment Commander. Sam is one man to whom the word "lucky" does not apply. He showed ability, was given a chance and more than made good. Sam ruled wisely and well and his head remained the same size all the way from Camp Crane to Camp Dix. He was a good friend to all of the men and was respected by everyone with whom he came in contact.

ALMON N. KIDDER

When Almon was attached to Section C he at once became McElroy's chief adviser and support and could always be seen swinging along at the end of the column as left guide, keeping the little fellows from falling behind.

Before leaving Allentown, Almon decided he wanted a transfer to the Officers' Training Camp. He had the usual success and was still enrolled with "34" when the organization reached Blois. From Blois he was sent to Red Cross Military Hospital No. 3, Paris, in charge of five men, and it was there that he succeeded, after five months' hard work, in obtaining his appointment to the Army Candidates' School for Artillery Officers at Saumur. He made good, and September saw him a full-fledged 2nd "Looey." Following two months' intensive training with the 328th Field Artillery at Rennes, Almon's brigade was shipped to the front and for eleven days he was in the big show.

IN THE WORLD WAR

EDWIN H. WHITE

When the moguls of "34" were in the midst of recruiting, someone with a big amount of forethought went to Connie Mack, of the Athletics, and persuaded him to release for over seas duty one Edwin White. Thus it was that another good fellow was added to the ranks. In the States Whitey had very little to say, and some of the boys hardly knew that he was around, but after they were once on the way over, that quickly changed. Upon his arrival in Nantes, Whitey was placed in charge of all the stuff under the eaves—in other words, the Medical Supply Department. He soon gained promotion to Sergeant 1st Class. While in this stage of army existence he was a shining light on that famous "34" baseball team, whose greatest achievement was the administering of two sound defeats to a rookie team from Philadelphia, namely Base Hospital "38." This brought Whitey under the immediate notice of his superior officers, and after several conversations with him they were convinced that he should no longer be allowed to associate with the enlisted men, so they gave him his commission as 2nd Lt. Sanitary Corps and a place of honor at the Officers' Mess. His chief satisfaction in his new laurels seemed to be in the fact that he would have a stateroom on the trip home and would not have to return in a coal bunker.



1. La Riviera at Nice. 2. On the International Bridge between Italy and France. 3 and 5. The Promenade. 4. A Happy Bunch on Leave. 6. "At Rest." 7. Mentone.



PLACE ROYALE, NANTES, FRANCE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE ARMISTICE

FROM A WATER COLOR PAINTED IN FRANCE BY DORIOT

NANTES TO ST. NAZAIRE

ON the morning of April 9th, 1919, the enlisted personnel of Base Hospital No. 34 found themselves traveling a la 40 hommes et 8 chevaux for the first and last time in their army career. The box cars being of the American variety, however, provided ample room with an absence of anything that would remind the hommes of the recent presence of chevaux.

A monotonous journey of over two hours over the Paris and Orleans Railway through a more or less uninteresting countryside ended at that town of mud, warehouses and stevedores, St. Nazaire.

By the orders of Sam Keller a non-stop march was made from the station to Embarkation Camp No. 2. Sam's desire for haste was due to the fact that the transport "Walter A. Luckenbach" was preparing to sail for the United States on April 10th, and there was room on board for "34" providing that organization could be immediately put through the process best expressed by that elegant word "delousing."

A few minutes subsequent to being assigned quarters at Embarkation Camp No. 2 the men were hurried over to the Medical Inspection Building and put through a final physical examination. Following this a barn-like structure was entered and the sanitary clean-up began.

The organization was divided into squads of twenty men, ten men placing themselves on each side of a depressed runway which led to large folding doors in a blank wall. These doors opened and a mobile clothes-carrier moved out on tracks and came to a stop before the victims. All clothes, both under and outer, were then removed by the said victims and hung upon the clothes-carrier. The folding doors opened once more and the miniature "trolley" disappeared into a large steam room. The men were then moved to a shower bath room. Each martyr was then directed to smear his body with green soap taken from a barrel; a whistle blew, hot water descended for about two minutes; the whistle blew once more and the water ceased. The victims were then marched to a drying room and passed before long counters from which were handed out clean underwear and socks, previously worn by Heaven knows who. They dried themselves, donned their "mysterious" handouts and returned to the entrance to the steam room. The folding doors opened once more and the victims picked their uniforms and shirts

from the movable clothes-rack and left for quarters a few minutes later: sans insects and as "pure and white as the driven snow" (externally at least).

After mess had been eaten Sam Keller and a Paper Work Detail made tracks for the Embarkation Office. Passenger lists were put in shape, numerous odds and ends of red tape unwound and all documents concerning the departure of "34" carefully triple-checked and scrutinized by the hawk-like eyes of John Turner. At this juncture a considerate Embarkation Officer informed Major Alexander, Captain Kirchner and Lieut. Durham that there was no room for them upon the "Luckenbach," whereupon all three officers looked highly "pleased" and made some very "kind" remarks about the Embarkation Officer.

Next morning, after a stand-up mess, the march to the docks began, and by the afternoon of April 10th, 1919, the "Walter A. Luckenbach" was in the Bay of Biscay and the shores of France were fading in the distance.

The official paper of the Embarkation Camp at St. Nazaire, "The Gang Plank News," afterwards stated that Base Hospital No. 34 had made a record in going through the mill and marching on board ship just eighteen (18) hours after they detrained.

ST. NAZAIRE TO NEW YORK

THERE are innumerable gangplanks in this world, but members of Base Hospital Thirty Four are interested in only two of them. One of these led aboard the "Walter A. Luckenbach" at St. Nazaire on April 9th, 1919, and the other led from that vessel in Brooklyn ten days later.

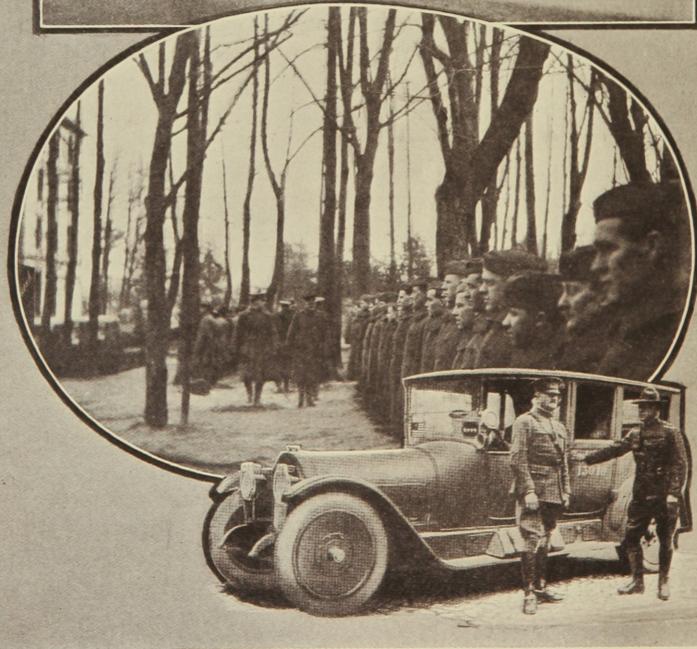
Light rain fell as the embarking soldiers marched slowly past the group of officials checking names on the sailing list and went up the heavy, steeply tilted gangplank. This wonderful event of "going up the gangplank," coming true after such long anticipation, seemed so unreal that surprise would have been slight if the whole landscape had dissolved as in a dream. Sailors on deck handed out bunk-space and meal tickets as the file passed over to descend to Deck C of Number 2 Hatch. Bunks were made of spring bed frames ranged four high, supported by iron uprights, making groups of eight beds with aisles between. In this dimly lit place the removal of packs, with crowding from all sides, became a great exertion accented by profanity, and the following rush to get above decks was in keeping with the turmoil below.

Tugs came alongside and swung the transport into clear water; an arch bridge rolled back, offering a narrow channel through which slow progress was made, and on whose concrete borders many children noisily scrambled for pennies thrown from crowded decks. Groups of civilians waved goodbye. Soldiers stationed in the vicinity were plainly ready to exchange places with the ones so fortunate as to be homeward bound. Speed increased, once free of the restricted channel, and the "Luckenbach" passed by the curving arms of the breakwater into the open bay beyond, there to be met by a sailing vessel, which put out a rowboat to take the harbor pilot. As he was rowed away, a doughboy asked, upon seeing the bobbing boat and hearing who was in it, "Did that feller row out ahead of us all the way?"

St. Nazaire, with its forest of masts and towering lattice cranes for unloading shipping at high speed dropped low and merged with the billowy clouds piled high above the purple of distant land, and France, 34's home for sixteen months, by mid-afternoon was finally left behind.

Discipline on shipboard was not severe, due to the indulgence of the C. O. of Troops on board, who did much to make the trip a

BASE HOSPITAL 34



1. Waiting for Pershing. 2. The Staff Cars. 3. Inspection!
4. General Pershing Himself.

IN THE WORLD WAR

pleasant one. Routine soon became a habit, although the two main meals a day, preceded by coffee and bread, never could become a habit under any conditions. Food was good in variety and quantity, but the serving of breakfast between six and seven, dinner at nine and supper at three made up a broken day.

The two thousand five hundred men aboard represented Base Hospitals 24, 34, 45 and 61; Trench Mortar Batteries 2, 6, 117, and 308; the 351st Aero Squadron; the 321st Field Signal Battalion; the 11th Company Transportation Corps; the 15th Photographic Section Air Service; the 4th Signal Casual Company, and three other Casual Companies. There was bound to be some crowding with such a number, and the ventilation of sleeping quarters was not the best, but conditions were helped by the knowledge that every day brought America that much nearer.

Weather held moderate and warm for the major part of the trip, despite which some of the men were very sick for several days. The "Luckenbach," however, was prone to pitch in a mild sea and roll in a calm; this rolling ability was later confirmed by an apparent attempt to turn completely over, which antic will be described later on. Of nine thousand tons burden, making about fifteen knots speed on twin turbine engines, she represented a modern cargo steamer built for the heavy service of war conditions. The superstructure was low, and was so arranged that hoist booms and uprights folded out of sight. The length was slightly under five hundred feet, beam sixty feet. She carried an officer personnel of twenty-eight and a crew numbering a hundred and eighty. To convert a cargo boat into a transport was not easy; the job had been creditably done, all things considered.

Pastimes for the soldiers were many and varied. Every morning the sailors washed ship with a fire hose, making soldiers play hide-and-seek with heavy streams from both directions and Niagaras from the decks above. This made the slippery progress to breakfast a thrilling affair. Decks being steel, the hobnail shoes were like skates on ice, especially if a heavy wind blew the men at great speed down narrow passage ways. To remedy this the hobnails were removed by kicking them against sharp edges of deck-plates, the scuppers at the rail collecting thousands of nails before the trip ended.

Sea-going Kitchen Police absorbed much spare time. It was a new variety of the old labor, differing because of unstable floors and despotic Chief Petty Officers in charge, with no extra side dishes of special food to make it enticing.

Standing in line for Canteen delicacies was another recreation which pleased the ambitious stander-in-line's friends, they hand-

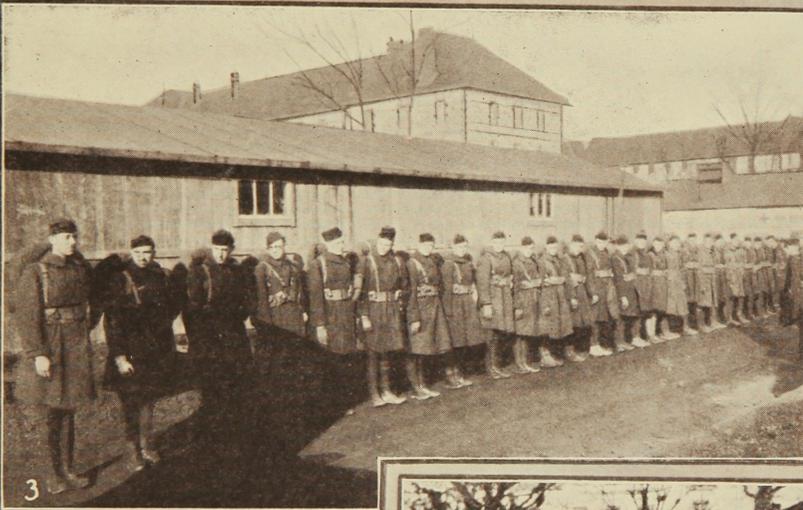
ing him long orders, he emerging with a load of "eats," of which he would be lucky to get even one item for his trouble. Entertainments, such as motion picture shows, boxing bouts and the like, were given by the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. representatives, and quantities of sweets were distributed by them amid shouts from the crowd below.

Base Hospital Thirty Four would congregate late in the afternoon in a warm corner near their hatch door, there to sing and indulge in "rough house" reminiscent of days in barracks. All of these pleasures, added to by reading and hurrying up "topside" to see passing vessels, or by standing in the mess line for hours, not to forget sleeping, provided numerous methods of killing time.

Wednesday, the sixteenth, was to be remembered by all the voyagers. A prophetic and particularly rough bos'un's mate boasted that the "Luckenbach" would roll in drydock. "Why," he continued, "it'll roll the milk out of your coffee." This was remarkable, but sounded impossible to soldier ears. A heavy sea was running with high wind during that afternoon, the ship cutting across waves to keep out of the trough. Suddenly the helm swung squarely into a valley between crests, and the acrobatics commenced. It was mess time. The mess halls were crowded. The lurch and snap sent unsupported men skidding to the sides in compact groups, only to slide back with the next tilt. Everyone grabbed a support, and if the support were a table, the whole thing went about like a leaf with ants clinging to it. Cries and crashes rose as diners and furnishings swept to and fro amid a hail of mess kits and boiled potatoes. Serving men brandishing dippers and forks shot dangerously about, while N. C. O.'s shouted for all to be calm. Injuries were many when tables jammed into men caught against walls and uprights, and the confusion increased when the lights failed and semi-darkness came.

Action was equally vigorous on deck. So quickly did the snapping come that little time was given to seize handholds, resulting in helpless sliding with the ship's motion. Two men locked in an effort to stand on the canted deck failed, and bumped down a hatchway in a wild dance, landing atop a sailors' mess table, to slide back and forth on it, menacing a man who clung beneath. Pastebord pastimes were hard hit. A game played in quarters by fearless veterans was not stopped until a can of liquid waste overturned into their midst, causing agile getaways. Bunks loosened and flung sleepers to the floor. Stairways unbolted at the top, standing out like ladders and shaking off men who tried to get up on deck. The prize-winning act was given by a man who pitched along a hatch cover, tackled a pair of stationary legs to pre-

IN THE WORLD WAR.



1. Pre-Embarkation Inspection. 2. "Fall In"—for a Hike. 3. "Right—Dress!"
4. Off for the Boat—"Good-bye!" 5. Final Smokes and Eats from the Hut.



1. The Basin at St. Nazaire. 2. We're Off! 3. Sam and His Roughnecks. 4. Looking Aft. 5. First Sight of the Folks at Home. 6. "Sam." 7. Back to the Freight Service.

vent himself from going overboard, and hung on desperately, in spite of the leg-owner's cries. Order followed chaos, injured men were carried to the sick bay, and the lively scenes became history.

Eventless days of good weather held for the rest of the voyage. The ocean became "altogether too big; no matter how fast the boat went, or how hard the wind blew, that circle of the horizon was always in exactly the same place." Trade routes being followed, ships were passed frequently, the great liners in bright peace paint contrasting with the slow freighters in lingering camouflage. A

IN THE WORLD WAR

colored soldier mournfully advised a comrade, "Don't call me to see ships; but you come a-runnin' if you see a tree!"

Land came to view in mid-afternoon of Saturday. Slightly above the deep blue of water it resembled detached clouds of light blue, isolated at first, later collecting in the continuous line of the mainland. There was little excitement. The first sight of this promised land and the feeling of all that it meant was enough to quiet the most boisterous.

Long Island became clear; houses and trees stood out in detail, while far ahead, nearly hidden in the haze, could be seen, with the aid of binoculars, the long-expected New York skyline.

The anticipated reception began. Passing steamers saluted with three blasts, and lobster boatmen, not to be outdone, shouted and waved perilously, all of which was heartily responded to by the ship. At slackened speed the Narrows were passed, inhabitants hurrying out from the noon meal to flutter a welcome with anything from handkerchiefs to tablecloths. Cheers rose from the loaded decks and rigging. A man perched high cried, "Here comes the band!" Decorated with banners and bunting, the tug "Patrol," bearing the "Mayor's Reception Committee," steamed up and circled the transport.

"There she is!" came a cry. The Statue of Liberty was a green monument far up the bay, and with this national emblem at last in sight the reception was made complete.

The "Luckenbach" docked at Pier Three in Brooklyn at 1 P. M. and was greeted by a brass band. Barely audible above the hullabaloo were calls to members of the Unit from aboard the "Patrol," where were many relatives of the newly-arrived, increasing the already high excitement.

Immediately the gangplank was hauled aboard while newspapermen took pictures of this history in the making. A score of representatives from war-work organizations waited on the wharf to give substantial welcome, and in the background Red Cross workers busily prepared a hot meal.

Base Thirty Four, preceded by the organization sign, mingled with other detachments and filed heavily laden over the side. Several abrupt and narrow steps with shaky handrails pitched to the long slope of the de luxe gangplank with banisters. Little time for reflection was allowed the descending soldiers. The men behind were all but falling atop those ahead, and tricky packs threatened to overbalance the carriers without warning. It was "home at last."

CAMP MERRITT AND CAMP DIX

DURING the customary period of waiting on the dock war-workers distributed message blanks and confections in quantities, causing the men to declare that dreams could come true. Talking their own language to their own people brought a new understanding of what the United States really meant to them. Roll call came before a three o'clock dinner by the Red Cross. Real American pie and stick candy wound up the eagerly attacked meal.

A persistent rumor, laughingly dismissed as impossible, suddenly became an order. Base Thirty Four was to police the ship! No other transport was ever more hotly criticised; never more fervently rose the cry, "Just our luck to the last!" Profanity failing to police the boat, details were made and intense exertion followed. Tons of paper were lugged to the dock; enough other material to stock a junkyard was hauled out. Sergeants toiled manfully. Even Corporals gave a hand. The whole ship was minutely policed from end to end, including decks, hatches and Officers' Quarters, which latter were in the usual littered condition. Hot as the day was, the work was relentlessly carried to completion at double time with a "There, damn you!" attitude. Packs were resumed and the Unit boarded the little U. S. S. "Postmaster General," bound for Weehawken, when another issue of cigarettes, chocolate and the like came before leaving, cramming already bulging packets.

New York and its exclamatory skyline were seldom more appreciatively viewed, and comparisons with France were uncomplimentary, the Statue of Liberty being emphatically worth more than all the statues in Europe. On the left, Hoboken, with transports, recalled the "Leviathan" on her first trip, December fifteenth, Nineteen seventeen; on the right, the Atlantic Fleet made a bulky gray line, disappearing in haze far up the river.

Weehawken terminal was reached by six o'clock. To every man the Red Cross gave a large red apple, the like of which in France would have caused a riot; and the men by that time were grinning like youngsters, for everything was new and good to see. Ahead was a train with honest-to-goodness cars and engine, and beside it was a boy laden with ice cream cones. Curious onlookers

IN THE WORLD WAR

had seen the sight daily, but for the newly-arrived it was of the greatest interest.

American faces and American signs greeted the train along the route, and replies in French to spoken greetings were frequent, with unintelligible songs further to startle the natives; there were many cries of "Bon jour, Mademoiselle," which the girls took in very good part. From the camp station a short hike in the twilight of a clear day put the Unit in temporary quarantine barracks, following which came "Sanitary Process," which was the new name for delousing. It was slower and more complicated than at St. Nazaire, and clothes were returned in worse condition, nor did the long wait after bathing help affairs. As luck would have it, some of the men were at once put on guard duty or Kitchen Police, thus bringing to the end a crowded, unforgettable day.

Camp Merritt was for six days the home of impatient men. Diversions were many, and living conditions were good, for the Camp was among the best, but all thoughts were focused on getting DISCHARGED. Passes for twenty hours were issued to half the Unit each noon for several days, many home-going members having to travel mostly by night; their stories of reunion were many and strikingly similar in the words, "All I could do was talk and eat." Mothers asked sons why they couldn't as well stay home, now that the war was over, as to return to Camp, and thereby brought explanations about A. W. O. L. (Absent without leave). Much comment was heard on the favorable appearance of American women and American styles in clothes, and the ability to get American food in any quantity and variety, at prices much better than corresponding foreign ones, was a very acceptable feature. An upsetting time came when the Trench Mortar Battery housed beside "34" received relatives. Hospital men who had not gone home were much disturbed by the sight, yet they could not help watching it with envy, and wondering how long it would be before their own turn would come.

Somebody's brilliant suggestion resulted in a panorama photograph being taken in glaring sunlight, revealing the ability of some men to make faces truly stern and warrior-like. This picture, however, entirely failed to show the effect of visits to the Camp barber shop.

Proof that Army life was nearing its last chapter came when all equipment was turned in excepting blankets and mess kit. The event was welcome. No more was a load of doubtful use to burden the back; pack-mule days were done, and if such a great event

could happen, surely the time of wearing a uniform was growing short.

Friday evening came in a flurry of snow. This was the usual sign the stay in Camp could not last long, and all hoped for the increasingly bad weather which would bring the orders to move. Early Saturday morning the veterans assembled wearing blanket-rolls in Spanish-American fashion, were doubly counted to see that none had deserted to remain in the Army, and marched to the station. A ride of several hours brought Camp Dix in sight at four o'clock, where an immediate march was begun toward a large building with chimneys—a building that threatened to be a delouser. Comment was loud, but fears were groundless upon entering. A supervising Officer demanded absolute attention, and recited a piece to the effect that, aside from clothing to be retained, all Government property would be given up. This accomplished, to the shrill blast of whistle and caustic criticism from the silver-stripe Officer, a long hike across the desert of a parade ground took the Unit to a dusty barracks and the disheartening acquisition of more blankets and mess kits. The popular idea had been that sheets and china dishes would replace the commoner things.

Captain O'Sullivan now became acquainted with the Unit, he being in command of outfits in that part of Camp. He was Regular Army Himself. In a talk on demobilization he lived up to his name in accent and fierce emphasis, the non-citizens being the chief sufferers by becoming Kitchen Police because of delay in Discharge. "If any of you men are late for any roll-call," he concluded ominously, "don't come around to me for sympathy!"

The death of Base Hospital Thirty Four as a unit officially occurred at half-past eight that evening, the men becoming part of Depot Brigade No. 153.

Visitors and red chevrons made Sunday memorable. Throughout that hot day relatives appeared in welcome numbers; as a finishing touch. Discharge insignia were issued and attached to comply with orders. A talkative young Lieutenant called the men together and harangued them on re-enlistment; he described the peace-time army, telling of the joys of going to France when leaves would be frequent and travel easy. The listening crowd did not respond to his invitation to sign up for even a year; murmured expressions were at times strangely opposite to the Lieutenant's words. An offer was made to the men who had not immediate civilian positions to remain in the Service temporarily, and talks were given by other Officers, including the fiery Captain, upon the wisdom of keeping Army insurance in civil life.

The officers and nurses of 34, having preceded the enlisted

IN THE WORLD WAR

men, were already discharged. The nurses sailed from Brest on March 14th aboard the "George Washington," while the officers left the same port on the "Patricia."

Real action began on Monday morning after mess. The men were divided into two detachments by Captain O'Sullivan himself, the first reporting for demobilization at once, the second later, but both were promised Discharge the following day. Detachments marched to the big frame office building, received a number, and waited their turn while Service Records were finally prepared by Camp Officers; the numbers were at last called, and the line filed in alphabetically. Rows of long, lettered tables with aisles between and lights above extended far up the ark-like room, army paper workers sitting on the opposite side from the endless line of expectant soldiers. Just how many times each man signed his name, and how many papers passed through his hands, to be held a minute, then given up or retained as directed, few men can remember. Voices and typewriter chatter filled the great, low-roofed place, while dust and tobacco smoke hung heavily on the warm air. Questions, answers, memoranda, signatures—flocked by to be followed by more. To the Camp workers it was ordinary routine, but to the men anxious for discharge it was remarkable; each showed his feelings, the former working indifferently, the latter impatient but willing to go through anything, to tell anything, to endure anything to get out of the Service. It was a case of smiles on one side and yawns on the other. A seemingly long time elapsed between the first question and last answer, and in that crowded interval practically all the final paper work was completed. Thanks to the energetic work previously done by 34's office force, the Unit's papers went through without delay.

The most closely watched men at each table were those casual ones who wrote the actual Discharge sheet, and if the writing was poor, or the pens scratchy, the vitally interested person became quite on edge. Assignment of time was made for physical examination, the first detachment appearing in the afternoon, and the second the following morning. The end of the ordeal came when applicants were given pay-roll numbers and instructed to return the next day for pay and final papers. "As though we wouldn't!" was the weary comment.

The medical examination was thorough, but not strict; the soldier passed quickly from table to table, answering queries and having his paper stamped at each stop. Careful coaching beforehand made every man reply, when asked how he felt, "Never better!" Army life was truly in its last stage.

Tuesday, the Tenth Day, brought out all men early for final

proceedings. None could afford to be late; all were ready to snatch that wonderful Paper, get their money and speed for home. By mid-afternoon both detachments were either clear of Camp or fast clearing, putting distance between themselves and the Army. The actual handing over of the Discharge was not a sombre act. Pay-roll numbers were announced and every man was handed a large brown envelope as he filed toward the high desk piled with money. Names were called; "Here, sir!" answered; guards directed the men to hold envelopes wide open, the paymaster sang the amount and thrust it into the offered container, and another Officer supplied the Discharge. Before a man could realize that the Big Event had happened, he was outside and headed for the train with an envelope containing sixty dollars bonus money, twenty-nine days' pay, and his travel money, not to overlook the solid and imposing document headed, "Honorable Discharge From the United States Army."

Free! The Army was a memory, and civil life a reality.

SINCE DEMOBILIZATION

NO MORE appropriate introduction to an "After Demobilization" article could be written than just a word of appreciation for the splendid Home Unit of Base Hospital 34.

We haven't talked much about it through the book—but then, sometimes "over there" we avoided talking about home because it was likely to make us think of a lot of things. But all the time we fully realized that the Home Unit was a much-interested, courageously helping, enthusiastic "backing us up" sort of an organization—and it was mighty fine, too, to think that the parents of all the service folk had gotten together to help us do our bit.

So it was "just like them" to have a delegation on board the police tug which met the boys in New York Harbor, and then in June, 1919, to give us that splendid reception at the Aldine Hotel. To every member of the Home Unit every member of Base Hospital 34 wants to say a hearty "Thank you!" for all the support given through all the trying days of service.

That reception made us realize how much we had grown into one big family, for it was a real treat to get together again and renew the friendships severed when we eagerly grasped our discharge papers and scattered.

In August, 1919, was published the first issue of "The Bulletin Board"—Series One, Number One—"A publication intended to keep all former members of Base Hospital 34, U. S. A. (Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia), in touch with one another." You'll remember it as a very simple little folded yellow sheet, giving the latest known address of every member of the Unit. This, of course, was mighty welcome to many. The only other "news" was a suggestion that all continue their government insurance and "keep acquainted" with one another and not allow wartime friendships to die. Apparently such urging was unnecessary, for as we write several couples from among our own number are "living happily ever after." Enclosed with this first notice was a slip intended to be returned as a "roll call," on which everyone was to state his business, his whereabouts, and other things the rest of us should know. Some of the unit actually answered the questions.

Bulletin Board "Number Two" also went along with the first issue—but only to the men. Back in Nantes, you know, Bauer, Mann, Pitts, Sausser, and Stern had been instructed, "Keep the

IN THE WORLD WAR

bunch together, get out a history for us, and have a banquet for the men next September"—just like that. So following orders as best they could, a banquet was arranged for the 8th of September, the anniversary of the day the men enlisted. Kugler's was transformed into a hall of war posters of America, France and England with many flags and much army equipment foreign to the hand-axe carrying medical corps. Where it had come from no one knew.

Bulletin Board Three proclaimed the Order of the Chow. Major Ashhurst toastmastered, and after numerous speakers had had their say and then been subdued, plans were made for the formation of a real Base Hospital 34 Club, with dues and everything. Over eighty boys were on hand, and everybody had a glorious time. Sam Keller had been presented with a watch, chain and pencil, appropriately inscribed, and he acknowledged them with words that we will long remember. The boys had given them because they wanted him to know how much they thought of him. And his acceptance made him even more popular.



"DICK" POMEROY
Died November 3, 1919

On November 3rd we learned of the death of Dick Pomeroy, and all who heard were saddened—we couldn't help missing him a whole lot. A beautiful spray of great golden chrysanthemums and other fall flowers were sent to express what we could not say in words.

For Christmas, 1919, the Committee planned a special issue of the Bulletin Board, and it appeared for the first time in the form of a little magazine, as it has appeared since. Stern drew an appropriate holiday cover, and the reading matter was filled with reminiscences of other Christmases we had known together, and how and where we had spent them.

And the Committee "reported progress" on the book you hold in your hand, and asked everyone to help, saying that "it must be finished this winter, or the entire matter will be dropped!"

By January 16th, 1920 we had had a year to celebrate the day Evacuation Hospital No. 36 took up our duties and left us to sail for home—when we could. This *was* a day for 34! And so, at the Aldine Hotel, we had our first big "Real Get-Together Party" for

everybody. A hundred and sixty came and enjoyed themselves. Meta Brooke journeyed from Chicago for the event! Others, too, came from far away. And somehow the Committee managed to have others agree to take care of the Club's further activities and publications, so that the original five could go ahead on getting this book into shape.

In the February, 1920, issue (Series One, Number Five) this Committee was announced, with Dave Wiley as chairman, Alice de Ford secretary, and Ralph Alker treasurer. For this issue Stern prepared a cover showing Washington's home at Mount Vernon.

Our Red Letter Day (at least for the boys of the original unit) is April 29th—the day we were discharged. To celebrate the passing of a year of freedom, the Bulletin Board came out in flaming red, with a cover by Stern showing someone reluctantly accepting the detested papers. This issue started Series Number Two, and the Book Committee had by this time forgotten their threat to strike and asked for more pictures for the book.

The response was good, so it was repeated in the July, 1920, number, with a request also for jokes and the suggestion that we might all get advertisements for the book, thus saving expense. One reply with check enclosed came through the good work of Anna Kent, which we later thought best to return because of its loneliness. But we appreciated her work.

The September, 1920, issue announced a great banquet for October 14th, which was duly held at Cheri's Restaurant, on Chestnut street. "A pleasant time was had by all," as the Schwenksville paper would put it—but so few could attend for one reason or another, that those who had come from a distance were disappointed to find only a handful of home folks at home.

The Book Committee by this time had become so tangled in a mass of articles, pictures, maps, drawings, inserts and cover designs, specifications and estimates, it decided to ask the unit what kind of a book it wanted, anyhow! So large a proportion said to make it good and talk cost afterwards (as we had expected) we went ahead as we had been planning it.

Nineteen Twenty-one was a busy year for all of us. The wedding announcements, it seems, have come thick and fast, and news of progress in business and professions. A Junior Unit is growing almost monthly, and will read of the fun its members missed because the war arrived before they did.

Many of the unit having tasted the pleasure of travel, returned to France or went elsewhere for adventure or business. When

IN THE WORLD WAR

last heard from Keller was in Australia. Kluttz was a college professor in Beirut, Syria. Eddie Lukens was in Canada. And the rest of the unit, when they are not wandering beyond where we can count them, are scattered in thirty-three States, though two-thirds of all the Club are in Philadelphia or within a few hours of it.

In March, 1921, the third series of Bulletin Boards began, with an issue decorated by Claudia Hancock, and with Charlie Stout as Chairman of the Committee. Doriot worked on the cover of the next book, which appeared in August. On October 8th a long-looked-for advance notice and bill went forth from the Book Com-



mittee showing sample pages of the history and setting October 22nd as the *last* day when orders might be received. Then on that date the time was extended until November 5th! Checks continued to drift in for nine months thereafter.

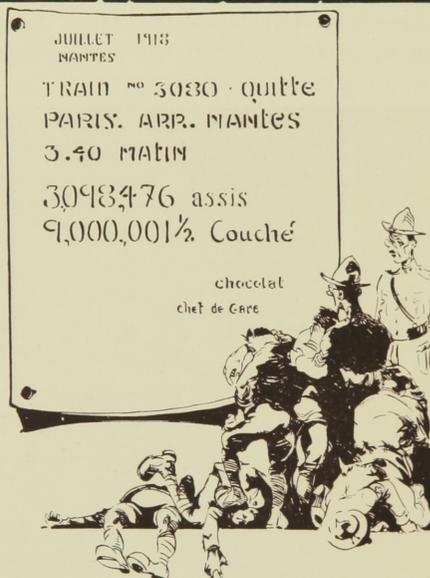
The "Third Annual Get-Together Dinner," February 4th, 1922, at the T-Square Club down in Quince street, was another big event. The club rooms were secured through Stern, and he arranged war-time decorations galore, and an exhibit on the walls of all the original drawings and photographs of the history. The food was good, the speakers brief, Doc Carson in an illustrated talk took us for a while back to quaint old Brittany; and, with talking over other days and dancing and singing, the evening was voted a big success.

Above—Base Hospital 34 Club Banquet, February 4, 1922, at the T-Square Club

Then the Bulletin Board came forth in April, in Series Four, Number One, with an *illustrated* issue, publishing a photograph of the bunch at the dinner. The new faces are the wives and sweethearts who now "belong" to 34. At the dinner Sid Sanderson

accepted the chairmanship, and this issue was the first to appear under his guidance. Doriot's cover again was used, and he also designed the one that followed.

THE BULLETIN BOARD B.H. 34



The July, 1922, Bulletin Board was the best that had been printed up to the time that the history went to press. For in it "Mother" Strickling made a suggestion—that we have a *club house*—she was always planning good things. May the long desired Club House of Base Hospital 34 soon be a reality!

When we worked together in the service we liked one another, we believed in one another. Since demobilization everyone has made some prog-

ress along the road to success in the life work he or she has chosen. Let's all stick together and help each other, and make the *Base Hospital 34 Club* as fine an organization as *Base Hospital 34* during the War was acknowledged to be—the finest in the A. E. F.

Above—Another Cover Design by Doriot

HOSPITAL STATISTICS

UPON completing the records of Base Hospital "34" it was found that the total number of patients admitted from the date of the opening of the Hospital in April, 1918, until it closed January 16th, 1919, was 9,080. Total number of patients discharged from the Hospital, Class A, 3,914; total number Class B, 777; Class C, 122. There were 2,438 transferred to other Hospitals. A large number of patients transferred to other Hospitals were sent to Base Hospital No. 8 at Savenay, from where they were sent to the States. A great many were also transferred to hospital trains en route to Brest and St. Nazaire, from whence they left for the United States.

The death rate was among the lowest of any American Hospital in France. Of the total of 132 deaths, seventy-one were due to injuries incurred in action at the front. Much credit for this small percentage of deaths (.0145 per cent.) must be given to the Surgeons, Nurses and enlisted men who labored so strenuously and industrially during the big drives.

The following table gives an idea of the amount of work done by a few of the departments:

1. Total number of Surgical Cases	5,301
2. Total number of Operations	1,461
3. Total number of X-rays	3,125
4. Total number of Medical Cases.....	3,779
5. Total number of Autopsies	132
6. Total admissions to Base Hospital 34.....	9,080



FINI LA GUERRE—C'EST LA PAIX

UH 470 qA2B 34 1922

14230650R



NLM 05100547 3

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE